MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

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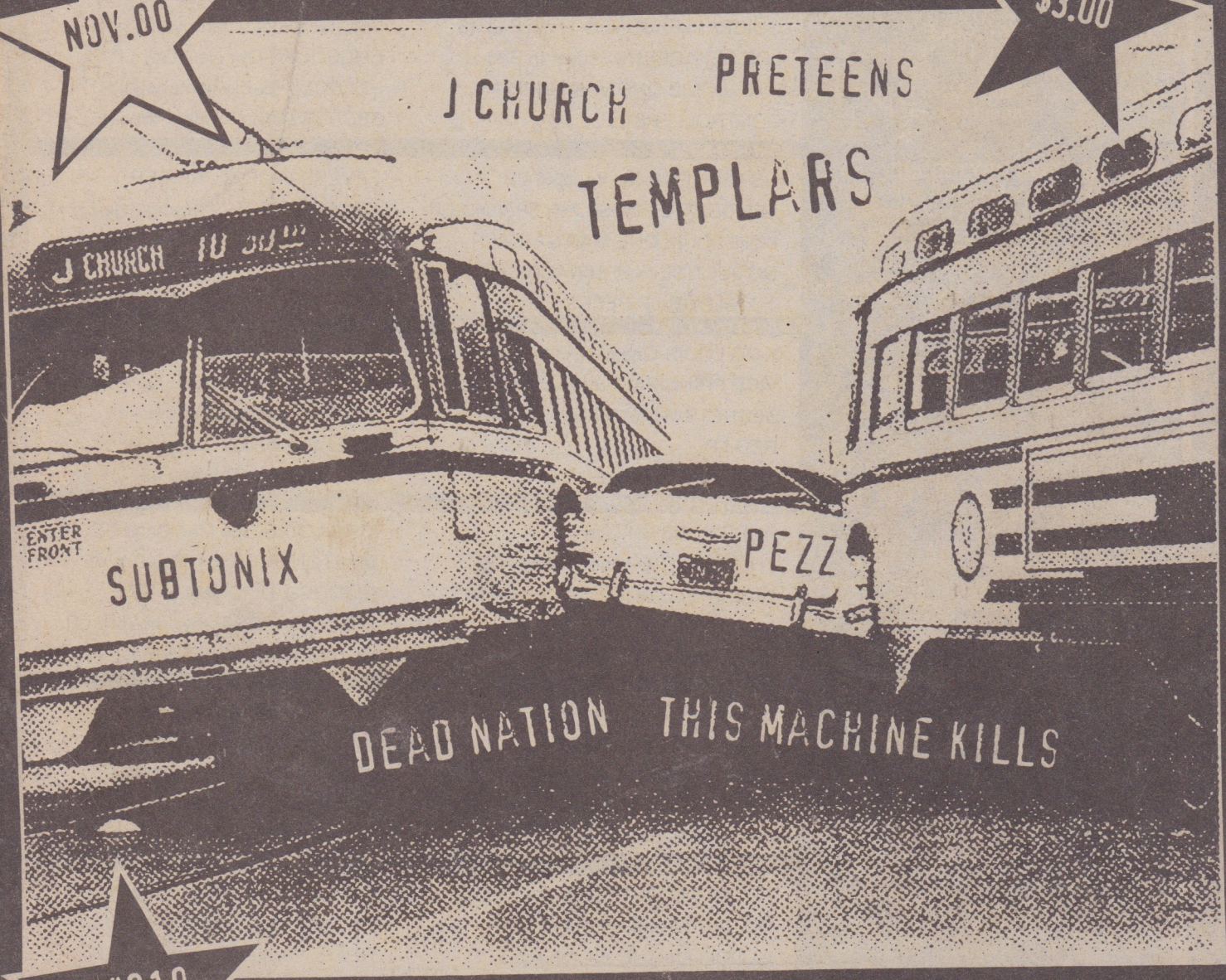

J CHURCH PRETEENS

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DEAD NATION THIS MACHINE KILLS

#210

PROFANE EXISTENCE A THREAT AGAIN

MAKING

SUBSCRIPTIONS: (postpaid prices)
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BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE:
Back issues 146, 148, 150-151, 153, 156-163, 166, 168-175, 177-181, 184-204, 206-209 are as stated above in subscription info. See descriptions on the page after next.

DEADLINES FOR NEXT ISSUE:
Scene Reports: continuously, with photos!
Interviews: continuously, with photos!
Ad Reservations: call to make sure.
Ad Copy In (with payment): by 15th of previous month–**NO LATER!!!**
Issue out: by 2nd week of following month.

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1/6 page: (2 1/2" x 5") $25
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1/3 page square: (5" x 5") $80
1/2 page: (7 1/2" x 5") $125

AD CRITERIA:
We will not accept major label or related ads, or ads for comps or EPs that include major label bands.

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COVER LAYOUT: Arwen Curry

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Please send all records, zines, letters, articles, scene reports, photos, subscriptions, interviews, ads, etc., to:

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Fax (415) 923-9617
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(use this mainly for comments & letters.
Use phone for ads & other business stuff)

TOP 10

For what it's worth (not much), here's some of the MRR crew's current Top 10 lists of stuff we review.

ROB COONS

CRUCIAL SECTION-Language-LP	DS-13-Thrash & Burn-6"
LIPCREAM-Kill the IBM-EP	V/A-Memories of Tomorrow-LP
GLOOM-Mentally Achronistic-EP	TERRORAIN-1988 Demo-EP
WHAT HAPPENS NEXT?-Stand Fast-LP	VOID-live-EP
STRONG INTENTION-Each Day-EP	NO JUSTICE/LIFE'S HALT-live

JEFF HEERMANN

MASHERS-Baby, I'm Your Man-LP	VOODOO BOOTS-Bulb Japan...-EP
GUILTY PLEASURES-Trash Bag-45	SMUTS-Shock Therapy-45
LOS SEXAREENOS-Live! In Bed-LP	EMBROOKS-Our New Day-LP
KING LOUIE ONE MAN BAND-45	HEADCOATS-Elementary-3xLP
CONTROLLERS-LP	SECRETS-Who's Talkin' Who-45

TOM HOPKINS

DS-13-6"/GOB-Kill Yourself-LP	FEVERS-live/FUTURES-EP
LES SEXAREENOS-LP & EP/VOID-EP	CRUCIAL SECTION-Language-LP
KING LOUIE ONE MAN BAND-EP	SWITCH TROUT-EP/COLERA-LP
NO JUSTICE-live/RUINACRE-LP	SCALPLOCK-LP/DISCARGA-EP
TOTALITÄR-LP/PEEPS-Talk-EP	KILL THE MAN WHO QUESTIONS-EP

CAROLYN KEDDY

KING LOUIS-One MAn Band-EP	EVERYDAY SINNERS-William Tell-EP
VICE PRINCIPALS-After School With-LP	GUILTY PLEASURES-Trash Bag-45
SECRETS-Who's Walkin' Who-45	SHUTDOWN '66-Shutdown-45
RED-LP	BRIEFS-Poor and Weird-45
MUD CITY MANGLERS-LP	SMUTS-Shock Therapy-45

DULCINEA LOUDMOUTH

PURE RUBBISH-Live	KING LOUIE-One Man Band-EP
THE SECRETS-Who's Walkin-45	DIALTONES-Back In The City-45
GUILTY PLEASURES-Trash Bag-45	GIZMOS-1976 Outtakes-EP
LOS SEXAREENOS-Live!-LP	THE MASHERS-Baby, I'm Your-LP
V/A-Jumpin' Jukebox-LP	MUD CITY MANGLERS-Heart Full-EP

RAY LUJAN

SCARPER-Every Turn-CD	SERVO-Now We Are Six-EP
FEAR-CD/BURNOUTS-Burning Rubber-EP	GOLDEN TICKET-Isodm-EP
FUSES-Are Lies-CD/CONTROLLERS-LP	KOSHER-Death to Drama-CD
THE FORGOTTEN-Keep the Corpses-CD	J CHURCH-One Mississippi-LP
FAVORATS-Beauty & Beach-EP	THE UNKNOWN-Pop Art-CD

TIMOJHEN MARK

COUNT ME OUT-It's for the First Time-CD	CRUCIAL SECTION-Language-LP
DISCARGA-Nelson Rubens-EP	DS-13-Thrash & Burn-6"/VOID-EP
GLOOM-Mentally Achronistic-EP	HEADCOATS-Elementary-3xLP
LIPCREAM-Kill the IBM-EP	SCALPLOCK-On Whose Terms-LP
WHAT HAPPENS NEXT?-Stand Fast-LP	TERRORAIN-1988 Demo-EP

ALLAN MCNAUGHTON

J CHURCH-2xLP/NO JUSTICE-EP	CRUCIAL SECTION-Language-LP
WHAT HAPPENS NEXT?-Stand Fast-LP	DS-13-6"/V/A-Memories Of-LP
BITCHIN'-EP/LIPCREAM-EP	KILL THE MAN WHO QUESTIONS-EP
BLACK CAT #13/INTER STRIKE-split-EP	GOLDEN TICKET-Isodm-EP
HARMONY AS ONE-Stranger In Your...-EP	TOTALITÄR-LP/THE CRIME-EP

TOP 10

Please send us records (2 copies of vinyl, if possible– one for MRR and one for reviewer), or CD-only release. See Records section for where to send tapes.

MUNDO MURGUIA

CONTROLLERS-LP/BODIES-live	STARVATIONS-Black Out-CD
TEMPLARS-Milites Templi-EP & LP	VICE PRINCIPALS-After School-LP
LIPCREAM-Kill the IBM-EP	BOLLOCKS-Here's a Gift-LP
TEENAGE HEAD-Reissue-LP	DS-13-Thrash & Burn-6"
SMUTS-Shock Therapy-45	VOODOO BOOTS-Bulb Japan-EP

ARWEN CURRY

DS-13-Thrash & Burn-6"/FUTURES-EP	PANTY RAID-The Secret's Out-EP
BRIGADE O.D./PIZDA MATERNA-split-EP	FYP-Come Home Smelly-10"/WHN?-LP
NO JUSTICE-Still Fighting-EP/VOID-EP	ULTIMO RESORTE-Post Mortem-LP
LIPCREAM-Kill the IBM-EP/BITCHIN'-EP	RITCHIE WHITES-Mark Penner-EP
KILL THE MAN WHO QUESTIONS-EP	TOTALITÄR-Ni Maste Bort-LP

SEAN SULLIVAN

VICTIMS-EP/WINSTON-EP/DS-13-6"	KING LOUIE-EP/TOTALITÄR-LP
NO JUSTICE-EP/J CHURCH-2xLP	KILL THE MAN WHO QUESTIONS-EP
LES SEXAREENOS-EP & LP/GLOOM-EP	WHN?-LP/CRUCIAL SECTION-LP
HASSAN I SABBAH-EP/EXCELSIOR-LP	V/A-Memories Of-LP/HEADCOATS-3xLP
BLACK CAT #13/INT'L STRIKE FORCE-EP	SOUND LIKE SHIT-EP/AVSKUM-LP

BRUCE ROEHRS

TEMPLARS-Milites Templi-EP	BOLLOCKS-Here's a Gift-LP
V/A-Stockholm Mangel-2xLP	DICK SPIKIE/THUG HOSTAGE-split-EP
EVIL CONDUCT-LP/BRASS TACKS-CD	BLOODY SODS-Don't Give Up-CD
THE FORGOTTEN-Keep the Corpses-CD	AVSKUM-In the Spirit of-LP
COLERA-Ataque Frontal-LP	HAMMERLOCK-live/LOIKAEMIE-LP

MAX WARD

V/A-Memories of Tomorrow-LP	GLOOM-Mentally Achronistic-EP
STRONG INTENTION-Each Day Lived-EP	HARMONY AS ONE-Strength-EP
DS-13-6"/FUTURES-EP/RUINACRE-LP	V/A-Stockholm Mangel-2xLP
CURTAINRAIL/JOHN BROWN'S ARMY-EP	NO JUSTICE-Still Fighting-EP
NO JUSTICE/LIFE'S HALT-live	Sean Sullivan in the pit

RYAN WELLS

SMUTS-Shock Therapy-45	HEADCOATS-Elementary-3xLP
TEMPLARS-Milites Templi-EP	TOTALITÄR-Ni Maste Bort-LP
GIZMOS-76 Outtakes-EP	PANTY RAID-The Secret's Out-EP
LES SEXAREENOS-Finger Party-EP	DISORDER-Air Raid-EP
BLACK CAT #13/INT'L STRIKE FORCE-EP	DS-13-Thrash & Burn-6"

REMA YOUNG / KENNY KAOS

DICTATORS-live @ Las Vegas Shakedown	THE FAVORATS-Beauty & Beach-EP
MUD CITY MANGLERS-LP	THE SECRETS-Who's Walkin' Who-45
BURNOUTS-Burning Fucking Rubber-EP	THE DIALTONES-Back In The City-45
SMUTS-Shock Therapy-45	THE AUTOMATICS-Missing Album-LP
GUILTY PLEASURES-Trash Bag-45	ASTA KASK-Till Sista-EP

ZINE TOP TEN

Mylzine #14	Plexiform #6
Profane Existence #38	Promenade #3
Rheumatic Fever Zine #1	Fracture #13
Ganyang #4	Twin Cities Hardcore Journal #3
Tight Pants #7	Sean Sullivan's Diary 1998-2000

ZINE SHITWORKERS

Sam Atakra	Peter Avery
Aragorn	Paul Barger
Michelle Barnhardt	Jerry Booth
Enrico Cadena	Karoline Collins
Robert Collins	Catherine Cook
Rob Coons	Andy Darling
Rafael DiDonato	Mikel Delgado
Neale Fishback	Jonathan Floyd
Gardner Fusuhara	Brian Gathy
Doug Grime	Katja Gussmann
Lance Hahn	Chris Hall
Harald Hartmann	Jeff Heermann
Missy Hennings	Tom Hopkins
George Impulse	Kenny Kaos
Carolyn Keddy	Mark Kessler
Pete Ketchpel	Dulcinea Loudmouth
Gabe Lucas	Michael Lucas
Ray Lujan	Jesse Luscious
Hal MacLean	Bobby Manic
Timojhen Mark	Jeff Mason
Tobia J. Minckler	Mundo Murguia
Allan McNaughton	Jennifer Mushnick
C. Nellie Nelson	Mimi Nguyen
Donna Poole	Sandra Ramos
Casey Ress	Bruce Roehrs
Greta Snider	Denise Scilingo
Steve Spinali	Jason Valdez
Max Ward	Ryan Wells
Shane White	Melanie Willhide
Jeff Yih	Rema Young
Henry Yu	

ZINE CONTRIBUTORS

Mykel Board	Nathan Berg
Bill Florio	George Tabb
Ted Rall	Renae Bryant
Dave Emory	Erin Whupass
Mark Murrmann	Mark Hanford
Felix Von Havoc	Jose Palafox
Queenie	Scott Soriano
Stickerguy Pete	John Ringhoff
Dave Dictor	Chris(tine) Boarts
Jessica Mills	CrimethINC Collective
T. "Bachus" Bachman	Marvin Stockwell
Jon Dead Alive	Carlo
Adrienne Droogas	Peter J.
Shawn Abnoxious	Jason Beert
Richard & Ginger	Bob Suren
Jimi Cheetah	Joshua Peach

ZINE COORDINATORS

Arwen Curry — Sean Sullivan

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#146/July '95. Riverdales, Head, Bristles, Aut Aut, Schleprock, Spanakorzo, McRackins, YAPO, 10-96, Empress Of Fur, Underhand, Nailed Down.

#148/Sept '95. Soda Jerks, Toe Rag, Thorazine, Scared Straight, Wizo, Opposition Party, Moody Jackson, Adversives, Opcion Crucial, Rebel Rebel, Teen Idols, Walking Ruins, "Pioneers—Sixties Punk Kings".

#150/Nov '95. NY Loose, Snap-Her, Sick Boys, Splatterheads, Pipe, Pregnant Man, Final Conflict, Rawness, Stink, Goblins, Smellie Fingers, "Roots—The Essential 1950s".

#151/Dec '95. Lowdowns, My White Bread Mom, Queen B's, Electric Frankenstein, Turtlehead, Serpico, Trick Babys, In/Humanity, Stains, Varukers, Pist, Terrible Virtue, "The Hardcore Films Of Richard Kern".

#153/Feb '96. Snort, Hatchetface, Little Ugly Girls, ADZ, Oxymoron, NOTA, Stun Guns, Surfin' Turnips, Gutfiddle, Karen Monster, Dimestore Haloes, "Uncle Sam & the Swastika."

#156 pt 1/May '96. Public Toys, Crunch, Peter & The Test Tube Babies, Nails Of Hawaiian, Splach 4, Yawp!, Lifetime, Sickoids, "Roots—Boston".

#156 pt 2/May '96. Australian Special: Beanflipper, Melancholy, Blitz Babiez, Crank, Sub-Rosa, Mindsnare, TMT, H-Block, B-Sides, Fallout, Frenzal Rhomb, Lawnsmell, One Inch Punch, Chickenshit, No Deal, Ussue 1, Clint Walker.

#157/June '96. Against All Authority, The Criminals, Wardance, Heroines, Brain Brats, Rudiments, Chinese Millionaires, Sons Of Hercules, Your Mother, Yellow Scab, "Roots—Sham 69".

#158/July '96. Workin' Stiffs, The Gain, Ashley Von Hurter, Haters, The Process, Brother Inferior, Judge Nothing, Break-ups, Not For Rent, "Roots—The Buzzcocks".

#159/Aug '96. Smugglers, Brand New Unit, Tone Deaf Pig-Dogs, Round Ear Spocks, David Hayes/Very Small Recs, Man Afraid, Blind Side, Vox Populi, Death Wish Kids, Fun People, Fat Drunk & Stupid, "Roots—The Dickies".

#160/Sept '96. Automatics, Boycot, Toast, Morning Shakes, Mormons, John Q Public, Sex Offenders, Ballgagger, Business, Apocalypse Babys, Good Riddance, Russia Update, "Roots—Eater".

#161/Oct '96. Jet Bumpers, Steel Miners, Divisia, Lopo Drido, Red #9, Nothing Cool, Sink, Sires, Newtown Grunts, "Pioneers–Ohio '77".

#162/Nov '96. Phantom Surfers, Candy Snatchers, The Stain, National Guard, Torches To Rome, Restos Fosiles, Two Bo's Maniacs, Snuka, Redemption 87, Torture Kitty, "Roots—LA '77".

#163/Dec '96. Last Sons of Krypton, Prostitutes, Wig Hat, Boys, Let It Rock, Enemy Soil, Vulcaneers, Half Empty, Zeros, Deadcats, Teen Idles.

#166/Mar '97. Walking Abortions, Hickey, '77 Spreads, Sanity Assassins, Cards In Spokes, Joey Tampon & The Toxic Shocks, Adjective Noun, Suicide King, Lenguas Armadas, Trauma, De Crew, "Pioneers—Dead Boys".

#168/May '97. Cretin 66, Fishsticks, UK Subs, Distemper, Enewetak, Fields Of Shit, "Roots—SLF, Undertones".

#169/June '97. Hand Skin, Cluster Bomb Unit, Jihad, Purgen, Speed Queens, Remission, Halflings, The Old Man, Deface, "Roots—Clash, Ramones, Sex Pistols".

#170/July '97. Bristle, Mine, Tedio Boys, The 4 Cockroaches, Absconded, Meanwhile, Broken, (Young) Pioneers, Hoodrat, "You're Dead!", "Pioneer—The Slits".

#171/Aug '97. Strychnine, Idiots, Pelado Recs, Misanthropists, Racetraitor, Violent Society, Knuckleheads.

#172/Sept '97. Withdrawals, Judgement, No Motiv, Oppressed Logic, Truents, Left For Dead, Yellowskin, Weird Lovemakers, Smash Your Face, Flatus, Straight Faced, Klaxon, X-It, web designer Vic Gedris, filmmaker Doug Cawker.

#173/Oct '97. Hot Water Music, Fat Day, Los Tigres Guapos, Les Partisans, Bristols, My 3 Scum, Space Shits, Pessimiser Recs, Reclusives, Nick Qwik, "Pioneers—GG Allin".

#174/Nov '97. Stratford Mercenaries, Lickity Split, Bladder, Piss Shivers, Barnhills, In/Humanity, Education theme issue.

#175/Dec '97. One Man Army, Those Unknown, Boiling Man, Piao Chong, Exploding Crustaceans, Last Year's Youth, Heartdrops, Dirty Burds, Dimestore Haloes, "Pioneers—The Henchmen", filmmaker Lech Kowalski.

#176/Jan '98. Infoshops/radical bookstores, Scared of Chaka, Wongs, Palatka, Voorhees, Stalingrad, Upstairs People, Squidboy, Beltones, Sky Grain, the 145s, Ducky Boys, John Cougar Concentration Camp.

#177/Feb '98. Superfly TNTs, Submachine, Dropout, Society Gone Madd, Pinhead Circus, Ann Beretta, Blackbird, Naive, Useless ID, Quarantine, "Roots—Generation X".

#179/April '98. Boy Sets Fire, Tres Kids, Idyls, Spat & The Guttersnipes, The Posers, Explosive Kate, Douche Flag, They Still Make Records, "Pioneers—Dangerhouse Records".

#180/May '98. Reinforce, Discontent, TV Killers, Slack Action, Eyeliners, Mademoiselle, MK Ultraviolence, Haulin' Ass, 97a, Infiltrators, Jack Saints, Stray Bullets, "Pioneers—Patti Smith".

#181/June '98. Grapefruit, Druggies, Stiletto Boys, All Bets Off, Bonecrusher, Summerjack, Cell Blck 5, DDI, Normals, "Pioneers—999", Pirate Radio issue.

#184/Sept '98. Absentees, Devoid of Faith, UXA, Umlaut, Four Letter Word, Streetwalkin' Cheetahs, Ricanstruction, Libertine, Indecision, Snarkout Boys, "Pioneers—Black Flag".

#185/Oct '98. Traitors, Wimpy Dicks, Armed & Hammered, Dylan McKays, NME, Tezacrifco, Worm, Roswells, Raxola, Beatnick Termites, "Pioneers—Adverts".

#186/Nov '98. Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn's Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads, "On-Our Doorsteps"-on homeless punks, "Pioneers—Spizzenergi".

#187/Dec '98. Real Kids, Sawn Off, Cretins, Spider Cunts, Heroines, Third Party, No Class, Skabs, Lily & Lance's Holiday in the Sun,, "Pioneers—Dead Kennedys".

#188/Jan '99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA, "Pioneers—DOA".

#189/Feb '99. Monster X, Peter & the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Maurauders, Yakuza, Dead Beat Recs, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita Sisters.

#190/March '99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbomb ca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt, "Pioneers—Mechanics".

#191/April '99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode, "Pioneers—Minor Threat", pt 1 of Chomsky's "Propaganda & Control".

#192/May '99. Los Crudos, Burning Kitchen, Henry Fiat's Open Sore, Polythene, Kangaroo Recs, Willie Brown, Biotic Baking Brigade, "Pioneers—Vice Squad", pt 2 of Chomsky's "Propaganda & Control".

#193/June '99. Munster Recs, DS-13, Safety Pins, Pussycats, Piolines, False Alarm, Darlington, Bad Stain, Bodies, Houseboy, Mullets, pt 3 of Chomsky's "Propaganda & Control".

#194/July '99. Deathreat, Last Match, God Hates Computers, Fokkewolf, Flesh Eating Creeps, Aside, Hoppin' Mad, Kid Dynamite, Thee Outcasts, "Pioneers—Elvis Costello."

#195/Aug '99. Moral Crux, RC5, Have Nots, Ill Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins, Revlons, Larry & the Gonowheres, C.U.Next Tuesday Recs, "Pioneers—Silver Chalice," MP3.

#196/Sept '99. Hopscotch Recs, Catharsis, Orchid, The Pricks, Grissle, Product X, Reaching Forward, Emerge, Third Degree, "Epicenter Zone 1990-1999".

#197/Oct '99. Reducers SF, Lower Class Brats, Reactor 7, TheGodsHateKansas, Futuro Incierto, Showcase Showdown, Waifle, Flat Earth Recs, Holidays in the Sun, "Pioneers—Radio Birdman."

#198/Nov '99. Hail Mary, Pressure Point, Bump 'N Uglies, The Victims, A//Political, Outlast, "Pioneers Of Punk–Dictators", "Fuck Unamerican" and "After the Berlin Wall."

#199/Dec '99. Locust, Ratos de Porao, USV, Razlog Za, G-3, Swarm, WHN?, Mt. St. Helens, Black Cat Music, Enemy Soil, "Pioneers—Flipper", "Record Buying on the Net," "Are Keyboards Punk?"

#200/Jan 2000. American Steel, Curse, Helvis, Gee Vaucher, Hers Never Existed, Cometbus, Active distro, Toxic Narcotic, bibliography of MRR #100-200.

#201/Feb 2000. Beerzone, Towards An End, Daybreak, "Best Punk Singles of the '90s," reports from the WTO riots in Seattle.

#202/March 2000. KTMWQ, Real Estate Fraud, Strike Out, Broken Rekids, the Haggard, GC5, Gore Gore Girls, the Catheters, "ASCGB—Rezillos," "Zines in Prison," scene history of Bulgaria.

#203/April 2000. Spazz, Slang, Slug & Lettuce zine, Suburban Voice zine, As We Once Were, Red Angel Dragnet, Four Letter Words, Slampt Records, the Wednesdays, the Fuses, "ASCGB—Cult Maniax," "The Murder of Brian Deneke."

#204/May 2000. Cocksparrer, Talk Is Poison, Red Scare, Put Downs, Out Cold, Geraldine, Michael Knight, CBGaV, Pillage People, *Reader's Guide To Underground Press*, "ASCGB–Electric Eels."

#206/July 2000. Drunk, ESL, Ambition Mission, Lord High Fixers, Cripple Bastards, Dig Dug, Federation X, Amulet, Valentine Killers, *Nose Dive*, "25 Things to Know About the War in Colombia."

#207/Aug 2000. Harum Scarum, Raw Power, Unseen, Pekinska Patka, Hudson Falcons, Dementia 13, Confine, Allergic to Whores, *Short, Fast & Loud!* Tantrums, "ASCGB—Nasty Facts."

#208/Sept 2000. Le Shok, the Commies, the Chemo Kids, Day of Mourning, Affront, Diaspora, Whippersnapper, Hopeless/Sub City Records, Prank Records, Countdown to Oblivion, *The East Village Inky*.

#209/Oct 2000. J-Church, *Profane Existence*, Pezz, the Pre-Teens, the Templars, This Machine Kills, Subtonix, OB, "Scumpit-Florida."

BACK ISSUE SALE: For every three you purchase, you get a fourth one free!

WANNA SEND US SOMETHING?!

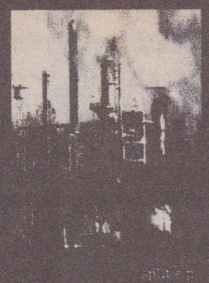
Scene Reports: PUNK'S NOT DEAD! It's happening out there and MRR readers want to hear about it! MRR relies on you scenesters out there to keep the pulse of what's happening in your town, write up something fun and interesting about it, and send it in to MRR. Photos and artwork are mandatory. Tell us about local bands, zines, and cool and uncool venues. Include info for travelling punks (non-US scene reports are especially welcome!) such as where to find cheap veggie eats, record stores, and strong coffee. Has your punk scene spawned any communally-run enterprises such as show spaces, cafes or record stores? Are racist or homophobic thugs threatening your scene's harmony? Enquiring punk minds want to know! See details below for format info.

Interviews: Boy, is MRR ever looking to improve the quality of our interviews (which shouldn't be hard!) We'd like to get a staff of reliable people across the country and around the world who could turn in some good, probing interviews on a semi-regular basis. We're looking for people who already have some experience doing interviews (perhaps you have your own zine and would like to share some of your best stuff with a wider audience), who can challenge bands (I know, I know, most bands don't have squat to say, but a good interviewer can take them where they haven't been before!) or give some long overdue support for those behind-the-scenes types who do an awful lot of the hard work in punk rock but get little of the ego or monetary rewards. Please give us a call if you are interested. in covering new hardcore, punk or garage bands.

Formats for submitting stuff? We prefer things typed up on a 3 1/2" computer disk, either Mac (preferred) or IBM. Please don't type in ALL CAPS! If you can't access a computer, then typed up cleanly on paper should work, as long as it's in a fairly common and straightforward font. Graphic stuff? Send photos (B&W preferred, but color OK too), logos, etc. Thanks

Records/zines? See detailed information listed on the mastheads of the Record Review and Zine Review sections.

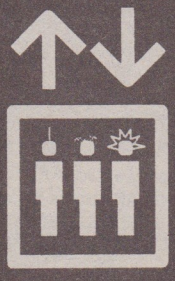
13th Floor Records



react "deus ex machina"
available on compact disc
includes "disturbing the souls"
seven inch and live tracks as well
$9 ppd

react/greed split seven inch
$3 ppd

available soon:
dead nation/rambo split seven inch



13th Floor Records
po box 1502
new haven, ct 06511

♬ SIX WEEKS RECORDS has a bunch of new stuff out! ♬

****SOUTH AMERICA IN DECLINE LP/CD:** RATOS DE PARAO, DIOS HASTIO, TOCATTA & BULLA, I.R.A., NEGATIVE CONTROL, PIREXIA, EXPRESA TO EMOCION, RENUENCIA, PUTREFACCION INTESTINAL, INSURRECCION, FUERZA X, ENEMIGOS DE LA CLASE, FUTURO INCIERTO, 720, F.D.S., APATIA NO, REDENCION 9-11, ESCATOFAGIA, KONTRAORDEN, DISCORDIA, PARENTAL ADVISORY, 200 MUERTOS, NOTOKEN, ACTITUD SUBVERSIVA, HABLAN POR LA ESPALDO, DEMOCRATIC DISORDER, ARAKAUNA, EX-KOMBRO, N.Y.A.B., AND METAMORPHISIS.

****CRITICAL PEDAGOGY: A COMPILATION OF TEACHERS IN PUNK BANDS LP/CD:** MDC, CLUSTER BOMB UNIT, SEEIN' RED, ABSTAIN, REINA AVEJA, THE DREAD, JOHN HOLMES, COUNTDOWN TO PUTSCH, SID VISHNU, HERS NEVER EXISTED, COUNTERPOISE, JILTED, DAIRY QUEENS, SAUSMIGIE RUKISI, LEOPOLD, DESTROY EVERYTHING, and POWERBALL. Comes with a cool booklet.

****ANAL MUCUS "1986-1997" discography CD:** Classic Bay Area hardcore punk from the East Bay. Concord, that is...loser fuck.

****STRONG INTENTION "Each Day Lived..An Act of Defiance" EP**
Lightning quick hardcore thrash from Maryland. On tour now!

****SOUND LIKE SHIT "Once Upon the Metal" EP:** Crazed Japanese fastcore violence!

****THE DREAD "Bonnie and Clyde" LP/CD:** Punch-in-the-face pogo-core. 1st new release in 4 years!

****PLUTOCRACY "Sniping Pigz" LP/CD:** West Bay grind killing spree...

***DESPITE "The Destroyers Will Be Destroyed" LP/CD:** Rapidfire Midwest downtuned bombraid! Ex-members of URBN DK and 10-96.

***THE NEIGHBORS "The More Money One Has the More Important is One's Life" CD:** Classic, snotty fast hardcore from San Diego. Re-released on Six Weeks!

***VIOLENT HEADACHE "Bombs of Crust" LP/CD:** Furious political hardcore from Spain. CD has unreleased False Terminal LP from 1995.

***WHAT HAPPENS NEXT? "Brutiful Fearing" 6":** SF hardcore attack! Didn't get an insert? Send a stamp!

***RUIDO 7":** Ripping L.A. thrash.

***INTENSITY "The Virtue of Progress" 7":** Raging, fast, and heavy posi-core from Sweden.

***BOILING MAN "Roadkill Museum" 7":** Crunching early 80's hardcore punk like if The Pist met Filth.

***VOORHEES "13" 12"/CD:** Thirteen new tracks from U.K. thrashers.

***FORCA MACABRA/ARMAGEDOM split LP/CD:** Brazil legends vs. Finnish hardcore freaks. All new tracks!

***CAPITALIST CASUALTIES "Subdivisions in Ruins" LP/CD:** West Coast hardcore.

***JAPAN IN DECLINE compilation LP/CD:** Slang, Fuck On The Beach, Shikabane, 324, Smash Your Face, Curtainrail, plus 13 more! LP has bonus tracks.

PRICES PPD: LPs are $8 No. America/$13 Europe/$16 Japan and Aus.
CDs are $10 No. America/$12 Europe/$14 Japan and Aus. 6" is $4 No. America/$6 Europe/$8 Japan and Aus.
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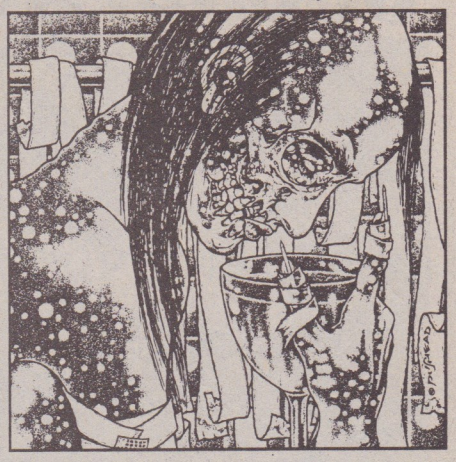

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Initial State "Abort the Soul"LP/CD
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Svart Sno "Smock'n'Roll" LP
Talk is Poison "Straight to Hell" 7"/CD
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Guyana Punch Line is touring Europe in October 2000. Contact Coalition for details. New GPL 7"'s out soon on X-MIST and Coalition!!!

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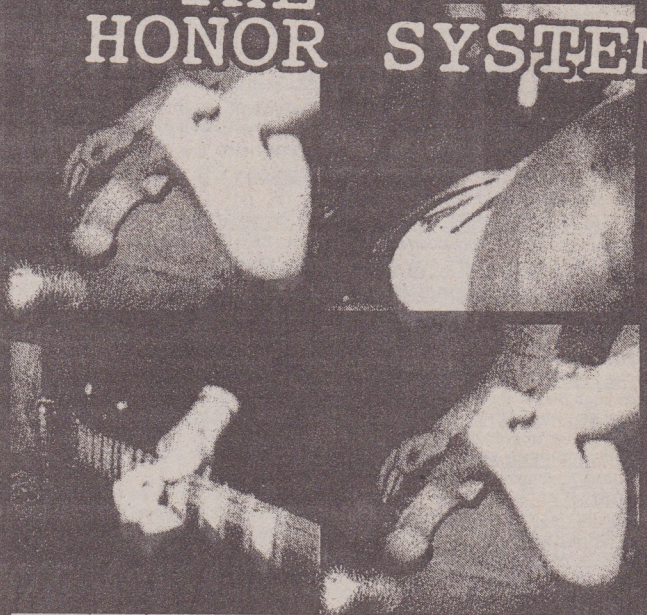

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11/11 Richmond @ Twisters
11/12 Carrboro @ Cat's Cradle
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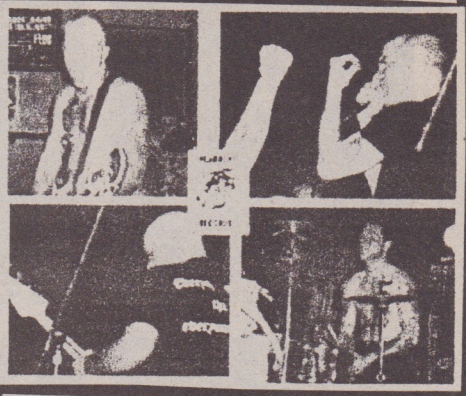

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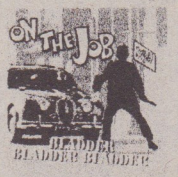

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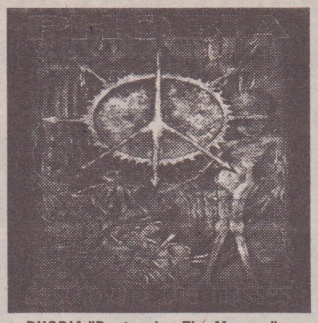

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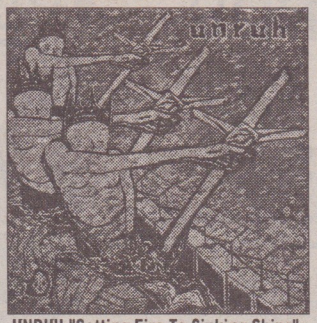

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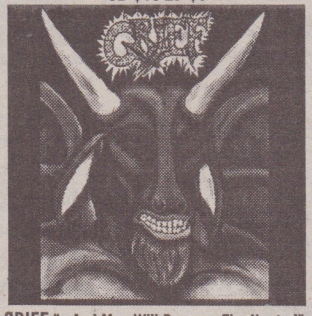

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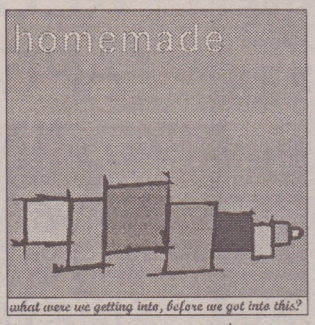

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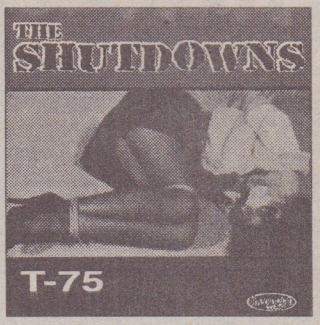

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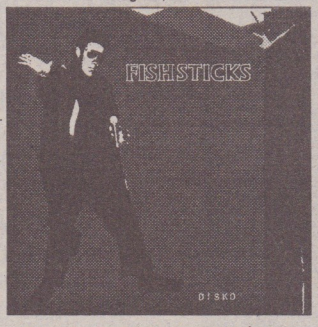

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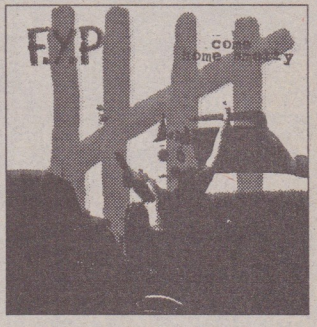

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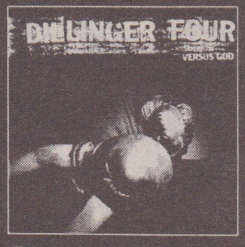

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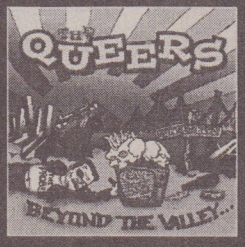

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Send letters to MRR, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146-0760, or to maximumrnr@mindspring.com. No response guaranteed.

Hey,

This is in response to Dan McKee's column on, "Protesting—what are we fighting for? Social change, freedom and equality or a day of petty backlash?" I wanted to say right on for your much needed criticisms, and to add that next time you shouldn't be so quick to concede to the thugs' viewpoint of, "protest = breaking stuff." Be resolute in your judgement, because you're absolutely right! For example, when you wrote of "activists" smashing windows at McDonald's, you say, "Do it at night, another time if you have to..." To be sure, there might be a time and place for property damage, like during a civil war, but for protest? That kind of action completely undermines it. What is an act of vandalism or property damage, other than an admission that you are to dullwitted to think of anything else, and you've run out of ideas? Getting drunk, stoned, smashing shit up, and getting in fights with the police is, and only is, an outright insult to the movement you are supposed to be a part of and in favor of. In any serious protest, in the current political environment we are in, that kind of behavior not only undermines and insults the entire cause, but perpetuates stereotypes of the people protesting, and will assuredly lead to limitation of action and huge restrictions and hindrances on future protests. Indeed, Dan rightly says, "How many more 'riots' will it take before the public are successfully manipulated into demanding laws to stop future protests?"

These protests are not a joke, and they are not a fucking party—it is a deeply serious effort, and should always be regarded as such. So either turn off your Limp Bizkit albums, or fuck off. Who actually needs proof that in the end, the nonviolent protest is the only 100% successful model? Nonviolence illustrates, among other things, intelligence, self control, and singleness of purpose. Do any of you really think that you could succesfully wage a violent protest and win? You will find that all your efforts will be crushed under the boot of the police force, and of the US military. The killing of people and the destruction of property are the ways of the US armed forces. Aren't we supposed to be against all that nonsense?

If you're going to take this seriously, then don't fuck around! The general public just isn't unhappy enough yet to side with some punk rocker smashing a window at a fast food place. These labor protests and other protests against capitalism have been very well thought out, and devastating criticisms on their side are much more powerful than a brick through a window could ever be. To think otherwise is to doubt the very ideals you're claiming to believe in. If it's worthy, it does not need to be shoved in people's faces, but work does need to be done. We need to all learn to demonstrate our organizing power, and our ability to think and act responsibly and with self control. This is a war of persuasion, not a war of force. When the majority of the population either does not agree with you, or doesn't understand you, it can be no other way.
Andrew Elstner / San Diego, CA

Andrew-

I could get into a debate with you about the power of violence versus nonviolence, but engaging in that sort of debate is tiring both to me and to the readers of this magazine. What does disturb me in your letter, and what has turned me off from "activism," is your insistence that those engaged in activism follow a set of standards that you have decided are right. Defining what sort of behavior is "revolutionary" seems to mimic the power structures that you are so earnestly determined to get away from.
Casey R

Attention *MRR* Readers-

This is to inform you to be aware of a rip off label from Switzerland called "Infinite Records." It would be my sincere wish if kids avoided dealing with them as I have been ripped off by them, so I will assume they will do the same to you. Don't take the chance. Spread the word.
Chris / Fans of Bad Productions

Hey there *Maximum RnR-*

I just thought I'd write y'all what I've been doing since y'all put the magazine in Borders. I'll just say first that I live in a religiously oppressive town called Oalthe in Eastern Kansas. There is a total of zero independently owned record stores here, and two "independent" bookstores, one of which is Christian and the other Christian-run. Needless to say, I can't get your magazine there. I used to get it in Kansas City at a record store called Dirt Cheap—after a 45 minute drive—but since you put it at Borders, I get it there. So every time I buy your magazine I also lift a book or two. So far I've gotten three Hunter Thompson books, a copy of Jim Carrol's *The Basketball Diaries* and *Fear of Dreaming*, three Bukowski novels, and nine books of poetry.

I haven't been caught yet, and doing this ritual makes me feel better about dropping money at Borders, and hopefully this letter makes anyone who might feel uncomfortable about shopping at Borders a little at ease. It's not your fault your town sucks. The only thing is, I really don't know who I'm screwing over. Is it Borders, the publisher, or the author? I'm sure the writer claims royalties on the books, but if a lot of people did this, would it fuck over the publishing house? I'm not too concerned about it, but I'd stop taking all the Bukowski. I like Black Sparrow Press. Thanks for being accessible.

Your fiend in Jesus,
Davey Rehab

Davey—

When a retailer like Borders purchases a book from a publisher or a distributor, they are essentially taking complete responsibility for said book(s). Whether the book is stolen, bought, or lost, the publisher or distributor still gets the same amount of money. Borders eats the loss. Smaller stores or smaller presses may buy books on consignment, meaning essentially that however many books the store sells, the author will get paid for

them. The danger in stealing from Borders or other big chain bookstores (besides getting caught), is that if a retailer is constantly having a specific book or author stolen, they may decide not to carry that author or book any longer. Sean points out, though, that everybody steals Bukowski books. So it can safely be said that if the store has already decided to carry books by him, they've done so knowing that chances are someone's going to steal a few of his books. If you're worried about them not carrying a certain author any more, vary your stealing habits and take a few books about baby owls too.
—Casey R

Hi *Maximum R'n'R*!

My name is George Pechlivanov and I'm from Bulgaria, a country in Eastern Europe, in case you don't know. So first of all, I have a band—Crowfish, and we play melodic punk. In this packet I'm sending you our demo CD, *From Crowfish to Revelation* and a tape with songs from the second album we are recording at the moment. Also, if you want, I can send you materials for scene reports and interviews with Bulgarian punk/HC bands. For now, foreign punk/HC bands are not coming into Bulgaria, except Suicidal Tendencies. There aren't music agencies who are interested in this music, because there isn't a lot of money in it. At the moment in Bulgaria, there are six melodic punk bands. Crowfish, Counterfit, S.I. Project, Maniacal Pictures, Middle of Nowhere, and Keep Cake, and about fifteen HC bands: Face Up, Indignity, BFH, Outrage, Another Day, Skin Flick, Not Broken In Spirit, Speedfire, Last Hope, Front Point, Never Again, StrideForward, etc.

90% of the bands are from the two bigger cities in Bugaria, Sofia, the capital city with one million people, and Varna, my city, with 400,000.

Also, 90% of the bands don't have very good records out because the main problem, money, is almost insurmountable. Recording studios are fucking expensive. I'll send you records of most bands in my next letters.

These things are not very good, but I hope that soon everything will be OK. Please write me about distribution of *Maximum R'n'R* in Bulgaria and the other things. Also what do you think of Crowfish—can you connect us with some labels? I'll wait for your answer. Your Friend.

Bye,
—George Pechlivanov / Rila N 14 / Varna 9000 / Bulgaria / georgepechlivano

George,

I sent your demo off to Erin, our trusty demo tape/CDR review columnist—she's sure to offer her opinion of Crowfish soon.

We'd be very happy to print a Bulgarian scene report. I hope you had a chance to read Ivo's Bulgarian punk history report in MRR #202.

Anyone: for information about distributing MRR, contact Mordam Records at mordamrecords.com or 415-642-6800. Thanks. —Arwen

G'day you international bad arse punk rock groovers. How's tricks? I found Felix Havoc's column in No. 206 very interesting indeed. Rather than take up the points I agree with (the total radness and the history of the "new anti-capitalist movement") I will address those I think are crappy.

The thing that really made my heart drop was Felix's comments on the Revolutionary Communist Party (RCP) and then his further generalization about "crackpot commie groups." I guess when anyone gets involved in radical, revolutionary and/or anti-capitalist groups, movements and/or causes (what we can call the "Left", for a lack of better word) they are confronted with a couple of things. One is the poor state that the left is currently in and the momentous failures of the places like the Soviet Union and China. In my experience, in Australia the general reaction to this situation is to look for some short answers and then pass the blame. For example, when I was young and in the International Socialist Organisation (ISO: a quasi-Trotskyist group) we used to blame the "Stalinists" for everything. "Why was the Soviet Union a failure?" the answer would come back "Stalinism." "Why did the fascists win the Spanish Civil War?" then answer would come back "Stalinism." "Why had there not been a revolution in Australia?" "Stalinism!" "Why is my toast burnt?".... You get the picture.

My politics have become more radical as I get older. But the same tactic to look for simple solutions is still there. In stead of the epithet "Stalinist," left communist groups will use something like "Leninist," whilst anarchists will often substitute "Marxism" or "statism" as the particular reason for everything that is bad.

Now, there is no doubt that politics are important and there is truth in many of the claims various sections of the Left make against each other (for example, the anarchist contention that Classical Marxism is confused about the state. The Marxist contention that anarchism forgets both the need for organization and the need for the class to defend itself after the revolution. The critiques of classical anarchism and socialism by feminists, etc. etc.) However, I feel the above generalizations are made not actually to further the building of a genuine revolutionary movement, but to pass the blame onto someone else and thus dodge the very difficult questions that revolutionaries are faced with everyday. What is worse is that it also forgets that human society, history and personalties are so very, very complex.

For example, I was at a rather large meeting that was part of the campaign for a shorter working week. A frail and old man took the microphone during the discussion. He was a 92 year-old member of the Communist Party of Australia (CPA). Now to fill those in who don't know, the CPA is the remnants of the hard, openly Stalinist "bring back the Gulags" Left in Australia. They are an organization that everyone else loves to hate. But you should have heard him speak. He had been involved in the CPA since the '30s, and as a union official had gone to jail for six months due to his open defiance of the state. He is a life long class-warrior. His advice on how to build a campaign was solid and made sense, and his speaking style was highly effective. Now if I had just kept to my generalizations, I would have ignored the contributions that this comrade had to offer. Now, this does not mean that I should forget the political disagreements I have with the CPA. There is little argument that the Soviet Union was a bloody state-capitalist hellhole. But if I was alive in the '30s, I too might have looked to the USSR as a credible alternative to capitalism. It just means keep an open mind.

It also means we have to realize that there is a difference between the "communist" party boss in China and say, the hundreds of thousands, if not millions of members and supporters of the Communist Party of Indonesia that were massacred in the '60s by US-backed forces. To write off the sacrifices of millions worldwide against capitalism due to stupid generalizations smacks of privilege. The struggle is more real than any

textbook anarcho-puritanism. (Just a note here; I'm not talking about Felix's comments but general ideas in the anarchist "tendency").

I feel that we are faced with the possibility of building a really strong movement for the first time in a while. Sectarianism and infighting will get us nowhere. None of the currents of radical thought (anarchism included) provide all the solutions. We need to think and rethink our position. Part of this must be an attempt to look back at all our struggles and learn from them whether those involved called themselves anarchists, communists, or whatever. It also means to celebrate the wonderful history that we have. Are we to condemn the brave struggles of Australia unionists over the last 70 years because often strike leaders have been communists? Are we to condemn the near decade-long series of direct action by Wollongong Out-of-Workers because many key activists were communists? Whilst we cannot ignore the mistakes that groups like the CPA have often made, they have also contributed richly to our struggle.

In the final analysis it is not anarchists of communists or any revolutionary who "make" the revolution. The revolution will be the act of the class itself. Revolutionaries are merely members of the class who may have read a bit more, are involved in more struggles, and can see the way the wind is blowing. Yes often there will be self-proclaimed revolutionaries who act like total fuck-wits. And yes much of the organizational politics of Marxist-Leninists need to be junked. But we must treat comrades like comrades.

Cheers
Dave Eden

PS. Equally I think the writings of Marx, Engels, Luxemburg, Gramsci, etc., whilst not without their problems, are still really valid to the modern revolution. On another note, I did some research into Bakunin's "Statism and Anarchy"—his big piece that is meant to expose Marxism so badly. Check this out: it is actually not a critique of Marxism at all. It is a critique of a thing called the "Gotha program" which was a program drafted at a unity conference between two German socialist groups. Not only did Marx and Engels have nothing to do with it, but Marx wrote "The Critique of the Gotha Program," which has many similarities to Bakunin's essay!
anarchisticnosepick@edmail.com

I thought I'd left this kind of radical hair splitting debate aside when I quit writing for Love and Rage. I remember people like Bob Black writing in three and four page critiques of my columns in Profane Existence, to which my reply would be "whatever dude." So for you Dave, "Whatever Dude," Communism, Marxism, Leninism or whatever, is all a con. Its right down there with religious cults and health fads. I have more respect for people who believe in UFOs and crop circles than all the half baked post USSR communist parties. The point I was trying to make is that the worst thing that could happen to an anti-corporate protest movement is for it to be hi-jacked by one of these nutty groups. Every time five or more people get together to protest something up pop these leftoid zombies with their newspapers and their parties. I couldn't think of a faster way to alienate the working class and shut down a movement. Get with it, history has judged, communism is a failure. To the "dustheap of history" already!
Felix

Most folks enjoy getting free, unsolicited shit in the mail. However, if you're like me (and I know I am), you tend to look such gifthorses in the mouth. Why have I been chosen to receive this award? What have I done to deserve this small shampoo sampler or auto loan application? This was how I felt when a copy of the latest issue of *MRR* was found in the vestibule of my building, addressed to me. I had not requested it, and I couldn't remember the last time I had read an issue (I know, I know, I'll be turning in my Punk Rock Membership Card next week). Upon flipping through the contents, however, I discovered that I was attacked by name in a column written by Sean Sullivan because of an article called "No Garlic" that I had written for *HeartattaCk* (one of those other zines, we'll say no more of it, hush hush). I must say that it is flattering to be specifically lambasted in any publication. To know that you have been singled out for the purposes of hate, well, you can't buy that kind of power. Regardless of this, I feel the need to write a response to *MRR* for a number of reasons. Sean, or anyone else for that matter, is free to disagree with the views I expressed in the aforementioned piece. It's still a free country (although watch out come November—Dubya might try to change that). The issue that I wrote about—race—has as many facets as there are people in this world. However, I feel that Sean's response misrepresents the argument I presented in "No Garlic," and attacks me on several unwarranted bases. First of all, I would prefer to be judged on what I wrote, rather than what someone wrote about what I wrote. So if anyone cares at all, you can hunt down a copy of *HeartattaCk* #26 and read "No Garlic" there. Or, if you're wired, I have the article posted on a web zine I run called Scratch Bomb, located at www.scratchbomb.com. The web version includes cute little cartoons which may make the medicine go down better. Sean seems to think that I completely discounted the issues of White privilege. I will admit that this was not a primary focus of "No Garlic." Very early on in the piece, however, I wrote that "having a skin color which society considers White is far more likely to get you a decent job, and far less likely to get you pulled over on the Jersey Turnpike than Non-White hues. The other snag is that someone like myself, descended from European immigrants, can choose to be White or not, whereas the average African-American does not have this luxury." As I said, there are many facets to the issue of race. For the purposes of "No Garlic," I chose to write primarily about the fact that White, as a culture, does not really exist, and that Caucasian folks should look elsewhere to get their groove on. Admittedly, I focused on the plight of African-Americans to the exclusion of other minorities (Asian, Hispanic, etc.). I also had to write from the perspective that I have, which is that of a white heterosexual second-generation-American male (you can all yell "boo!" now if you like). I cannot take on every single side of the argument and everyone's viewpoint. I cannot address hates of different minority groups for one another, as Sean seems to think I should have. To do so would be disingenuous, because I can't honestly tackle the prejudices of Tutsis for Hutus, Serbs for Kosovars, El Salvadorians for Mexicans, on and on through the world's lexicon of strife. I feel that this would represent me as a Noble Enlightened White Man, coming to liberate the Warring Savages from their ignorance (White Man's Burden, care of Rudyard Kipling and other dead guys). From a purely literary standpoint, this would result in playing devil's advocate with myself until the writing turns into a complete rambling mess (or more of a rambling mess than what came out on paper). I wrote what I wrote

honestly, as a means of getting people to think differently but not looking to please anyone but myself. If you want to roast me for that, set the pyre aflame. Sean also faults me for using the Irish as an example of non-White folks who became White, saying that he didn't see too many Micks get lynched in the old South. I was merely using an example of an ethnic group that went from reviled to assimilated, to show how certain groups become White by stepping on the backs of African-Americans. No, I do not think my Irish heritage entitles me to any sort of race trauma that is comparable to those who were enslaved or made to sit at the back of the bus, any more than I believe that my German heritage makes me responsible for World War II. But if you think that Irish and Italians and Jews and other formerly non-White White folks weren't lynched and beaten and tarred and feathered in this country's past, read your history book again. It didn't happen on the scale and with the ferocity that was directed against African-Americans, but it happened, and it kept happening to them until those groups decided to ally themselves with the cross burners. And just to remind you, I was speaking of 150 years ago, when there were organized movements to expel all Catholics from this country (the Know-Nothing Party, look it up). Being Catholic today is not likely to get you anything other than out of school on obscure feast days; for example, the Assumption, which Sean seems to be doing a lot of. No Sean, I cannot completely deny my Whiteness. I cannot shed my White skin and honestly share anyone else's pain. What I can do is choose to identify with things other than White, which in my mind represents smallpox blankets, Japanese internment camps, and the McRib. No, this does not solve racism and the idea of White supremacy. No, this will not stop hate of one group for another. But that's where it has to start, since White is a racist, divisive term, and the sooner we try to get rid of it, the better. Sean mentions in passing a hypothetical situation where a White person would let an African-American couple be served at a restaurant in front of them, as if this were absurd. Why does this seem so ridiculous to him? What if I did insist on not getting preferential treatment, instead of being some clueless schmuck who is plenty talk but lacks in the walk department, as you seem to think I am? How does he know I don't do that on a regular basis? I'd be interested to find out exactly what Sean would prescribe that we should do instead. Continue to identify with being White, and just hope things change for the better on their own? I can't tell what Sean would prefer, since he seems very good at finding things he dislikes in my argument—sins of omission rather than commission—but he doesn't appear to have any ideas as to what I should have written instead. I refuse to apologize for believing that things can get better if we change our attitudes about who we are and where we stand in the human family. Sean, or anyone else, can disagree with me as much as you want. He can call me a bourgeois new-ager, and accuse me of another form of racism if it makes him feel any better. But please don't misrepresent me with little evidence that you even read the whole piece, and especially don't misrepresent me if you lack a real antidote to my poison. For my part, I will keep a watch at my vestibule and I will continue to be wary of geeks bearing gifts.

Matt,

I'm not surprised you were upset with my column about your piece "No Garlic"—I would be too if someone criticized me. However, your response does not address the issue I originally tookwith your column.

You state that you choose not to consider yourself "white" because you associate "white" with "smallpox blankets, Japanese internment camps, and the McRib." That's fine—you can label yourself whatever makes you happy, but I fail to see the point or value of doing such to anyone but yourself. It's feel-good politics, Matt, where you get to feel good about yourself because you're denying your white privilege (and, as you state yourself, that is in itself a privilege), but it does little or no good in a larger sense. You ask me what I think would help with the problem of race in America? Discussion, education, activism. I don't doubt your intentions, just your technique.

The idea that "white" culture doesn't exist, or that it is all evil, is false. "White" culture, first of all, exists. We suffer through it everyday. It is the dominant culture, the one we wade through every day—it may be socially constructed and really an amalgam of bad tendencies in various European cultures, but I'm not convinced it will disappear just because you say it's not really there. Lastly, "white" culture is much more complex than you let on. White culture has brought us the Tuskegee experiment and penicillin, just as minority cultures have brought us both good and bad. Reducing race politcs to white = bad, nonwhite = good is both offensive and simplistic, and if you ask me, (which you didn't) if you're going to write about the issue of race, you should always err on the side of the complex.
Yeah. OK.
Sean Sullivan

As much as anyone hates to read this, it is worse to be the bearer of bad news. Saturday night, our friend and brother Terrence Lee Grob passed away at 42 years of age. The cause of death seems to have been a massive seizure, something for which Terry had a history. Terry did die doing what he loved: wrapping up another great punk rock show. Punk rock has taken a serious blow, losing the self-proclaimed "Eighth Most Powerful Man in the Rock n Roll Industry."

The Last Grobal Production "Event" will be a memorial at EJ's Rock n Roll club with GPC's, Coca Cola Classic, and Chocolate milk to be served. This will take place on Saturday September 9th, 2000 at 2:00 PM. Feel free to bring any photos, mementos, or "Terry" stories you may have. If there are any questions about anything, please call:
(503) 284-2945

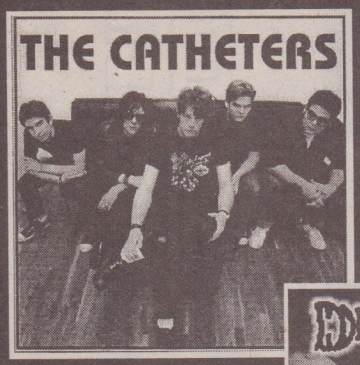
An email address has been set up for replies to this message for any questions (directions from out of town, other details). So if you do reply to this email, please reply to:
grobal2000@hotmail.com

We will miss Terry a great deal. We loved him very much and hope you will join us in his memory.
Geof, Brian, Scott

Department of Corrections

· In issue #208, we mistakenly cited Haunted Town Records as the label responsible for the Spider Cunts' *Stuck Up n Mean* CD. Beer City put it out—their address is: P.O.B. 26035, Milwaukee, WI. 53226-0035. beercityboyz @beercity. com.

· Ramona Rosales snapped the shot of Le Shok used on the cover of issue #208. This isn't the first time she's missed the credit for it. We weren't given her name, but we're sorry anyhow.



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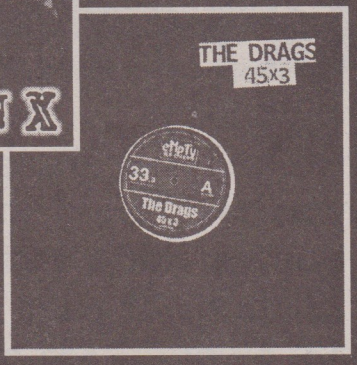

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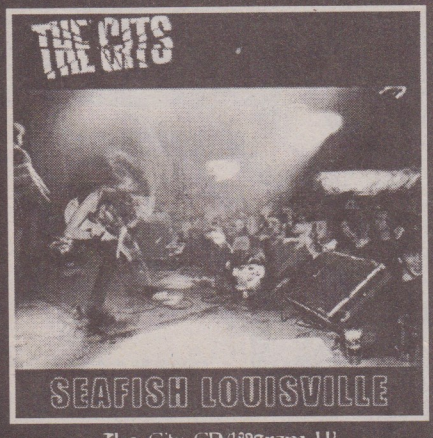

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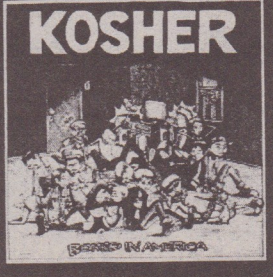

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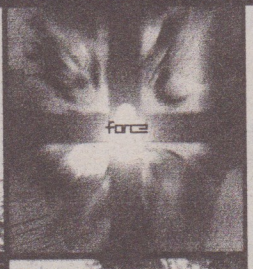

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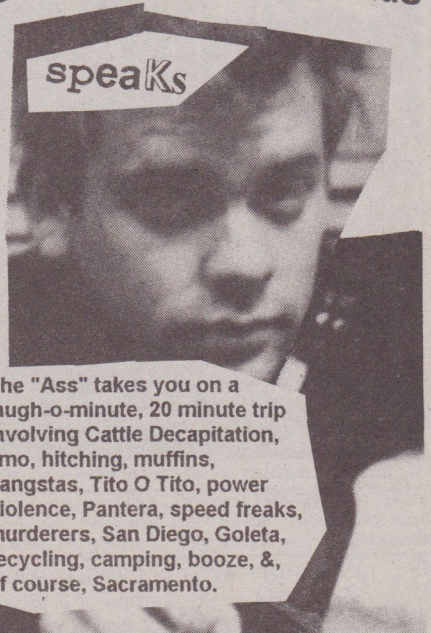

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COLUMNS

"You want a treat?" I ask P.J., my six-and-a-half pound Yorkshire Terrier (who the vet says weighs eight pounds) as I search through the orange floral tray on top of the kitchen counter.

P.J. just tilts his head and stares me in the eyes.

"OK," I say to my little pal, "just let me find one."

As I go through all the items on the tray in search of a rawhide bone I'd placed there a few weeks earlier, I couldn't help but notice that Wendy had collected quite a nice assortment of pills. Well, vitamins. Whatever.

Stuff like Wheat Germ Oil pills with Vitamin E, Natural Swiss Kriss Brand Tabs, Blue Green Algae — a nutrient dense food, whatever that was, Super Echinacea, GTF Chromium, Liquid Lecithin, and much more. But what really caught my eye while looking for that ever elusive treat were the two blue pills that sat outside of a jar with the word "Pfizer" on them.

I'd asked Wendy what they were a couple of weeks earlier, and she'd told me that her pals Jack and Lisa, two supermodels who lived in our building, had given them to her.

I again asked what they were, knowing damn well they were Penis Pills but wanted to hear her say it.

"It's Viagra," she told me, "Jack and Lisa say it's great fun to have sex with."

I asked her if this was the same Jack and Lisa who smoked all that pot and took Ecstasy like Flintstone Vitamins.

"Lisa says it's great," explained Wendy, "she says it made her feel all warm inside, and it let Jack keep an erection for a long, long time."

I told Wendy that I had no problem keeping an erection, as she damn well knew, it was the coming part that was tough. Cause of the Prozac.

She said she knew and sighed.

And that was the end of that conversation.

Until now.

I found the Viagra pills again and called Wendy over to the kitchen.

"Ya wanna try these?" I asked her. I was kind of in the mood anyway, and I thought that the worse that could happen was that I would have a heart attack from the pill and die. Nothing worse than my last gig at CBGB when my band didn't show up and I had to get a bunch of "musicians" together to play "Freebird" and "Pretty Vacant". The beer bottles to the head that night had really hurt.

Wendy looked at the pills marked "Pfizer," then back to me.

"Well?" I asked her, already feeling blood rush south.

"OK," she said, and with that, we both gulped them down faster than P.J. ate his T-Bonz treats that we hid from him on top of the refrigerator.

***

Forty-five minutes later Wendy and I found ourselves atop our six-foot tall queen size bed. Well, it wasn't quite six feet tall, but it sure seemed like it when we had to climb into it. We figured the bedspring to be about three feet tall, and the mattress about two and a half feet. Every time P.J. jumped off the damn thing, we worried that he'd break his legs.

So we're laying in bed watching some movie, waiting to see when the Viagra would kick in. I look over at Wendy and her face is all flush. Red. As a tomato.

"How do you feel?" I ask my squaw.

"Different," she says. "Warm. How about you?"

I look down at my sweat pants, which now look like the Cirque Du Solei tent. "Dizzy," I reply.

And I was. Actually, I was quite lightheaded. But also, I felt something else.

My feet.

They felt good.

Warm.

It was amazing. The things had been bothering me for weeks, and all of a sudden they felt warm and cozy. And they didn't hurt.

"Holy shit," I say to Wendy, "this stuff is great for your feet. Your circulation."

I've tried everything to make my flat duck feet feel better. Massages, Ben-Gay, whatever. But who would have thought it would be Viagra.

Wendy laughed, then asked me about what Viagra was really supposed to do.

I pulled down my pants and we both looked at my weinershnitzel.

Now to say it was huge is an understatement. I'm always huge. But now I was gigantic. Colossal. Able to take on Godzilla, King Kong and that damn Mothra.

"Wow!" exclaimed Wendy.

"I know," I said, "It's huge. All the blood left my upper torso and is down there!"

"I'm not commenting on the size," Wendy tells me.

"Oh," I say, ego somewhat deflated, but dick very inflated.

"What are you talking about?" I finally ask her.

She tells me that my penis is purple. With a tint of blue.

"Huh?" I say and have a look for myself.

She was right. My dick was the color of Concord Grape Mogan-David Wine. As purple as the dresses those hippies wear while spinning in circles at Grateful Dead concerts.

"Holy fuck," I say to Wendy.

Then I started feeling it.

The pain.

"Ouch," I exclaimed, "it hurts!"

"Oh my God, are you having a heart attack?" yells Wendy.

"No," I scream, "it's my balls, they hurt! Blue balls!"

Wendy looks at my nuts and agrees.

"Actually, more like purple balls," she comments.

I begin to tell her that it's not funny when I feel it.

Them.

Whatever.

Those little Keebler Elves. They've moved into my scrotal sack and have begun to take up shop there. I feel them moving stuff around, setting up the machinery to produce that man fluid.

"Something's happening down there," I yell.

I put my hands on my balls and actually feel stuff shifting around. Kind of like when I get really bad stomach aches and actually feel my intestines go into spasm.

"Well," says Wendy, "we better do something about it."

And we did.

For like an hour.

***

About ninety minutes later I find myself trying to piss with a hard-on. After having a full-blown orgasm, I was still as erect as The Empire State Building.

"It didn't shrink down really small like it usually does," says Wendy.

I told her I know, and that if I wasn't able to go pee soon, I'd explode.

And I didn't even feel like having sex again for relief.

Finally, I felt my urethra open, and the urine start to flow. Unfortunately, as most men know, pissing with a hard-on is like spraying liquid out of a bottle on the "mist" setting.

My piss went everywhere but the toilet in a fine, fine spray.

P.J. stood underneath me the whole time, barking at what he thought was a new toy. Well, until he got sprayed. Then he went and dried himself all over the couch like he does after getting in from the rain.

An hour later, I found myself playing Metal Gear Solid, a PlayStation game, in my sweat pants. Still having that damn circus tent on my lap.

When I play video games for a long period of time, sometimes P.J. attacks the controller with his paws or teeth to make me stop.

But not this time.

He was more interested in the thing in my lap.

So he starts jumping on it, and pawing it like a trapped rat. Which Yorkshire Terriers are bred to do.

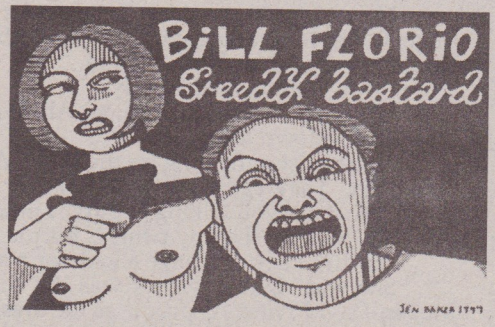
Then he decides to use his teeth.

It was then I really wished I'd found his rawhide bone.

Take My Life, Please.

Endnotes:

1. dafuhrer@georgetabb.com
2. Cool recordings I got this month include those from Dropout Year, a kick-ass band from Long Island, and Robweoza, with the hit tune, "Rage Against The Latrine". Yeah! Punk Rock! Of course, other cool recordings I got include those from Blown Woofer, Jag Offs and F.Y.P.
3. The Furious George Vs. Curious George case is still going on. Corporations try to win cases by outspending everyone else. Well, they can go suck their own bank accout, fucking fucks.
4. That show Lexx on Sci-Fi, rules. That's all I have to say.



It seems like my whole life consists of 100 people who I become good friends with for an hour or so, then I get bored of them or they get bored of me and everyone disappears only to be replaced by 100 new people. I have a good mind for inane details about everyone I run into though; for instance, I'll remember that a certain person made a big deal about wanting to own a Volkswagen Golf yet I won't remember their first name or where I was exactly. A whole bunch of years ago, something like 1992 or 3, I used to have this friend Amanda. Amanda was a good person to have in one respect because she was "un-jaded" and ready to go and do crazy shit because there wasn't anything in her mind to stop her. On the other hand, common sense did not always prevail and sometimes she would find herself the center of the party smacking herself in the forehead with a spoon and speaking in tongues. So one day Amanda tells me that her and some friends were going to go on a month long road trip; she kept trying to convince all these people I knew to go with them. See, Amanda was 20 and Little Mike was 20 and Pam was like 25 but didn't have a driver's license. Their plan was to get a drive-away car to California. The problem was that they didn't have a way back. Anyhow, January in NYC generally sucks and I could handle myself amidst Amanda's craziness. On December 30th, I bussed to Boston. I secured a car there, and even though Amanda and Mike were already there visiting their respective parents, I had to go and get the car with my insurable ass. We pulled off the paperwork at the very last minute before the office closed and were ready to pick up this insane woman named Mary's compact car the following day. I went back to Amanda's and we watched that Seinfeld episode where two people fight over a parking spot for the whole 30 minutes while Amanda tried to convince me that her vegan cooking was edible, including chocolate pudding that tasted like baked beans and this soy cheese she made by first encasing a lump of tofu in dirt.

Actually, for the past year or so, I've been eating these vanilla-coated honey peanut Balance Bars for breakfast every morning, that was until yesterday. My friend Sue (who kind of reminds me of Amanda except for the fact that she's pretty and has plenty of common sense; actually probably the only similarity is that they both have red hair and listen to really bad music.) Anyhow, Sue used to be vegan, too, until it almost destroyed her liver and now she has to stay on a diet of cheese and salad or she passes out on the subway. She said that her doctor told her Balance Bars were good for you or something and I bought it. Anyhow, all of them tasted like dirt except the aforementioned white and sickly yellow ones. Yesterday I was eating one and I realized that they taste like peas mashed up with some honey. YUCK! So I'm never gonna eat that shit again.

OK, so we meet crazy Mary so we can take her Mitsubitchi from her. She totally flips out (I'm seeing some correlation between all the redheads in this story) because she wasn't told three people would be riding in her car. She didn't know it would be four, and one of them had a big stack of fresh pink hair stuffed under his hat and the dumb hag thought it would be a good idea to stuff the tiny trunk with her Rubbermaid collection. I quickly came up with a story about how we were cousins and we had to get to California to visit our dying grandmother to say goodbye for the last time. She bought it and fifteen minutes later we were off to spend New Years Eve downtown. We had a little party at the record store and I got to check out GWAR play without their makeup at CBGB.

The next morning we were heading south on 95. We had to throw out crazy Mary's trash can and toilet brush so we could fit our luggage. I drove fourteen hours straight and switched with Amanda somewhere in South Carolina. Ten minutes later she got the first speeding ticket of our trip. We decided to use the cigarette outlet to power my boom box instead of the fuzz buster, whoops. At this time in my life I had recently discovered Taco Bell. See, we didn't really have any Taco Bell's in NYC ten years ago. There was only one on Northern Blvd. in Queens and sometimes I'd pay the $5 toll just to go and pick up some meximelts. Anyhow, eating Taco Bell for lunch and dinner was no big deal for me and traveling with two vegans through the South didn't lend much option. We ended up at this kid Eric's house. Amanda had secured some pen pals for us to stay with. We actually barely stayed with Eric. We kind of hung out at Waffle House 'til 3 a.m. and then got up at 6 to drive some more. We had ten days to get to Cali with the drive-away, and we wanted to use it for a while once we got there and avoid the crummy public transportation that SF has. In case you folks who have read my zine were wondering when I was getting to the California tirades, this is where it begins. This trip was a month though, I'm gonna have to stretch it out a bit, but I really got a good grip of what things are about in the 30 days that I was forced to eat Taco Bell every single day. I encourage everyone to get out and visit new places. Even if they suck, you really get to appreciate what you have, and if the places you visit turn out to be better than you got , hey, maybe you'll get out of your rut.

Anyhow, the next day we end up in Memphis. We made a few rest stops in Tennessee where a store clerk remarked about Pam's nose ring with, "Haven't you got enough holes in you already?" He then went on with, "I heard there's this place in New York City. There's this place called Green Witch Village and there's this place called the Hard Rock Café and a hamburger is teen dollars theerye! Teen Dollars, that must be some great hamburger!" We shacked up at some sleazy hotel with crazy crackheads all over the place. We ate at this really great hippie-type restaurant and stayed up all night and saw The REVEREND HORTON HEAT, which was Pam's idea, and I was very happy. Amanda fell asleep in the balcony of the club and some strange

guy was sitting next to her when she woke up. We spent the whole next day in Memphis, did Graceland, Sun records, etc. Met some cool people with cooler hair. And finally we hit the road toward Texas. The only thing I remember about Texas is we didn't stop at Taco Bell, we stopped at a Taco Bell wanna-be place that catered to retarded truckers and bikers. We slept in the car for a few hours at a truck stop in Arizona where we spoke broken Spanish to some people stacked up in a truck who just got over the border. Anyhow, we went on, stopped to look at the Grand Canyon and the Petrified Forest and Vegas. Then it got a little crazy; we were at a Taco Bell in Reno. Big surprise, but we overheard on the radio that the road to California was about to be closed because of a blizzard that was coming through. They warned that all cars must have chains. We got up and started driving through the storm in the mountains. Amanda insisted on driving for some strange reason, and we were crammed into this little car with zero visibility while trucks slid around the road next to us and snow piled on to the point that there was _ a foot on the hood. Snap! The windshield wiper broke off from the weight. I kicked Amanda out of the drivers seat and rode the next 50 miles with my snow-covered head stuck out the window and one of my socks stuck on the end of the broken wiper because the screeching sound was making us go insane. Somehow we made it to the lovely house in Oakland where we were to spend way too many days at… To be continued...

First off, I'd like to say that I would never in a million years join a group of mothers who call themselves "MOPS." Although it might be a convenient acronym for "Mothers Of Preschoolers," I just can't get past the obvious, encouraged and sexist stereotype of a mother in this society.

Open any mainstream parenting or women's magazine and there you'll see advertisement after advertisement hawking wares to make mom's life easier for juggling baby and housework. There mom will be, center page with her arms thrown up in exasperation, the baby covered in a mess of food, the dog wrapped in the phone cord, dirty dishes on the floor and a caption, "Oh No! I haven't even started dinner!"

Of course, what the advertisement is trying to sell doesn't even matter. Could be anything from paper towels to TV dinners to Mop 'N Glo.

The point, of course, is that moms are expected to raise happy, healthy, clean children and keep her home and her man happy, healthy and clean, too. And let's not forget that she's supposed to look perky and lovely the whole while doing it all.

Since my baby started crawling a few weeks ago, I'll go ahead and admit to rustling some gross tumbleweeds out of the corners, but yeah and right on to me and you other moms who think that societal role of Do-All-Wonder-Mom just plain sucks! And the next time you see a mom who looks like she might be feeling like calling herself a member of the MOPS, tactfully encourage her to trade the mop in for a book, record or bike ride.

Moms deserve happiness and health, too. The clean part is overrated all the way around.

And now on with what I originally planned to write about...

After nine years of friendship and living in the same town, one of my good friends just moved. A friend you can count on is enough reason to start missing someone the same day they move, but what's more is that we both just had a baby come into our lives, within three weeks of each other.

This is someone who when we both realized that one day we'd like to have kids, made a pact that if by age 30 we hadn't done so yet, we'd do so together. So yeah, I'm kind of bummed he and his partner and baby just moved, even if it is only a four-hour car ride away to a city where I've always wanted to visit more and have a place to stay.

Nine years ago, he was my boyfriend's roommate. Over the years, he became a fixture in my life; someone who even if we didn't hang out for a while, I know could easily be found to continue where we left off. A few years ago, when the boyfriend I was living with insisted I move out immediately, my friend was there for me with a small, doorless, cheap-rent room in his house. Even when he was ready for me to move out, too, things were still cool between us.

So, I don't think our pact would have really worked out, but it is kind of funny that I had my baby just two weeks before my 30th birthday. When I found out I was pregnant, he was one of the first people I wanted to tell.

I rode my bike to his house and caught him just as he and his partner were getting in his car to go somewhere. I skidded to a stop and breathlessly told him my excited news. He smiled and hugged me and I rode off feeling like I could now tell everyone else on my list.

I saw him a week later, again with his partner, and of course all I could talk about with him was being pregnant. He listened enthusiastically, and,what's so funny to me is that his partner had just gotten pregnant, too, but none of us knew yet.

When I got a call from him some weeks later to meet down at the courthouse the next morning, I just knew what that meant! But as luck would have it, that next morning had me on all fours hugging the toilet bowl with morning sickness. Needless to say, I missed the wedding.

Our babies were born three weeks apart and they're both now in the neighborhood of five months old. I can say they've hit it off pretty well. They definitely smile at each other, hold hands and exchange feet in mouths.

I know how it is most times when people move away from each other; they inevitably grow apart. But maybe since we have these babies, they will act as the glue to keep us connected and bolster my budding friendship with his partner. I hope so, anyway. It's so important to me to build these babies together in the progressive, alternative ways we weren't raised. There are a handful of other new punk babes in our community with whom to network and I know the fun will continue, but still, I will miss having them here greatly.

***

Now off on a tangent. Remember that reference at the beginning of this column about the lame-ass mainstream parenting magazines? Well, I just saw a "10 Reasons You Don't Want Your Kids to Grow Up Too Fast" list in one of them. The #1 reason: Goodbye teething rings, hello nose rings; #3: The cost of serious sneakers; #8: Purple Hair.

hahahahahahahahahaha!!!!! hahahahahahahaha!! hahahaha!!! haha!! ha! What a fucking joke.

For further explanation, refer to last month's column about Mom and Baby appearances.

***

Obligatory music references: My baby was born to RUMBLESEAT, REINA AVEJA and IMMACULATE REJECTION. I was literally pushing her out and in a breath between pushes, requested the music be changed from REINA AVEJA to IMMACULATE REJECTION because the part of the *Pitbulls Loose in the Hood* song when Jessica Christ from SANGRE AMADO is growling made me feel like I was birthing Satan & I got a bit weirded out.

My baby's first show when she was able to sit up and enjoy what was going on was last Saturday. We sat right up front. Don't worry, it wasn't too loud. The first band, AGAINST ME, wasn't playing acoustic, so we had to sit that one outside with the rest of the baby crew, but we were able to return inside for kick-ass, Yee-Haw-style sets of RUMBLESEAT and LARS DIN. For some unknown reason during RUMBLESEAT, she started a Gene Simmons-style tongue trick I'd never seen her do before.

I swear she's started to dance, too. Well, a definite bopping anyway. I put on THE BUTCHIES last week and right when I did, she started bouncing up & down. I thought it was coincidence, so I put on the same CD the next day & she bounced

again! I'm happy to say it's become a regular thing for her and to a lot more bands, too.

yardwideyarns@hotmail.com <or> P.O. Box 12839 / Gainesville, FL 32604.

OK punks, here's a little story. I got this package of demos from the sweethearts at Maximum, all CD-ROM things, and seven out of the eight didn't have addresses. If you want people to hear your music, then you need to include a contact address. Maximum doesn't forward all the envelopes and things, so just cut out the middle-mail people and send it on up/down/over here to Portland. I am not reviewing things without addresses anymore.

An interesting beginning to the month of demos is this band with no name (to "absolve themselves of labels" and avoid the cult of personality, among other things—they've got a manifesto) who now will go through the description ringer. There are lots of layers to the songs, but to generalize, it sounds pretty emo to me, with lots of weird effects and feedback and things I can't identify. The singer usually has a high-pitched shouting vocal style, but when he's singing the music gets melodic. Mostly it's a mid-tempo for hardcore pace, but with lots of tempo changes and some spazziness breaking out through the quirkiness. (Six songs, $2, decent production, lyric sheet. P.O. Box 5791, San Diego, CA 92165-5791.)

BORN TO LOSE play a mid-tempo poppy and slick version of punk with up-front vocals that have a bit of an edge and Jeff Ott influence to them. (Seven songs, $8 ppd, good production, lyric sheet. 1301 Clearfield Dr., Austin, TX 78758.)

CAUSE play fast and driving hardcore with two different screaming vocalists packing in lots of lyrics. In the middle of it all they still found room to add some guitar solo stuff! This just simply sounds great to me. (Four songs, good production, lyric sheet, in Japanese. Hasegawa, 3-412 Fushiyadal 2 Jutaku, Nakagawaku, Nagoya, 454-0982, Japan.)

THE DEAD END KIDS are back with a live recording from CBGB's, pretty good sound from being directly recorded from the sound board. Still sounding like a slower and sloppier VANDALS, especially vocally. (Eleven songs, good production, no lyric sheet. 40101 Sherydan Glenn, Lady Lake, FL 32159.)

DESKONTENTO GENERAL is a great comp tape put out by Lumpen Records, featuring @PATIA NO! (basic hardcore, great screaming backup vocal guy) ARZ (catchy punk rock, simple solid music with ranting vocals) LOS CHICHARRINES (They have a cool guitar sound, real buzzy. The singing is melodic and throaty and the music is fast), GENERACION PERDIDAe (male-female vocals, sometimes reminiscent of the English SUBHUMANS, fast and good), SACHHI PER RIFUTI (wildman vocals, fast paced with thrash and mosh parts) A DIOS (with one melodic, mid-tempo song, high-end with the vocals up front and one song more thrashy and cool middle dancy part) THE UPSKIRTS (Rock 'n' roll with throaty, melodic singing in English), CASO PERDIDO (catchy with great participatory backup vocals and wo-wo-wo's, about half mid tempo and half fast), ARGIES (Sounds heartfelt and melodic, mid tempo. The second song especially sounds like the CLASH, but in both songs the backup vocals sound a lot like Mick Jones.), BANKRUPT (cool crooning vocals over a good dancing tempo, like later DAMNED but with less ghoul style), and FLEMA(this song sounds like a power pop love ballad). It's almost all in Spanish, and well worth your money and time. Also, I'm guessing that there's an extra ARGIES song at the end of the first side. In case I'm wrong, these descriptions are all messed up and please forgive me. Write to the letters section and berate me, but let's cross our fingers that that doesn't happen. (19 songs, good and consistent production, no lyric sheet. lumpenrec@excite.com for more information. Felipe Beltran, A.A. 3239, Cali, Columbia.)

DESTINATION: EARTH have the MAN OR ASTROMAN thing down completely. Yep, a science-fiction surfband. These people have a singer, though, and from what I can gather sing about invading earth. Watch out. (14 songs, good production, no lyric sheet. 1402 Euclid Ave., Indianapolis, IN 46201.)

EIGHTEEN HOURS have the feel of the faster BOUNCING SOULS songs, with an even more pronounced drawn out singing vocal style. (4 songs, good production, no lyric sheet. P.O. Box 492, Donna, TX 78537.)

FACE UP TO IT are so great! Super thrashy hardcore that flirts a little bit with the guttural vocals, but mostly the singer has the ranting fast punker style. Good singalong choruses, and eminently danceable. The tape starts off with a recording of someone leaving their house and getting on their skateboard, ends with more skateboard noise, and the cover graphic is skate related, too. They claim they're old senile punks but really they got all of it right. ($1 plus postage. c/o Luc Ardilouze, B.P. 11, 33023 Bordeaux Cedex, France.)

HAISHA is usually blazing paced and super guttural vocals with the occasional screaming counterpart, but also they are a little thrashy, and there are a couple of mid tempo songs. It sounds like there's a drum machine instead of a real drummer, and actually all the music sort of has that tone to it, maybe it's some kind of compression or filter or something. (13 songs, good production, lyric sheet. 15289 Youngswoood Dr. Whittier, CA 90605.)

LAZY AMERICAN WORKERS sound like a mutant pop band, playing fast and poppy songs about girls. Singalong vocals, with some of the lead vocals being a little new wave sounding but always strongly melodic back up vocals (17 songs, good production, lyric sheet. 1119 W. Sylvania Suite 347, Toledo, OH 43612.)

NO PARADE plays great not so fast but still thrashy hardcore with vocals shouted out from deep in the gut. Good sing along choruses where you can picture all the kids fighting to sing into the mic. ($2. 6 songs, good production, lyric sheet. 746 Elysian Fields, Nashville, TN 37204.)

THE SOCCER HOOLYS have pretty slow and catchy songs with up front vocals that seem to play the most important part in the band. I think they have a drum machine, too. (2 songs, good production, no lyric sheet. 183 Dryden Road, Gateshead NE9 STT, Tyne a Wear, England.)

TWENTYFOUR ROBBERS play slow garagey basic mid tempo rockaroll, refined and with smooth edges. There are male and female vocals, although not in the same song, and for covers they do a MUMMIES song and a SUPERCHARGER song. (9 songs, good production, no lyric sheet. 535 Wells Ave. S., Renton, WA 98055.)

TOTAL FUCKING DESTRUCTION is hilarious and awesome. They have tough grindy fast songs with screaming crazy unique vocals and an amazing drummer but slow droney overtones with the bass and guitar. Great FEEDERZ cover. I think this is a distro address, but it was the only one in their package. Give it a shot anyway. (12 songs, good production, lyric sheet. 16 Harold Court Road, Harold Park, Romford, Essex RM3 OYU, UK.)

WHATEVER IT TAKES Emo! Slow to mid tempo, and pretty melodic, but the drums and vocals are way higher in the mix than the guitars. This guy has a real belting-it-out singing style, though the background vocals are in a cave. (4 songs, poor production, lyric sheet. 2205 Shafer Vue Dr., Moon Twp., PA 15108.)

WINNEBAGO DEAL has a good rockin style, pretty fast and lowdown. Kind of like the MOTARD school of rockaroll, but avoiding their lofi production values. (4 songs, good production, no lyric sheet. 12 Spare Acrte Lane, Eynsham, Witney, Oxford, OX8 1NH, England.)

Remember your return addresses, and send your demos direct to me! And a special thanks to the Canadians who helped with tour; you're a bunch of very sweet folks. Hey, Sean, take care.

For those who haven't noticed, the zine world is looking a lot more interesting lately with the return of *Profane Existence* (P.O.Box 8722, Minneapolis, MN 55408) and the new *Short Fast and Loud* (P.O.Box 420843, San Francisco, CA 94142). Unlike *HeartAttack*, *MRR*, *Hit List* and *Punk Planet*, these zines focus on bands that I listen to. I don't know about you but I've never heard of, much less listened too most of the bands in *HeartAttack*, *Hit List* and *Punk Planet*. *MRR* at least runs some good interviews, although the policy of spotlighting "new bands" means that most of the bands that don't catch on remain unknown.

Anyway, one of the letters to *Short Fast and Loud* criticized "Felix Von Havoc columns on how to be an expert record collector."

Yes, I spend a lot of time writing about records. I write about records because they are the medium that documents the MUSIC. You will also notice that a lot of my columns are about social and political issues, and more "how to" type articles to share knowledge and experiences with other bands and labels. I think some people are missing the point with what I am trying to do with this column. I am passionate and enthusiastic about punk and hardcore music. My objective is to expose lesser-known, overlooked and under-appreciated bands to the punk public at large with some critical insights. I rarely write about the values of records or their relative rarity. I also only write about records and music that I really like. A lot of you will have noticed that lots of the really rare "Killed By Death" type stuff is really not very good musically. (See the article in Better Off Dead about the most overrated rare records of all time.) I'm currently working on writing a discography type book about 80s hardcore, not to list every incredibly rare and obscure record, but to highlight what I feel are the most important and influential records of the genre. OK, got that?

Here then is part two of the adventures of Code 13 in the Pacific. For those who missed part one, we already discussed the planning and preparation of the tour, financial aspects, and touring the Bay Area and Japan. We left Japan via Osaka airport, which is a pretty wild place as airports go. We flew to Manila, largest city of the Philippines. For those who don't know, the Philippines is an Island nation in SE Asia. The people are ethnically related to the Malay, although there are some indigenous people here as well. The country was ruled by Spain from the 1500s to the early 20th Century. The United States took the Philippines from Spain in the Spanish American war and ruled it as a colony until 1948. Japan invaded the Philippines during World War Two, and the reason usually given for granting independence was the "loyalty" of the Filipino people in assisting the United States to drive out the Japanese. There was an attempt to make the Philippines a state, but it was rejected by the U.S. Senate, who balked at adding so many non-whites to the country.

The main language in the Philippines is Tagalog, although there are many dialects on the different islands. English is very widely spoken and most signs on the street are in English. English is more of the language of business, higher education, etc, while Tagalog is spoken on the streets and at home. Compared to Japan, this made communication very easy. The Spanish thoroughly Christianized most of the country. Catholicism is very prevalent and taken really seriously, like in Poland or Italy. There is also a Muslim minority, who is of course battling the government. These guys were in the news all over Asia for taking a bunch of hostages. Lots of people advised against visiting the Philippines due to the hostage situation. Look at a map. The rebels are fighting on Mindanao. That's a long way from Manila. That would be like not going to Chicago because of a riot in Miami.

The Philippines is a poor Third World country. There are a few really, really rich people, and everyone else is either dirt poor at best, living a lower, lower middle-class lifestyle compared to the United States or Europe. Political corruption is endemic and generally accepted as the way things are. The Philippines was ruled for many years by the dictator Ferdinand Marcos, who was propped up by massive U.S. military aid. In the 80s, Marcos was finally toppled and the Philippines became a democracy. But it is the same sort of democracy they have in Mexico or Nigeria, a democracy of corruption, nepotism and bribery where, you guessed it, the rich get richer and poor stay poor. The U.S. maintained a large military presence here until just a few years ago, when our last bases were shut down. I couldn't really tell you what the main basis of the economy here is. The only the thing the country seems to have in abundance is people. There are tons of Filipinos working overseas in Asia and the Middle East doing all the low-skill, low-wage jobs. There are also a lot of Filipino women in the sex industry in sex tourist centers like Bangkok and Amsterdam as well as in Japan. Capitalism, that brutally efficient system, moves human flesh around the globe to supply the demand as if it were just another product. In general. The Philippines seems dominated by Japan economically. All the cars and other manufactured goods were from Japanese companies. However, the culture is totally dominated by America. English is widely spoken, and everyone watches American TV, wears American sportswear and listens to that horrid American top-40 pop music.

I hope I don't get myself in too deep here, but consider that in the early 20th Century, Asia was ruled by colonial powers, foremost among them Britain. When Japan decided to challenge the Western imperialists, they resisted and World War Two was the result. The British, by surrendering Singapore rather than fighting to the last bullet like the Russians or Japanese would have done, basically gave up their control of the Pacific to the winner of the contest between Japan and the United States. The U.S. won militarily and became the dominant military power in the region. However, it was Japan that stepped in to exploit the "stability" afforded by American military hegemony. Therefore, Japan achieved its wartime goal of a "Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere" by corporate rather than military conquest. Now China is beginning to challenge the United States for domination of Asia. And I think I'm correct in observing that there is not the political will to fight for Taiwan when the inevitable Chinese invasion comes. This is because the ruling class of America is so deep in bed with the Chinese dictatorship to get access to their cheap labor and resources. Why then the continued military umbrella for Asia? Why is America the mercenary army of global capitalism? Are our troops in Asia to protect America or just to protect Japanese and American multinational corporations who wield the real power in the world?

The American victory in the Pacific in World War Two (in which Grandpa Havoc played a role as a bomber pilot) was really a victory of corporate neocolonialism over old-style military colonialism. So aren't we the American working class the suckers here? We are footing the bill and providing the troops to make a few corporations rich off the workers of both Asia and America. And if war comes whose blood will be shed? Ours.

OK, that said, the Philippines has had a punk scene since the early 80's, although it is largely unknown in the U.S. or Europe. There was once a club scene in Manila that supported live bands and there were some really good punk and hardcore bands here in the 80's. The sound tended towards Clash/Ramones influence and melodic So. Cal. Style Hardcore. I wish I knew more about this scene but I just heard a few tapes and talked to a few old punks about it. There is an article if not a book waiting to be written. Today the Philippines has a pretty large scene which is very US influenced. In fact the scene there seems to mimic the scene divisions we have the USA pretty uniformly. There are various SE factions, some emo type kids, spikey haired punks, lots of NYHC jock core types, crusties, and pop punks. There aren't that many shows as they are difficult and expensive to set up. The music is mostly recorded onto tapes and there is a very lively tape and zine culture. There are a lot of small zines and newsletters and almost all of them are in English. If you are interested in the Philippines scene it should be very easy to get dialed in through the many

zines and newsletters just remember, it's a very poor country so send IRC's or money for postage. I had a whole box of tapes and zines from the Philippines that I mailed back to the USA from Malaysia. Here it is September and that box still hasn't showed up yet. So for that reason I don't have a lot of addresses to give you.

We arrived in the Philippines and what a stark contrast it was to Japan. In Japan everything was super clean, modern and uptight. In the Philippines its super hot and humid, everyone is poor and everything is old, dirty and run down. Three guys handled most of the organization of the tour for us Noel, Ban and Dennis. These three guys although they worked in different parts of the scene, were really nice, dedicated and did the best they could to organize our tour. However, most of the rest of the scene was, by our standards, very disorganized. There seemed to be a lot of inter scene politics going on all the time regarding what bands played when, on what equipment, where and when show could take place etc. We had originally planned to do five shows in the Philippines. By the time we showed up this was pared down to three, of those we only played two, and one of those we almost didn't play as Trevor was very sick. But I'm getting ahead of myself. We went to stay at Ban's place on the outskirts of Manila. Ban lived with his extended family and we stayed a small room with a dirt floor and a tin roof. There were roosters running all over the place, crowing at all hours. This was quite a contrast to typical American lodgings but despite their poverty the people here were super nice and very hospitable. We all got bitten by bed bugs and woke up by roosters crowing but the home cooked food didn't stop coming. We became local celebrities in this part of Manila and a crowd of little kids followed us everywhere chanting "Ice Ice Baby."

We spent the first few days hanging around Manila. This city is very crowded, 10 million people and that is expected to double in the next 20 years. The streets are narrow and jammed with traffic 24 hours a day. Most of the local vehicles are powered by second hand diesel engines from Japan. If I remember anything it was the pervasive smell of diesel fumes that blackened everything and burned my eyes and nose. There were lots of people everywhere all the time, everything was crowded and packed. Even big US cities like New York and Chicago its not so hard to find a little peace and quiet away from the crowds, not so in Manila. The principal form of transportation is the Jeepney a locally produced panel truck with the front end fashioned from world war two pattern Willys Jeep sheet metal. These are plated and painted up in a short of "low rider" custom style. You pay a small fee to ride in the back. These are all owner operated and seem to be the one of the main industries in Manila as there is no public transportation system. There were also a lot of bicycles and motor scooters fighting for space on the roads. The Philippine Peso was trading at about 40 to the US dollar. This made everything very cheap for us as far as food and drinks went. On the flip side it made the records, CD's and shirts we brought with us very expensive for the locals. The minimum wage here is about 4$ a day. As I mentioned before the culture is heavily Americanized. By that I mean the worst aspects of American corporate culture. McDonalds, 7-11, Burger King etc. were popped in next to tin roofed shacks and old style street vendors. There were also a number of American style malls. For whatever reason we were taken to several of these malls to hang out. I haven't hung out in a mall since I was 14 or 15 and it felt pretty strange to be playing video games in an arcade at a mall. In fact I'd have to say that except for some local cuisine we never really experienced much culturally here that was uniquely Filipino. Everything seemed to be bastardized American culture, albeit made in Japan. This is one of the real tragedies of neo-colonialism. Western corporate culture is destroying local cultures at a rapid rate. In a few years Filipino folk culture will be reduced to a museum piece level like traditional American folk culture. The Philippines has the fasted growing population in Asia and the slowest growing economy. As I said before the only major export seems to be people. The strong Catholic influence has prevented family planning while the corrupt government has concentrated any benefits of economic development in the hands of the elite. To me this is a recipe for disaster. No way does this country have the resources to support double its current population, and its virtually condemned to stay poor forever. Even if wealth was better distributed I don't think it could keep pace with a rapidly growing population. I'm short on solutions here. There have been various left wing/Marxist parties and rebel groups but we have all seen that that path just leads down the same road for most third world countries. A revolution followed by another corrupt one party state where all the wealth is concentrated in the hands of the party as opposed to the old elite.

Our first show was on the outskirts of Metro Manila. It rained all day and in the part of town where the show was to be was flooded. People kept apologizing to us, as it was not the rainy season, as if it was their fault. I mean I don't apologize about the snow here. In any case we showed up to the gig to find it was cancelled. I was mad about this at first until someone showed me the mark on the wall where the water had been a few hours earlier. It was like three feet up the wall. I felt kinda stupid then. The show organizer fed us a really good dinner and we went back to Ban's place. The Manila gig took place or a rooftop terrace of a closed down bar, owned by a guy who was in a NYHC type band. The gig started really late like 10 or 11 and maybe 20 bands played before us. They played really short sets but still it went on and on I think we played about 3:30 or 4 in the morning. The equipment and sound was really bad. Tiny little practice amps for a huge outdoor gig. There seemed to be a lot of scene politics going on about who got to use the good amps and mics etc. A lot of bands from different styles played. By our standards they were all pretty rough and sloppy. There was a lot of energy, but poor sound and lack of practice isn't a very good combination. My advice to the Philippine bands is to practice and tighten up the sound! We played a pretty wild set to maybe 300 kids. They were tired but rose to the occasion, despite the strain this turned out to be a pretty good set and I think the kids enjoyed it. This gig cost maybe 50 cents to get in and still most of the kids didn't pay to get in. There were a lot of "organizers" around with nametags on but not a whole lot of organization the way we would expect for a 20-band gig. Still it went off pretty well considering. Its easy to criticize other people's scenes comparing them to your own, however, I kept having to step back and tell myself that these kids had a lot more obstacles in organizing a gig than we do. That said, virtually nothing seemed to get done on time or thoroughly.

The scene here is the most male dominated of anywhere I've been in the World. There were very few women at the gigs or involved in the scene period. I think much of this reflected the conservative Catholic society. If American or European women were thrust into such a secondary position there would be an immediate feminist backlash. A lot of the guys we hung out with were married but wouldn't let their wives come to the gigs. If hardcore is going to reach these kids with any sort of message it should be a message that counts in the other half of the scene. This country is begging for a riot grrl movement or any other sort of revolt from within the music scene to give women some rights and recognition.

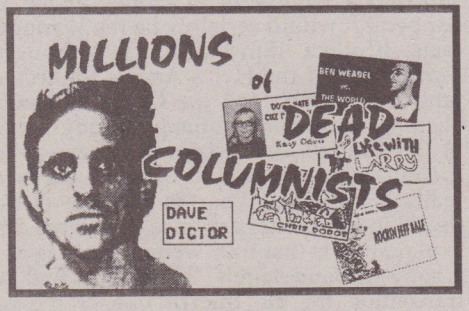
Due to the poor exchange rate we sold virtually no merch here. However, Ban brought Code 13 screens to the gigs and for a small fee (maybe 30-50 cents) he would print a Code 13 design on your shirt. This was super cool and DIY at its best. All during the gigs there was a clothes line in back of Code 13 Philippine tour shirts drying. Ban and his crew also released the Code 13 discography CD on Cassette locally at a price most local kids could afford. Unfortunately this didn't hit the streets until after we'd already played otherwise I think a lot more kids would've been familiar with our material. Once again a note to bands in the USA and Europe, try to release your material on Cassette in Asia! No one here can afford imported CD's and very few have record players.

After the Manila gig things got worse for us as the entire band got sick. Especially Trevor he had a high fever and could barely walk. He was puking all over the place; it took some cajoling reminiscent of Spinal Tap to get him on the bus to our gig in Lucena. I'd like to think I'm a tough guy but us White folks are just not made for life in the tropics. The diarrhea we picked up the Philippines stuck with us for weeks and all of us ran fevers of various intensity. The illness combined with the crowded and polluted conditions and lack or organization started to make us spoiled Americans pretty homesick. There seemed to be a lot of "hurry up and wait" sort of stuff going on, waking up at 8 am

when you didn't play until 3 am seemed a little excessive. We crammed maybe 30 people into a short bus and drove about 6 hours to Lucena. I thought we would leave the city and hit open country but the population seemed pretty densely packed along the road all the way. The Lucena gig was in a big community hall, resembling a Catholic Church in size and layout. Once again it started really late and there were maybe 15 bands playing. The PA and amps were too small for a basement gig much less this huge place and as a result all the bands sounded pretty bad. There were maybe 200 kids there. I had to really lay it on to get Trevor to play this gig. He was passed out in the back of the bus, waking up only to puke and shit. But I managed to get him on stage and we struggled through a really sloppy and uninspired set. I would like to apologize to all the kids at that gig, as it's probably the second worse set we've ever played live. Trying to "rock out" when you are feverish and nauseous is a tall order. It was pretty wild though travelling deep into the jungle to this gig in an exotic locale and show up to find a table with kids selling Profane Existence and wearing T shirts of Minneapolis punk bands. The strong influence of Profane Existence in linking scenes and spreading DIY culture around the world makes me incredibly happy to see that it has returned. Everything in the Philippines is distributed in a DIY fashion, mostly just sold at gigs or passed hand to hand. I went to one record store in Manila but it just carried bootleg CD's and tapes of major label Death Metal and a few Jock Hardcore bands like Sick of It All and Earth Crisis.

After this gig we were supposed to go to the beach, however, the bus we had taken down from Laguna was leaving so we had to take the bus instead of going to the beach. All the money we would have gotten from the gig went to the Jeepney driver who was supposed to drive us to and from the beach. I don't think we would've had much fun at the beach any way as sick as we were. Our last night in the Philippines we had to get ready to fly to Malaysia and clean up for the flight and customs etc. As sick and tired as we were we pulled a real western rock star move and checked into a hotel. I'd say our morale hit the lowest point of the tour at this point.

Visiting a Third World country like this really made me consider how lucky I am to be American and how unequal the distribution of wealth is world wide, not just here in America. The poorest of poor here are still well off by Philippine standards. I did my best to have a good time in the Philippines and to accept that their scene is organizationally not able to compete with the standards we are used to in the USA and Europe. We made less than 100$ in the Philippines and it cost us an extra 600$ to go there. In retrospect it was a trip we couldn't afford but we did it because the kids invited us. That said I think it's a long time yet before DIY hardcore bands can tour here and even hope of covering travel expenses. If you go to the Philippines think of it more as a vacation with some music on the side. One last thing that surprised me is that there was little contact between Filipino American punks and the scene in the Philippines. OK that wraps up the Philippines, next month Thailand and Malaysia.



The Talented Mr. Dictor

The other day I got an e-mail from two females from Germany named Ute and Olga. I couldn't place them at first. I get a lot of e-mail via MDC's Web site that I'm not sure who the hell they are these days. They had referred to me as their "silly, generous American friend," and said they were from Berlin. Then, as I was trying to fall asleep the other night, I finally placed them. Silly. Ah, yes indeed. I'll explain that later. Back in the fall of 1982, MDC learned that the Dead Kennedys were planning a European tour and so we asked Jello Biafra if we could go. We waited for both Flipper and DOA to decide if they were gonna go or not. When eventually they had declined their invitations (there was very little money in it), we were on our way with the Dead Kennedys on tour that December, following them around England, Belgium, Holland and Germany, opening for between 1,500 and 2,000 people nightly. We would get to the shows early and be hanging out in front waiting for them to arrive to be admitted by the security. On the continent (as they say over there, dividing Europe from England), waiting innocently enough, we would be approached by Belgian, Dutch and German young folks. Upon seeing our van and encountering our Americaness, they would immediately assume we were indeed the Dead Kennedys. And remember, this was 1982. English-speaking young people were fewer and farther between back then. Our conversations would go like this: "Hello, you are the Dead Kennedys?" To which we'd reply, "No, we're not. We are with the Dead Kennedys, opening for them tonight." Then they would reply, "Then you are Yello Biafra?" I'd reply, "No, but he'll be here playing tonight." Then they would turn to their friends, say something in German, and we would be surrounded by dozens of misinformed non-English-speaking Euros with pen and paper being told you are "soooo zuper" and to "pppppplease make autograph." We would try to straighten this all out to no avail. I would end up signing, "To Fritz, Best Wishes from a close personal friend of Jello Biafra." I tried to fight it for a while, but at a certain point I snapped and when asked, I'd say, "Of course," then I'd mumble, "a close personal friend of, (and then loudly again) Jello Biafra." I hugged and kissed hundreds of them. I might be going out on a limb, but I think Americans everywhere would have been proud to see how I represented American punk rock, and so what if there was a little misunderstanding to the whole thing. My band, on the other hand, started distancing themselves from me and viewed my behavior as some sort of neurosis. I didn't care. Truly, I reveled in it.

In subsequent tours, MDC was back on its own, and this was not a problem for my band anymore. But somewhere down the line, I tried to tour Europe as a vegan, and remember, this was "back in the day," so to speak, and vegan pickings were slim. Somewhere in the third week, after living on a diet of black bread, semisweet chocolate and beer, I started losing it again. Young, upwardly mobile German punk music-loving youth had a hard time accepting that after our two-month tour, when we went home to California, that we didn't go back to a better life than collecting food stamps, writing new songs and janitoring weekends in a gay bar. They seemed disturbed by this answer and I found myself wanting to help them through this. So then while doing interviews, I started sprucing up my biography and current goings-on. So to the question, "What have I been doing beside the band at home?" "Well, I've been making movies." "Movies," they'd exclaim with a look of satisfaction and awe. "Yes, in the last Star Trek I was the main Klingon. It's amazing what they can do with make up these days." They'd smile and nod their heads in agreement. Eventually I'd find myself saying, "I loved punk music but probably never would have gotten this involved with it except that the chlorine in the pools bothered my eyes so much that I wasn't gonna put up with it for another four years just to win a second round of medals in the Olympics." When they'd ask how many medals I had won, I'd find myself mixing it up to always keep the answer fresh. "One gold and one bronze," I'd answer, "for the one hundred meters and the four hundred". "Wow," they'd say slowly. Looking at me with admiration, all the while appreciating my humility. Soon I'd be telling them of astronaut school, my love of outer space and all its challenges and how disappointed I became when NASA announced the plans for unmanned flights. "It's just not the same," I'd say in a low voice, as they looked sympathetic and bowed their heads a bit lower so as not to miss a word I'd say. The only problems that would occur were when my band would catch wind of these exploits. It irked me that they couldn't see how I was doing this for the kids, not for myself, as they would suggest on what was becoming our longer and longer van rides as we traveled from gig to gig. Then publicly they started refuting that we didn't own a llama ranch and how at the end of this tour I was not returning to my first love, the stage and the

bright lights of Broadway. Why were they interfering with me? As far as I was concerned, they could have said anything they liked. Far be it from me to to want to ruin these young Europeans dreams. But no, they had to monopolize every interview with reality and worse, follow me around and monitor all my conversations. Nowadays, people ask where the original members of MDC are? I reply, "Not here," and think of them not interrupting my conversations and straightening out my life's facts any longer, thank you very much. But anyway, I found myself very bored with these controlled interviews. I'd look for the bar or the drinking sections of the clubs or squats we were playing at and avoid my band to the best of my abilities. One night I met this beautiful young German woman with the most green-hazel eyes I had ever seen. It took me a bit of time to warm up, but after a little while I had this shy, quiet, very attractive woman smiling at my charm. She listened eagerly to my real passion in this life, surfing, and my worldwide search for the perfect wave. At one point she excused herself, got up and went to the bathroom. I was sitting there feeling very good about myself, thinking how far I'd come. I remembered how back in high school and college, pretty women like these wouldn't ask me for the time, nevermind sit, converse and beg my pardon to use the loo. Yes, a very long way, I reminded myself. And then another woman tapped me on my shoulder and said that her name was Olga and that Ute was her best friend and that I'd better not fuck with her or I'd have to deal with her! I said, "What? I wouldn't dream of it." She said, "Good, because her friend was going through some terrible times and didn,t need some American asshole to fuck with her head. Her grandmother was very sick and the government had cut off her welfare check and that I better not fuck with her head." I nodded and said OK and when she returned I certainly was a bit sobered up. We started talking again and I turned the conversation to her and asked how she was doing? She talked a little bit and her eyes drifted out into space and I could see them welling up with water. Oh my, I thought, and touched her hand. I imagined myself being Humphrey Bogart touching Ingrid Bergman's hand in Casablanca. That together, self-confident American male reaching out to my female European counterpart. I reached into my pocket and handed her two hundred Deutschmarks and said I had heard some stuff and basically wanted her to have the money and to go see her grandmother. She got up and said she'd be back and I saw her and her friend leave. I thought about it all as I nursed my scotch on the rocks, my drink of choice back then. I was feeling very stoic, I might exaggerate a story or two but underneath it all, I was a good one. This thought held for quite a bit until the bartender came up to me at the bar and said, "Hey surfer Joe, don't worry too hard about Ute. She and Olga work all you American dudes." At first it seemed so wrong, but after a little thinking on it I concluded that what goes around indeed does come around. Well, you all have a good month and greetings to Ute and Olga of Berlin. 'Til then I'm at mdcops@hotmail.com and MDC's Web site is freespeech.org/deadcops. This has been put out by my friend Jake and he is quite the good dude.

Hey kids, I've got a GREAT idea. Well, it seems like a great idea at the time (once upon a time called NOW), but I reserve the right to disown it at a later date. Let's probe some small corner of that Mystery which is the *MRR* record archives, shall we?

For those of you who've been wasting those precious hours allotted you on pursuits such as employment, recreation and sleep, *MRR* keeps a copy of all vinyl reviewed (CDs and tapes becoming the property of the reviewers and/or Mark Goodman Productions, Hollywood, California) and even (here comes the unearthing of a well-kept secret) SOME VINYL THAT DOES NOT GET REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES.

To be certain, a great part of the reason this secret has been so well kept (UNTIL NOW) is no doubt owing to it being a matter of veriest indifference. But perhaps a further revelation regarding the two paths by which non-reviewed material winds up in this hallowed repository will make it a matter of greater interest. (Then again, perhaps not.)

Firstly, there are records of "Punque" bands with the dreaded major-label affiliations. I'd hazard a guess that most of these are somewhat "significant" (whatever that ultimately means in terms of rock 'n' roll of any kind, sheesh) bands whose later/current works are regarded as being essential for historical (or at least hysterical) purposes. Truth to tell, I don't know how many discs of this type are being bought by the current regime since (assuming that it is indeed ongoing) THEY (the sly dogs!) are adhering to the guidelines of Timmy the Y. (and one can certainly do a lot worse - in fact, many do) and applying the green tape to any such item in closed sessions prior to slipping it in (bonus points for Black Flag reference; at this rate, I'll have enough points for that color TV by the end of this column), thus making it difficult to ascertain without thinking which bands would qualify. (Too much work, and I'd rather think of what heretical, pornographic and other generally fun titles are to be found in the Secret Room of the Vatican Library, although consider how much more amusing the Vatican Library would be if, following the *MRR* model, the books from the Forbidden Chamber were mixed in with the regular Catholic libros {in fact, it would be quite catholic in the small "c" sense}. And think of how yet more amusing said library would be if I could actually read Latin).

Secondly (and hopefully more interestingly) are the records from Tim's core collection predating *MRR* as any kind of Institution (the details of the record libraries of other originators of *MRR* remain a mystery {excepting, of course, Jeff Bale who is always more than glad to share his philosophy of record collecting in return for my fashion tips - HEY, JUST KIDDING}), but it looks as though I'm running a bit long-winded anyway.

Surviving the numerous thinnings out (I pity those who've never had the pleasure of grabbing armfuls of records to subject to a quick skip taste in order to judge whether their inclusion is deserved, with the lucky survivors of the purge being promptly reshelved until the next pogrom, for instance, is the Grateful Dead's first album (deep dark secret #2!) yet no bootlegs of the pre-Dead Warlocks (I don't have copies of either (although in junior high I had a live album and "Anthem of the Sun," both dumped after I discovered the first two Velvet Underground LPs, but if I had to keep one around in order to inherit a large sum of money from an eccentric millionaire (as compared with a non-eccentric millionaire who had excellent reasons for so stipulating in a codicil to his will and contrasted with a non-millionaire who still had a large sum of money at his/her disposal -it could happen!) it would certainly be the Warlocks. (Fun Grateful Dead facts {Collect 'Em All!}; 1) Although it was they who recommended the Hell's Angels for crowd control at Altamont {and a good job, too}, the Grateful Dead laid all blame for the ensuing "bummer" on the poor judgment of the Rolling Stones. 2) The Grateful Dead claimed to have gotten their name out of a dictionary that a couple of them perused while on acid. The really WEIRD, man, part is that they could never find "grateful dead" in any dictionary once they came down. The most rational explanation is that they weren't looking at a dictionary at all, but a copy of Baudelaire's "Flowers of Evil" as a common English translation for the title of one of the poems therein is, you guessed it, "The Grateful Dead." The stupid fucking hippies were fucked out of their minds and couldn't tell a dictionary from a volume of Baudelaire (that they apparently never got around to reading); by and of itself, no big deal, but they thought that there was something unusual about their minds being fucked up while they were high (even though that's presumably why one gets high) and had to make something pseudo-mystical of it.)

Well, I'm going to have to shelve my discussion of the

metaphysical aspects of Dion and the Belmonts (found in the *MRR* library between the Diodes and Dioxin) as well as subsequent conjecture regarding how the *MRR* library can have two copies of Dion's "No One Knows" and none of "Donna, The Prima Donna."

TECHNOLOGY REPORT

SAM MCPHEETERS

It is late summer now, late at night, late in my curve of frustration as I try to install this Verizon online DSL modem into my chugging, busted ass $500 computer. Verizon is the behemoth formed from the impious alliance of Bell Atlantic and GTE only two months ago. I became their customer by default in early July. One day their weird billboards were everywhere and the phone bills bore a new name. When my "free" provider service decided two weeks ago they'd had enough of me and stopped cold, the behemoth's $20 a month fast Internet looked a bit more appealing. I temporarily overlooked obvious signs of customer relation problems (the 80,000 person strike that greeted Verizon's launch, their own lawyers pre-emptively buying up "verizonsucks.com"). But now there are doubts. The package in front of me is filled with exotic hardware and doodads that make no sense, scanty instructions and weird disks that send my system off on endless configuration voids. I am starting to feel like a dupe.

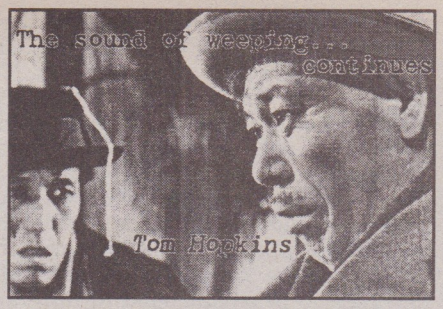
The computer chugs away. On my desk, the L.A. Times is open and their lead story - CLINTON SHELVES MISSILE DEFENSE - stirs some involuntary relief. The administration had promised a decision right around now, but I hadn't expected anything favorable. Surprise is appropriate, certainly not relief. National Missile Defense (NMD), supposedly a dead issue in the early 90s (when it was known as the much larger Strategic Defense Initiative, "Star Wars") should never have been reconsidered in the first place. The whole thing is like taking a "fresh look" at prohibition or World War II internment camps. When the idea was originally revived in the Contract With America, Clinton's people co-opted the scheme as a clever way to shore up his perceived weakness on defense before the 1996 election. NMD survives as an issue today from that same momentum. Gore has to offer lip service to Missile Defense because he doesn't want to look weak either. The president's deferment is certainly not the final word. "Postponement" in this case is just a euphemism for postponement. Although both candidates are in harmony on this issue, Bush Jr. is actually a little more progressive. His proposals call for a larger NMD system, but bundled with some decent unilateral arms cuts. Gore calls any arsenal cuts "destabilizing." It's all he can say. It's an old dynamic - only a flaming right-wing Republican president could've recognized Red China and only a pot-smoking Democrat president could've pushed through welfare reform. Reagan the cold warrior used the original Star Wars as a Gorbachev-era smokescreen to feint rightward while pressing for deep arms cuts that would've been impossible for any liberal.

Since we no longer have a crumbling Soviet Union to intimidate, there isn't much of a reason for the current NMD incarnation beyond domestic consumption. The flimsy excuse for Missile Defense is now protection against attacks from "rouge" nations (or, as Madeline Albright now calls them, "nations of concern"), North Korea in particular. Even if this system works, it can't do much against the guy driving a mini-A-bomb in a Ryder truck. European allies don't like the plan because the Unite States was evasive over our willingness to share the technology. China and Russia don't like the plan because implementation would make their governments look weak, and their arsenals less effective. The Anti-Ballistic Missile Treaty (ABM) of 1972 specifically forbids defense changes like NMD, and the Russians made clear they weren't going to budge. Low on anyone's list of dislike reasons was an expectation that the program would actually work. The same week I became betrothed to Verizon, the Pentagon staged a spectacular free fireworks show over the Pacific when their latest test missile went bonkers and exploded like a piñata. In a rational land, the incapacity of our military contractors to prove that this system could save us from even the tamest of wayward Finnish weather balloons would've earned a presidential "F" the morning of the next news cycle. But these tests are controlled and administered by only three companies - Lockheed Martin, Raytheon and Boeing - all of whom stand to earn multibillion contracts based on positive outcomes. Conservatives, who control the legislature and key areas of the executive's frontal lobe, are beholden to these three companies. That the whole thing has even been deferred, two months later, is itself a minor miracle.

But there is fresh ham on the horizon. Those of us who remember the days when seemingly decent folks openly discussed carving Ronald Reagan's mug into Mt. Rushmore can spot the imminent orgy of grief. It's in those sad tabloid photos of Ron and Nancy celebrating his 89th and likely final birthday. He looks shriveled, Yodafied. Nancy's holding his fork. Time is running out. When this man passes, the lamentations will make Nixon's outrageous honors (a national week of mourning!) look like a flushing of the family goldfish. There's going to be a lot more talk about Reagan's "legacy" and certain conservatives will howl anew that R.W.R. deserves so much more than just a renamed D.C. airport. National Missile Defense tops the legacy list, for a bunch of reasons. Reagan didn't just create this concept - it was a vision extracted from the core of his philosophy, a very particular type of Morning-In-America phantasm. The concept of a foolproof national "umbrella" was based on attitudes about nuclear weapons from the quaintest years of the 1950s, when plans were seriously discussed for moon-based missile silos and atomic "drilling" of Alaskan oil ranges. (The idea itself sprang from several 1983 conversations between Reagan and his kitchen Cabinet business buddies on the feasibility of something called the "X-Ray Laser," which was exactly as tinseltown as it sounds). The marketing was classic Gipper - skimpy on the nuts and bolts, but with an overall ring of average-Joe, common sense plausibility. And, unlike other 1980s conservative chestnuts that've slowly been mainstreamed by Democratic cowardice (attacks of big gov't, balanced budget, throwing cash at the Pentagon), this issue has all the juicy red meat of tangibility AND enough controversy for a fresh "legacy" fight. It is the perfect honor for this man. The technical impossibility of the program made it all more endearing to a president who frequently confused fact with fantasy, often treating foreign dignitaries to fond, false remembrances culled from some free-floating tattered memories of one of his ancient B-movies.

Here's what I'm wondering. When trial judges are found to be corrupt or insane, not only are they removed from office, but every case they ever ruled on has to be dredged up and reassessed. This is what's happening now in Los Angeles with the prosecutions brought by the LAPD's wayward Ramparts division - hundreds of prisoners, including some genuinely hardened bad guys, will walk free because the evidence against them was tainted by rouge cops (or, as we now call them, "officers of concern"). Shouldn't this principle apply at every level of government? Knowing what we now know about Reagan's Alzheimer's condition certainly casts an ominous light on those 130 "I don't recalls" from his Iran-Contra testimony. If the man was serving his country under the influence of a dangerously debilitating dementia, shouldn't we be obliged to chuck each and every one of his policies?

And if the NMD fetishists get their way I want some trickle down logic. Jesse Helms and the Heritage foundation can argue that the Anti-Ballistic Treaty is null and void because it was brokered with the U.S.S.R., not Russia. Fair enough. But only if the billions of dollars in Soviet debt that Russia continues to shoulder are also erased. And, by extension, I get to rip up my $153 Verizon phone bill since I ordered service back when the company was GTE. Oh, and I want this DSL line to work even though I obviously don't know my ass from my elbow and will not be able to connect it. Sound fair?



Did you know that:
A) I buy more records than I could ever realistically listen to. This concerns me somewhat, but obviously not enough to stop.
B) I have a similar problem with books. I don't fret over that though, cause hey, books are smarty-pants stuff, right?
C) The thought that my parents will die one day wanders by me fairly regularly and it ruins me. The fear of not getting to know my parents as adults will result in an eventual abandonment of the gilded Bay Area for a return to New Orleans.
D) When I go out boozing, I drink too much, too fast, and yell too loud. Doing so is totally immature and a hell of a lot of fun and won't be changed.
E) My new apartment in Berkeley is just down the block from *MRR*'s Jose Palafox. I don't know Jose as anything more than an acquaintance, but I always really enjoy seeing him and chatting about nothing. It's a neighborhood in the midst of Cal-Berkeley flip-flop terror.
F) After quite the hiatus, I'm making the slowest of returns to the skateboard. Mark Murrmann and I have done our part to make the chaperoning parents at Alameda's free skate park a bit uneasy.
G) Lance Hahn, one of the longest running *MRR* shitworkers, is moving to Austin, Texas. He assures us that he will return, but on the off chance that he doesn't make his way back to the Bay Area, I'd like to mention that I've appreciated all of the work he has put in as a reviewer while I've been here. And, of course, I enjoyed all of his contributions to the zine when I interacted with it solely on a reader level.
H) Sean Sullivan is also leaving. He isn't coming back. Who will I watch the MTV Video Music Awards with next year? I can't imagine anyone with a better finger on the pulse of American pop culture. Anyway, Sean, you fought the good fight at *MRR*, good luck in NYC. Don't forget the peanut butter!
I) Sage writers throughout the punk scene seem to be tripping over each other in an attempt to espouse the most boring of conservative views. If anyone is eager to join the parade, I'd like to warn them that pissing about the decline of "culture" and the alarming rise of "identity politics" are topics that have recently been claimed. Might I suggest praising eugenics and phrenology or decrying miscegenation as a method sure to set one apart from the vacuous (and fascist!) left wing of punk.
J) As they say in France: Boring.

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OK, I'm told that the NEW ACTION FOUR was a side band of THUMBNAIL. None of the navel gaze of the later works of that band, but a harsh assault. Feedback pops off the guitar (that can travel fairly far on the tight leash of song length) while the bass and drum stomp through with vocals being spat hither and tither. Deep within, there is still the attention to time and expansion of space exhibited by THUMBNAIL. Just as FURY was still a kissing cousin to SWIZ. (Sound on Sound, PO Box 687, Berkeley, CA 94704-0687)

The CRASH SMASH EXPLODE "Zombie Lights" EP is on Amendment Records (580 Nansemond Cres, Portsmouth, VA 23707). Did you know that at a postal auction I went to in Frisco there was a stack of this labels "Mandatory Marathon" comps as part of a vinyl records lot being auctioned. Amidst crappy 70s arena rock there were also some MISFITS albums and several copies of the HOG EP on Lengua Armada! There was also an entire lot of disposable diapers (unused of course) available to the highest bidder. Now behold the CRASH SMASH EXPLODE EP and its high tempo lurch of torn diaphragm vocals, slow churned witches' brew of tin pan drums, space rock/stoner bass, and static guitar. An aural sensation of car sickness. The mania of SCRATCH ACID dry humping the syncopation of early HAL AL SHEDAD.

The I HATE MYSELF 12" and LP are required purchases. Easily ordered from No Idea. Also easily ordered from No Idea ($3, PO Box 14636, Gainesville, Florida 32604) is a new I HATE MYSELF EP. The first line of one of the songs sums up the vocal style: "I'm gonna shout until I'm hoarse." Soft parts with guitar jingle jangle, building up to the hark-the-herald-angels explosions of guitar angst. To enjoy this record even more, I suggest searching out the melancholy VAGRANTS EP on Lookout and getting reacquainted with the two SINKER EPs. Hey, isn't that SINKER song on the Ebullition comp EP fantastic?

RUMBLESEAT, not for me, perhaps for thee? Acoustic guitar with the hard strum and sincere vocals that guarantee getting laid at a smelly coffee shop with a stack of mildewed board games and an chalkboard of inspirational quotes outside of the bathrooms.

To those who write tremendously important columns about the wastefulness of odd-shaped vinyl, please ignore this review. Instead, take a moment to reflect on where you were when Doogie lost his virginity. OK, a split 5" picture disk with USURP SYNAPSE and REP SEKI. USURP SYNAPSE have an approach that is in danger of turning to mush, and the 5" format is one that isn't always kind to that sound. But not here. The USURP SYNAPSE's are really crisp with a lot of high and clear tones coming off the guitar while the rest of the band is bashing out a wailing swirl of tormented cymbal crash and bass distorto. REP SEKI, first I've heard of them (but I don't get out from in front of the digital cable very often), have snotty whine on top of fucked, way off time, emo/free jazz. Reminds me of a few Mountain Co-op releases. (Magister Ludi, PO Box 470112 Tulsa, OK 74147)

Recent "say what?" criticisms I've heard about the Lovitt empire: "blah blah, I USED to like them but now everything they put out is that trendy mod keyboard blah blah." Being the trendy fuck bandwagon jumper that I am, I would of course love to hear the Lovitt "mod-keyboard" records, I just don't know what the dude was talking about. It sure wasn't the ENGINE DOWN "To Bury Within The Sound" LP (PO Box 248, Arlington, VA 22210). This has a mood similar to HOOVER, without the boring attempts at jazziness or complete flatness. Slow, yes. Careful, even. There's a loose strung bass and wandering guitar that seep up just above the vocals that are the intended spotlight of ENGINE DOWN. Ultimately, this is a soothing mix of late 80s Annapolis, Maryland, and mid-90s Richmond, VA.

CAMERA OBSCURA was part of a solid tour this summer. I left after the FAINT played though, because I had work the next day and the edgy depression accompanying an apartment search. So I have yet to see the above mentioned CAMERA OBSCURA, but I have listened to their recent "To Change The Shape Of An Envelope" LP, which I will now tell you all about! Layers and layers of voice-boxed vocals, not quite stunning keyboard effects, droning/subdued bass and alternating anthem/big ol' wall and cutting/nervous tic guitar. On the way toward being a fine art school thesis, suffering only from not enough drama (a la the SLAVES), which would probably cause the LP to demand more listens. (Troubleman Unlimited)

Surprise! Another JEROMES DREAM release. Sure, I may be scrambling to get 'em all now, but I wonder if they'll have the staying power? Who cares, Hopkins! Stop talking like a Frisco shitheel! The "Seeing Means More Than Safety" 10" (Old Glory, PO Box 17195, Worcester, MA 01601) has what I'm looking for: the male vocals that sound like a four-year-old lass that gets the SECOND STORY WINDOW chicken squawk buried under six feet of watery mud recording that guitar definition just barely bubbles out of to create a troubled URANUS sound, clawing for life.

If you've tried my old dixie13 e-mail in the past two months you haven't gotten a reply. Dear Tom, why haven't you answered my e-mails? Is it because of my curiously yellowed fingernails? Love, A concerned reader. Concerned Reader, since moving to the East Bay, I have not set up my home computer. Your fungus infections are of no interest to me, so long as I don't catch any of your cooties. Very truly yours, Tom. p.s. I totally enjoy not having Internet access at home. The only thing I regret is that trapped inside the computer is the beginning of an e-mail interview with Sonny of GSL, where he chats a bit about the "Lab Remix" series. I'll do my best to atone for this complete fuck up on my part and get it in the column soon. Until that brave new world dawns,

here's a charming write up of the LOCUST's "Well, I'll Be A Monkey's Uncle" 2xLP, part four in the series (GSL, PO Box 11794, Berkeley, CA 94712). Two 45-rpm discs of previously released LOCUST hits, some with the simplest of window dressing (like a weight routine meant to define the muscles) and some with the foundation totally torn out (a mass building weight routine, for bulk, none of that fashion model crap!). These names may mean something to you: KID 606, I AM SPOONBENDER, and BASTARD NOISE. This name may mean something too: Sean "peanut butter and dog dicks" Sullivan.

Yo, peace out, quite some time ago there was a SUBPOENA THE PAST CD. Now there is an LP titled "Conjure Itch." (GSL) The first release was much more electronic/computer oriented, while this brings Apple 2E mastery down to the level of another instrument in the mix. (Oh, I smirked quite heartily when I compared it to a more serious, black clad, younger/older brother of ATOM & HIS PACKAGE. Oh, Hopkins, you clever bastard! That halo is so bright, to peer in the mirror is a dangerous invitation to blindness.) Dramatic, dark side of the dark, new romance with loops of repetition and astronomy-focused math blends of drum and guitar. I regret comparing this to BAUHAUS, only because I know so little about that band (or anything of that whole genre they live in, bub). This reminds me of everything that I've enjoyed by that band.

I've tricked you. I don't write this column top to bottom, but some here then some there. So skip on down for my first take on THE 1985. But come back up here so you can read about the "Obscured By Pink Clouds" LP (Progeria, see address below) and how I find the sound a bit warmer, but still just as cuckoo crazy and even more highly recommended than the CD. There are some bridges in a few of the songs that are so slippery sneaking from one tweaky lurch to another with ultimate craftsmanship.

The PLANES MISTAKEN FOR STARS "Knife In The Marathon" 12" (Dim Mak) allows a bit more room for opening up the drive found on their EP of a year or so ago. But it isn't abused. Rockin' emo with thick bass grooves and guitar leads and fairly sick vocals. Now, who is it that this reminds me of? Oh yeah! A bit of the emotive intensity of early SAMIAM (i.e. "Home Sweet Home"). I do believe that the CD can be found on Deep Elm. The effect on the guitar is about as ugly as something of this style can get while still retaining its tunefulness.

Last time I heard Japan's NINE DAYS WONDER, I noticed a prominent SHOTMAKER bass and drum style. On their "The Scenery Is In Disguise" CD (Dim Mak, PO Box 14041, Santa Barbara, CA 93107) that pounding rhythmic intensity comes and goes but has been softened by a a variety of emo-fluences: the Guy P-side of FUGAZI, happy la la BRAID and direct/solid Texas-style emo-pop. This description may suggest a schizo and disjointed sound, but no, this is a real consistent listen with the vocals anchoring the different trips the bass and guitar want to take. My preference is their aluminum cover EP that isn't as softened by the various styles noted above.

Imagine my surprise when abrasive vocals and rough guitars came spinning off the 1985 "Nerve Eighty" CD! For some reason, don't ask me why, I assumed that the 1985 was an art school driven keyboard new romance band. Snotty vocals, guitars rattling off each other with a thick and slow bass/drum, giving the whole mess a really rich sound. Somewhere someone can nod along to my description of an early RYE COALITION (say, their first EP) nodding off to a ROYAL TRUX show. B-b-baby! (Progeria, PO Box 10786, Pittsburgh, PA 15203) (Oh, yeah, fans of ARAB ON RADAR might enjoy some of the drone parts.)

Sugar, I REALLY hope that you've bought the CLOCKS EP. But please wash your hands before you leave the house to buy it, that shit under the nails has a way of getting into people's mouths. Use those clean hands to go ahead and pick up the CLOCKS' "The Saint, The Sinner, The Virgin, And The Dynamo" CD while you're out. There isn't a party around that couldn't be improved by this shiny disc belting out a rock and roll full of the stomp that some of the post-HUGGY BEAR English ladies and gentleman fucking owned. Not emo, just snot-nosed rock 'n' roll with a (booyah!) dancing guitar. (Track Star Records, PO Box 60, Forked River, NJ 08731)

It wouldn't surprise me too much if the folks in GIVE UNTIL GONE have listened to a lot of 80s college rock hit makers: early SOUL ASYLUM, later HUSKER DU, shoot, maybe even some SHORT DOGS GROW! Their full-force digging for rich melodic gold suggests an interest in more than just loving your CHRISTIE FRONT DRIVE's, BOYS LIFE's and GET UP KIDS. Intriguing but catchy lyrics.(Dim Mak, see address above)

How's about a little split CD action? KILNEMIA/ FALLEN CD on LineRed Records (135 North Fraser Drive, Mesa, AZ 85203) begins with...ta da KILNEMIA, Arizona's favorite Christ-core band. Crunched-out sound that punches and cuts tremendously, that gets totally fucked by wiener sing-song prissy breakdowns, and throughout the most ridiculous third-grade Sunday school lyrics. I don't have religion, I am not bathed in the blood of the lamb, but I have encountered religious/spiritual writing that wasn't the blathering, insipid, crap that continually comes from these missionary bands. FALLEN has a similar style, but with a better flow and direction, the breakdowns with singing show up, but not at all with the same twerpiness. I also can't figure out what they're singing about or how they've written about it. So, there.

My goodness, KEPLER is just death. Slow, slow, deliberate, soft, careful. PLEASE, when will this CD be over? If you're "grown up" and "mature" and "so over everything," but too chicken shit to leave the basement shows and late night clubs and be your parents, well, you've probably already bought this CD. (Spectra Sonic Sound, Box 80067, Ottawa, ON, K1S 5N6, CANADA).

A CDR bootleg doesn't demand the effort of a vinyl or properly formatted CD boot, but it is a boot so thumbs up. By contacting the huggy nation (huggynation@hotmail.com), one can get one step closer to getting the CDR with tracks off of (I assume) hard to get HUGGY BEAR releases. I'm not sure of the need of this, as I know some of this is readily available, but I'm sure somebody is having a good time in their basement and somebody is likely to hear HUGGY BEAR, both good things.

Buying guide (for the curious, this is where I let you in on what I heartily recommend you spend your cash on, necessary when I may have been too kind to an average release): I HATE MYSELF EP, CLOCKS CD, 1985 CD & LP, SUBPOENA THE PAST LP, JEROMES DREAM 10", USURP SYNAPSE/REP SEKI 5".

Here's a bit of confusion. I have a new PO Box for column stuff: PO Box 170040, San Francisco, CA 94117. Please pay careful attention to this column, because following my upcoming marriage and a bit more spending cash I plan on getting a PO Box closer to my East Bay apartment.

The continued adventures of Defacto Oppression's summer (with me playing roadie)...

June 11th

Woke up this morning on the floor of a blazing hot van, parked on a blazing hot street in Brooklyn. I felt like crap but was quickly revived when I busted my gut laughing at the stories of Adam, Chris and most of all Jake from the previous evening. Adam ended up going to some rooftop party right on the East River, while Chris and Jake stayed at the illustrious Sweetwater Bar. Jake would end up leaving the bar and passing out on the streets of Brooklyn for a good two to three hours! When Chris and Adam tried to locate him at the house where Snags was parked (Snags is our van if you didn't catch on to that) a few hours later when they returned from the bar, he was nowhere to be found. So they wandered the neighborhood until they eventually found Jake doing the same. He was quite lost and completely ecstatic when they found him. So ecstatic, in fact, that he (drunkenly) decided to call his mom back in Wisconsin (approx. 3:30am CST) and tell her

that he passed out on a Brooklyn street for a few hours and then got lost, even going so far to explain that his visor was stolen at some point while he was out. As dangerous as the situation could've been, Mike and I laughed until we barely had air to breathe.

Needless to say, Jake was going to be nursing the world's most severe hangover ever. I asked where he was and Adam directed me to the backyard of the house we were staying at. He was still out cold so we threw tiny sticks at him and cracked jokes until we got the first sign that he would be waking soon—a big middle finger. We made fun of him for a little while longer until he eventually asked what the plan was for the day. Considering we had the night off, and considering how unbearably hot it was, we all had one thing on our mind—the beach. We consulted our options on the atlas until we decided upon Ocean City, Maryland. Adam and I had both been there as little kids and we both remember it being really fun. We packed the van, said our goodbyes to the Septic Tumor kids, whom we would see again at the show in Baltimore the following evening, and gunned it toward the beach. After a grueling drive down the New Jersey Turnpike, and an even more grueling hour long stop at a roadside gas station, it was but a quick hop and a skip (which I believe was called Delaware or something like that) and we were pulling into Ocean City.

Here's a solid piece of advice for you: places you thought were cool when you were a small child often don't live up to the same standard when you're a twenty-something politically-minded punk rocker. Ocean City is nothing but a tourist trap, the biggest bait of which is the miles upon miles of sandy beaches that we were there for. I pulled off and parked Snags a block from the beach (it's impossible to be any farther, the town is only three blocks wide with water on both sides—an isthmus if you will) and Mike, Jake, and Adam gunned it for the beach. I sat back and waited for Chris, while he spent nearly fifteen minutes trying to find a pair of shorts to swim in and then find his towel, etc, etc. It was during this time that I decided I was going to surprise everyone (mostly Adam) by securing a hotel room right on the ocean. It was Adam's birhtday the following day and I had some premonition that Baltimore wouldn't be very much fun, so I figured we should celebrate tonight. We eventually met up with them on the beach and everyone freaked out on the hotel room. I said hello to the ocean by running straight into it and then losing one of my discs in its salty wake.

We got settled and decided we would need to secure some postcards, food and beer (in that order). Mike ended up buying Adam a bottle bong and a cigar for his birthday and we went back to the hotel room to begin the festivities. It ended up being a fairly mellow evening, at least at first. We sat around drinking Shaefer (!!), discussing past sexual encounters (always a fun conversation) and watching Adam do beer bongs. Eventually, Mike and I decided to go check out Ocean City's nightlife, figuring it would be at least be worth it for humor's sake, and headed to the boardwalk. We soon learned that it was Seniors' week in Ocean City (seniors as in "recently-graduated-from-high-school" seniors) so the town was crawling with rich, spoiled plastic girls and macho, mysogonistic, soon-to-be-frat-boy boys! Yuk! We found a bar (one of the only escapes from the masses of suburban underagers) and drank and chatted by ourselves until it closed. We then wandered down the boardwalk and began hissing at people who said hi to us. This continued for an hour or so until we took a crazy bus ride back to the hotel. We woke up Jake and soon enough Adam got up and began chugging beers to celebrate his birthday. We got to watch the sunrise over the ocean and even saw a few dolphins cruising south along the beach. Adam set himself a goal to be "shit-canned by 10 a.m." and Mike and I crashed out on that note, telling him to wake us at 11 so we could go swimming before we left.

June 12th

I was awakened by a drunken Adam at 11 a.m., with the suggestion that I should "Get up and drink some fucking beers and go swimming," to which I replied, "No fucking way," and promptly resumed sleeping. This happened again at noon and I actually did get up this time, opting for the swimming half of his offer. I was amazed to see the beach packed with kids and quickly realized that if you want to avoid them, all you have to do is stay in the water, because that's the last place they ever go. It was a beautiful sunny day and it felt great to relax in the ocean and laugh at a consistently louder and drunker Adam screaming about his birthday and being sauced and it only being noon, etc. At about 1:30 p.m., we found out that we were supposed to be out of the hotel by 12 and began the slow process of taking showers, packing up, and checking out. By about 3, we accomplished the task and, after stopping for food and a new, cheesy Ocean City visor for Jake, we headed for Baltimore.

The drive to Baltimore was rather uneventful (foreshadowing at work) and as we pulled into town, we knew immediately that Baltimore was a shithole. Maybe it's actually a really fun town, with lots of things to do, but I just got the impression that it sucked. The show was supposed to be at a sushi bar and after we found the place, we found out that: 1) this was one of Baltimore's worst neighborhoods (a double whammy), and 2) no one was going to be at this show. The Septic Tumor kids were there and while we wandered in and out of the sushi bar, getting food and trying to figure out what was going on, they were videotaping some random guy singing "Billie Jean" and dancing MJ-style on the sidewalk out front. After an hour or so of aimlessly milling around, we were forced to make a decision between staying at the kid's house who (unsucessfully) set up the show or take off. We quickly reached a consensus with the phrase "back to the beach!"

We rolled out of town and talked about what to do since our next show wasn't until the 14th. We decided to head to Virginia Beach, another one of those "I was there when I was kid and it was fun" sort of places. (Did we not learn our lesson from Ocean City?) Mike opted to drive so the rest of us got drunk and screamed to Tone Loc songs, just one of our many joke tapes in the van. I slept for about three hours, which was nice since I had been doing so much driving. Mike woke me up as we got to the beach and I began navigating us toward the State Park, which is right on the ocean between Virginia Beach and Norfolk. Some rangers directed us to the campsites and Mike managed to swindle a free night from them. We found a site close to the beach and quickly set up camp (as the mosquitoes were a living nightmare) and crashed for the night.

June 13th

We got up in the morning and spent a few hours reading, showering, bullshitting, and generally relaxing. I managed to read most of "I'm Johnny and I Don't Give A Fuck #4," which I highly recommend if you haven't read it yet. We drove into town to pick up some food to cook over the campfire and then headed for the beach. The waves were significantly better in Virginia Beach and we spent an hour or two trying to backflip over them and body surfing and what not until our bodies couldn't take it anymore, and then headed back to the park to make some dinner. After eating and bumming around some more, Jake and I walked down to the beach just before heading back into town to check out the nightlife. There was a kid shining a flashlight around the dunes and Jake asked him what he was up to. The kid said (in a perfect Texas accent), "Ahm loukin fer crabs," and showed us a bucket he had that contained four or five of said creatures. He introduced himself as PJ and took us down to the beach to show us how to catch them. He'd shine the flashlight around until he found one, then chase it around with a handful of beach until he manage to half-bury it, and would quickly pick up the sand encompassing the crab and whip it into his bucket. Enamored, Jake had to try it and was successful on his first attempt. He then asked PJ what he did with the captive creatures (good timing) to which he replied, "Aww, Ah jest like ta lay tha bahkit down an watch em run inta tha water." So, after catching about ten more (and after PJ kept making fun of me for being too much of a wimp to actually get one from ground to bucket) he laid the bucket down and almost twenty crabs went flying in every direction, but mostly just running at the water and getting washed into the surf. PJ's dad then came over to get him and ended up showing us how to put a crab to sleep by rubbing it's belly. As we walked back to the campsites, PJ found out we were a touring band and was quite excited. He asked if we had ever heard of his favorite "artist," Slim Shady, and told us every reason imaginable about why he liked him. We said goodbye and PJ replied "Don't worry. I'll stop by your campsite tomorrow." We were looking forward to it.

Mike and I had plans to continue our quest for a good time in a cool bar, while Chris, Jake and Adam wanted to just wander around town for a while and see if anything exciting was going on. We bought them some brews and headed to what a lifeguard had earlier in the day called the "hot spot" of Virginia Beach. We sat down and realized that we had just walked into MTV hell. There was a constant barrage of top-40 thump tunes playing (including the legendary Thong Song) and a large group of rich, college-aged kids running around trying to hook up with one another. Mike and I grabbed a spot at the bar and sat for over an hour, barely even talking to each other since the music was cranked so high, sipping beers and marvelling at the "cluelessness personified" that makes up our generation. It wasn't long and we couldn't even take it anymore, so we left and waited in Snags and soon enough, the threesome came back grumbling about how much they hated this town and how we should just go back to the campsite. So we did just that. With a good buzz going, we walked down to the beach as Jake and I showed everyone else PJ's crab-catching techniques. After an hour, we decided to hit the hay so we could swim again in the morning before heading to Greenville, N.C., to play a show at the skatepark.

June 14th

We had been talking about doing laundry for the entire last week, so we decided we should finally partake in the struggle. Competing for sainthood, Mike offered to do everyone's laundry while the rest of us went to the beach. So we again recieved an hour-long pummelling from the waves and soon enough, we had the van packed up and were on our way to Greenville.

Virginia Beach is about the furthest into "the South" I'd ever been in my entire life. Going into North Carolina, I was amazed at how beautiful and green it was. It made the drive there more exciting than tiring. Greenville isn't a very big city at all, but we got lost the second we entered it. We knew that the skatepark was right downtown, but after a half-hour of searching we had to pull over at a gas station and ask where the downtown was. They directed us to the proper area and we found the place right away, but I could instantly see why we had so much trouble doing so. The downtown area is all of four or five square blocks and nearly every other storefront was vacant. It was sad. The entire town was made up of strip malls and chain restaurants and the downtown was small and barren. I heard later that the local college is trying to buy the land that comprises the downtown area and turn it into dorms or something. Pretty fucked up.

The skatepark was a cool place, but we had gotten there pretty early in the afternoon and after spending the morning getting worked over by the ocean, none of us felt like skating so we wandered around. There was a very cool record store down the road so we all got into consumer mode and bought a bunch of music. After that, we sat around and did very little for a long time. The show started pretty late and there ended up being about seven bands so it got a bit enduring. I spent much of the show making phone calls to home and trying to track down a box of zines in New York. The guys ended up playing last and there were only two or three people there to watch. Two of them were these stinking drunk dudes who spent a good chunk of the set meandering through everyone in the band. In between songs, one of them actually said, "I wish I couldda seen you guys," assumingly refering to his state of mind. We ended up talking to them after the show and they turned out to be pretty cool, but it had been one of the two's 21st birthday so they were just juiced out. We ended up staying at Billy's (the guy who did the show, and a very cool person, for the record) with Jake and Mike opting to pitch a tent in front of his apartment complex and the rest of us crashing in the air-contidioned living room.

June 15th

When we got up in the morning, it was readily apparent that the inside sect had made the better decision. It was in the high 80's and it was only 9 a.m.! Billy had to work pretty early so we split right away, found a Waffle House to eat some of what the menu called food and figure out what the plan was for the day. There was no show that night and I had to catch a plane out of Raleigh early the next morning, so we decided we'd drive there and find a place to camp as close to the airport as possible.

After a short drive there, we bummed around on Hillsboro St. for a while before deciding that we should use some of our free time to get Jake's amp fixed (still broken since it's use as a record crate to get some 7"s across the Canadian border two weeks earlier). We found a repair place on the outskirts of town and this crazy technician dude began working on it. He was super friendly, explaining to Jake every tiny detail imaginable with regards to his amplifier and about 75 other random nuggets of his past and spent an hour and a half hooking the cords back up. The sign on the wall said, "$65 an hour, half-hour minimum," so we began to get worried that Jake would be dropping some serious change down to get the sucker fixed. As it turns out, the guy not only fixed Jake's amp but also improved on it, and then told us it was on him. How fucking awesome is that?

We found a cool park about fifteen minutes from the airport and had more swimming on our minds. Before we jumped in the water, the ranger came by and I secured us a campsite. This included the showing of an ID and when I showed it to the ranger, she said (in thick Southern drawl), "you and ah have tha same burthday." Same year, same day, everything. However, I was born around 7:30 in the morning and she was born sometime in the late afternoon, so I'd been on this planet a good eight hours longer than herself. I also learned from her that we'd get ticketed if we had alcohol in the park and that the gates were closed until 8 a.m. so you couldn't leave before that if you wanted to. This caused a major problem since my flight left at 7:45 a.m. She suggested that we could park the van outside the front gates and just walk to it in the morning. Even though we only had one tent and it could only sleep three of us, and the fact that we didn't have an alarm clock that could get me up in the morning, her plan temporarily made sense to me. I got the campsite and walked down to the water to tell everyone the bad news. "What?" they replied, "we can't drink here? Let's go somewhere else." And so, when the ranger came back down fifteen minutes later to warn us of an upcoming storm, we got our money back and made a new plan. This plan included dropping me off at the airport so I could make sure I caught my plane on time and them driving through the night until they felt like crashing. We stopped at a gas station on the way to the airport and I got everything packed up and ready to go. They dropped me off, threw me a couple of hugs and split south towards Atlanta where they were going to be playing an awesome grind fest on Saturday. I studied the inner workings of the airport for a while, found the gate where my plane would be leaving from in eight hours, went to the bar to read the newest issue of "Clamor" and drink overpriced beer and then uncomfortably slept on a row of terminal seats.

June 16th

I woke up sometime early in the morning and wandered outside to smoke when I realized the airport actually closed at night. When I walked out, I wouldn't be able to get back in for a few hours. So I hung out by the doors, sleeping periodically, until they opened back up and I got some overpriced orange juice and waited out the rest of the morning until I got on a plane and headed for Minneapolis.

I was on my way home because one of my closest friends, Brett, was getting married the next day and I was the best man. Brett now lives in Minneapolis, but the ceremony was in our hometown, so he picked me up from the airport and we headed home. There were a billion things to do the second we pulled into town and I didn't get one second to relax. We went and got our tuxes (yuk), checked my PO Box and headed to the place they were getting married so we could help with the decoration process and go through the rehearsal motions. As soon as that was over, I had to head to my mom's and shower and get ready to go out for the rehearsal dinner. We ate awesome veggie food and chatted with friends at my favorite (and basically the only good) restaurant in our area. Afterward, Brett gave us presents for being in the wedding (another silly tradition where the groom buys his wedding monkeys things like monster beer mugs or cheesy flasks) and we opened them to see 4" throwing stars with our names ingraved on them!! We marveled at how cool they were (and how dangerous they would be in the hands of a bunch of drunken idiots that we would no doubt become over the course of the evening. We went to a local bar and restaurant where I used to run the restaurant. Since leaving on tour, it's closed and is only a bar now. We drank and danced and played pool and partied well into the night until we all left to sleep. There was a wedding to be had

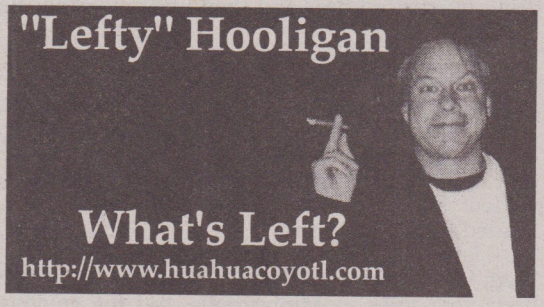
the next morning.

June 17th

My mom spent a good deal of time trying to wake my hungover ass up and I was soon off to go golfing. The bride's dad is a big golf freak and organized an outing for the morning of the wedding. I used to play a lot of golf as a kid and I really hate it now because I've come to realize how elitist and more importantly how environmentally damaging it is. Regardless, I wasn't in the business of nit-picking on one of the biggest days of my friend's life, so I went and I played rather well. I cruised home, got my penguin suit on (admittedly cool tuxedos as far as tuxedos go) and headed out to the bride's parents (wealthy folk) for pictures.

After pictures, we went out and got ready for the ceremony. I hate the concept of marriage, I really do. And with this in mind, I must admit that I actually like weddings. Not the ceremony or the big dinners, or the overdressed formalities and traditions, but I just like seeing a ton of people I know in the same place. And as the time of the ceremony neared, I began to see all of my friends rolling in. So many that I started to wonder if I had any friends from around Wisconsin that weren't there (save for the band, who was probably watching Guyana Punchline and gearing up to play at a club somewhere in Atlanta right about then).

The ceremony was short and sweet and they were bawling their eyes out trying to spit out their self-written vows. The wedding was completely nonreligious (no mention of God or shit like that), but it was still spiritual and they pulled it off quite well, bucking a lot of the traditions of a "normal" (read: boring) wedding, but not pissing off the hoards of old conservatives that tend to make up the bulk of audiences in Northern Wisconsin weddings. After they kissed and all that jazz, we went inside, shook the hands of numerous strangers and went inside to began the celebration process (one that I had gotten a fair amount of practice at in the past two weeks). We drank, bullshitted with each other, posed for yet more pictures and ate a geat dinner of portabella mushrooms stuffed with ratatouie. After that, I gave a speech to tell Brett and Melissa how much I loved them, the bridesmaid read a beautiful (altered to suit) poem, and some of the oldest of the bunch began leaving, so we started the process of hardcore celebration (another field in which I have a small background in). Post-wedding party, we went to the legendary Ryan Rose's house to party some more and eventually made it to bed around 2 a.m., hoping that catching my 9:15 a.m. flight (at an airport two hours away) was going to be feasible.



Sacco and Vanzetti. Julius and Ethel Rosenberg. Mumia Abu Jamal.

All arrested for things they claimed they never did, convicted in shoddy trials on contradictory evidence, and put to death because of politics—their own and the times.

Whoa! Mumia's not dead! No doubt his supporters would insist I shouldn't be so hasty in proclaiming him doomed or so eager to pull the switch. But I'm just trying to be realistic here.

I once suggested a t-shirt design to Ramsey Kanaan and the crew at AK Press. A black t-shirt, of course, with FREE in large white letters at the top in front. Then below that, in smaller letters, Sacco and Vanzetti crossed out in bloody red, Julius and Ethel Rosenberg also crossed out in dripping red, and Mumia Abu Jamal with a hand about to cross him out too. It got a sardonic laugh, but no takers.

Personally, I don't want Mumia executed, *even if he turns out to be a cop killer*. I think the demand for a new trial for Mumia simply falls short. I can think of plenty of instances in which killing a cop is a matter of self defense and therefore justifiable homicide. Given that the police are the occupying army for capital in our daily lives, I really have no problem in letting Mumia go free even if it turns out he committed first degree murder on a cop. So it's not like in my fantasies I don't want Mumia released.

Unfortunately, that's pretty much what Mumia's freedom is; a fantasy. The US Federal district court could possibly consider Mumia's habeus corpus appeal, but there's about as much chance of them overturning the lower court as there is of Ralph Nader winning the presidency. He's got a year, year and a half before the stay of execution is finally lifted and the governor of Pennsylvania signs another death warrant. If the Federal district court doesn't review the case, well, things happen a lot quicker. I really don't see any other scenario. Not even a last minute lame duck clemency for Mumia from Clinton as a final fuck-you gesture to Congress. Like Sacco and Vanzetti, and Julius and Ethel Rosenberg before him, Mumia is destined for Leftist martyrdom at the hands of the state.

Okay, I'm not being very politic or polite here. At least think about the possibility, the contingency if you will, that Mumia might suffer the same fate that leftists have since the execution of the Haymarket anarchists. Mull over that possibility while I continue to be impolitic and impolite.

Also like these previous political martyrs, Mumia has become an international cause célèbre for the Left. Many a sorry Leninoid party and half-assed Leftist organization has used Mumia's predicament to garner attention, influence and membership in an endless series of marches and rallies and protest-politics-as-usual. Mumia begrudges nobody pushing his cause, so long as they keep his name and case in the public's attention; much like he lets anybody print his writing or broadcast his commentary so long as it gets an audience. But now that he's on his final appeal, the Hooligan alternative raises its infantile, ultraleft head.

Leave the organizing of ever bigger letter-writing campaigns, petition drives and mass demonstrations in support of Mumia to those dubious Leninoid parties and Leftist organizations. Get together with a group of like-minded friends and plan some direct action to express your outrage at Mumia's execution for the-day-of/the-day-after the final death warrant is enforced. If you can manage earlier actions, fine. If nothing else target TDO/TDA Mumia's state execution, once it's finally announced. There are a thousand and one things you can do, whether you're strictly nonviolent or throw in a little property destruction and street fighting for spice. Use your imagination.

Practice acting with your group of friends at the numerous mass Mumia support demonstrations between now and the execution. At the very least, learn to watch each other's backs and help each other in a crowd. When things get unruly and take to the streets, join in and fuck shit up. If you need further inspiration, check out my past columns when I talk about working class or anti-war direct action. The suggestions there are easily translatable.

As I said, the Hooligan alternative.

The common strategic thread here is transforming mass activity into self-organized activity. Break down passive mass organization into active cellular organization and see what arises out of the whirlwind. Make Mumia's execution both a time the authorities never forget, and an opportunity to go beyond the Left's protest-politics-as-usual.

You can always party with those same friends if the Federal district court does grant Mumia a new trial. You can also raise a champagne toast if Nader is elected president. Personally, I'm looking forward to hell freezing over first...

What I'm advocating here is actually nothing more nor less than the Boy Scout motto: "be prepared." Be prepared for whatever contingency that might arise. I must admit I wasn't prepared for Jose Palafox's column last issue in which he explains why he bought a gun. And while I dispute his point that it's time to get our own army together, his concern for being prepared is certainly well taken. Thanks to my dad, and those same Boy Scouts, I know how to fire and clean a pistol and a rifle. Like a bicycle, once you learn...

I don't own a gun however, and I've explained why in previous columns. To own a gun, you have to take it seriously

and think in terms of *living* with a gun. It's a heavy duty object to have lying around the house, purely from the perspective of self-defense. Especially if you live with other people, particularly kids. I've lived in some pretty rough neighborhoods in my life, but personally, I've never felt the need to have a weapon. Call me lucky, I like to think I'm a little more aware and prepared without the easy out of having a gun to reach for when it comes to big city life and its problems. Nor do I particularly want the quick opportunity to plug the junkie burglar who stole my tiny ten year old TV, or the punk kid who ripped off the already broken radio in my twenty year old car, thank you.

Owning a gun on the level Jose's talking about, politically motivated weapons and military training, essentially makes the gun one of the primary things in your life. Politically, socially, even economically; the gun comes to rule when the goal is "getting ready for The Time." You start spending your money on guns, ammunition and range time; hanging out with folks who own and talk guns; and believing every social problem can be solved by "taking up the gun." Instead of being strategically flexible and exercising quite a broad range of direct action tactics in a social strategy of popular rebellion, the thinking becomes military, all preparation is for "the revolution," and armed struggle constitutes the test of a "true revolutionary." Finally, under conditions of say, budding urban guerrilla warfare, the gun completely takes over. Michael "Bommi" Baumann has this to say in *Wie Alles Anfing/How It All Began* of carrying guns as a West German urban guerrilla engaged in a political expropriation of funds in the 1970's. (You know, a bank robbery to finance "the revolution.") "First of all, you feel insanely secure, it's logical because you have this weapon. Of course, it's horrible, a little pistol like that, a weapon, it has its own dynamics. You just feel insanely secure because you have a thing like that in your hand." In a more reflective mood, he comments: "It's crazy what you do, always running around with a gun. A man who runs around with a gun anchors his center on the weapon—where you carry it, that's your center, you move so that you can always pull it out any time, anywhere. Today, I can tell with anyone if he's got a gun on him, and where he has it, because you can see how he moves."

Politically speaking, "taking up the gun" often results in the destruction of a much broader social movement and wider social struggle as the stakes are raised, things get polarized, and state repression is meted out indiscriminately. I think this is a valid criticism to be leveled in the case of the Weather Underground *et al* in the US, the Red Army Fraction in West Germany and the Red Brigades in Italy during the 1970's. In Peru, the premier exponent of armed struggle, the Sendero Luminoso, ruthlessly quells peasant rebellions against its shadow rule in the countryside while actively assassinating other leftists, popular rank-and-file union leaders and grassroots community organizers. We've seen a rather startling explosion in innovative individual and mass direct action tactics and strategies in this country since the WTO was momentarily shut down and thoroughly disrupted in Seattle November/December of last year. I include in this both the more confrontational practitioners of nonviolence and the streetfighting anarchist black bloc, as well as a more inchoate, often celebratory street insurgency that took over whole city blocks. With such a wealth of creative street action happening, I think it's ludicrously premature to talk about getting "our army together."

I could also argue that, once it's really time to "arm the people" so to speak, the preferred weapon will be the computer, not the gun. We'll be able to do a hell of a lot more damage to the powers-that-be with a computer than with a gun, especially considering how much Pentagon weaponry now depends on computers. Rather than hopelessly trying to shoot down a computerized Tomahawk cruise missile by conventional means, imagine turning the smart weapon around in mid-flight so that it targets those who launched it. I'd like to reinforce a point Jose made in his column instead, which the column's tone unfortunately contradicts, by quoting a not-much-quoted Beat poet, Diane diPrima:

NO ONE WAY WORKS, it will take all of us
shoving at the thing from all sides
to bring it down

("Revolutionary Letters, number eight")

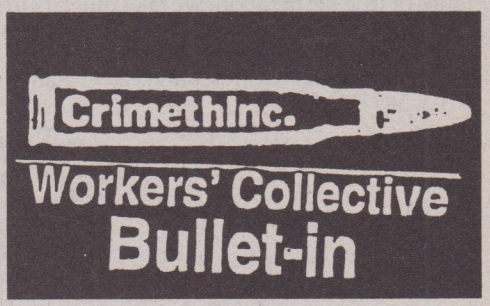
Hey, with Felix Havoc, *MRR* now has it's *own* army. Though I don't know how kindly Felix would take to Jose's "comrade Lenin" remarks...

Did you notice? This column went from a rather rambling discussion of politics and guns to a potential violation of *MRR*'s columnist policy. I'm discussing other *MRR* columnists after all. Hopefully an intelligent reaction to and commentary on Jose's reasons for buying a gun, with Felix thrown in for a little humor. Okay, very little humor.

One of the main behind-the-scenes rules at *MRR*, insisted on by Tim and pretty much agreed to by most folks who work on the 'zine, then and now, is that columnists don't talk about other columnists. In practice, this has been contradicted numerous times, starting with Tim himself when he instituted the Ann R. Key column. That columnist got a lot of heat and has since gone legit, to write under his own name. I still insist on writing under this pseudonym, in flagrant disregard of certain prozac inspired ad copy from a third-rate pop punk label. Anyone who wants to know my real name can buy my book from AK Press for $10. That, or do a halfway decent internet search. I digress from the rule and its violation however. The occasional, brief mention of another columnist is also tolerated in practice. George Tabb and Mykel Board do it all the time. Sometimes it slips through in a more malignant form and has to be nipped before it gets out of control, as in a relatively recent exchange between Ted Rall and George Tabb. Occasionally, it's "permitted" for one issue, and that almost always turns out to be the worst uninspired crap ever. What's feared is columnists getting into an extensive back-and-forth exchange that spans issues, and quickly becomes self-referential, "in jokey" and boring for the readers.

All very well and good. Until a guy you've known since he played drums in a San Diego band called *Struggle* says he's bought a gun because he's "getting ready for The Time," at the same time railing against "punk kids and revolutionaries who talk shit about people who take martial arts and gun training" and "those who want to negotiate with The Colonizers." Okay. Jose got my attention, and it would be impossible *not* to have made *some* kind of response.

PERSONAL PROPAGANDA... You can find the "lost" Hooligan column at http://www.huahuacoyotl.com. To find out my real name purchase my book. *End Time*, from AK Press (POB 40682, SF, CA 94140-0682) for $10. I can be contacted at hooligan@sirius.com.



ENERGY...

Food is the edible energy source burned by bodies to maintain metabolism. In the United States there is a fantastic excess of edible energy. In fact, food is so plentiful that most of us carry around a reservoir of excess energy on our bodies in the form of fat and/or cosmetic muscle.

While fat is everywhere, it is quite unstylish. Ever mindful of style, we find many ways of ridding ourselves of this stored energy. When we exercise, we do little repetitive tasks designed to help us burn excess fuel. Another approach to energy disposal is to make our bodies less efficient. One way we do this is with drugs. Some drugs prevent the absorption of the energy we eat. In this case, unwanted fuel gets ushered safely through the otherwise energy efficient digestive system and flushed down the toilet. Other drugs work to burn fuel faster. These drugs make our hearts rev high; a bonfire of sorts for unwanted energy. Another interesting approach is to consume food, then vomit before the energy can be assimilated. The most direct manner of disposing of energy is through surgery. In this scenario the body is cut open and the

energy menace is harvested into plastic bags that are sealed and dumped into the ocean or landfill.

These are all wonderful ways of destroying energy, but they leave a lot of room for improvement. To be sure, anyone who discovers a better way of getting rid of energy will become very rich.

Being rich is not unlike being fat. Richness is composed of money. Long ago, this money was a symbolic form of gold, but Nixon ended that. Now, money is symbolic of and redeemable for energy. Everything having to do with the economy is actualized by energy. The amount of money an individual holds determines how much energy she controls. In the event that there is extra energy left after "the bills are paid," the holder of that energy is "rich."

Unlike caloric energy, an excess of economic energy is quite fashionable. But simply possessing money wont get you anywhere; the money must flow. In fact, economic energy can only be accounted for when it flows. As with physical energy like electricity and heat, a flow only occurs when there is imbalance. Economic excess is a product of, and must be validated by, hierarchy.

In its use of hierarchy, the wealth-generating engine of the economy is not unlike the torque-generating engine of a car. In an internal combustion engine, pressure hierarchies are created to initiate energy flows. Hierarchy is initiated in the cylinder when the spark plug ignites a fuel and air mixture that burns and expands, creating extreme local pressure. This high pressure expands into lower-pressure areas pushing engine parts with it. The result is kinetic energy; movement. Like a "healthy" economy, cars are utterly dependent on hierarchy.

Gas is the chemical energy we burn in our cars. There is as much wealth to be gained from wasting gas as there is from wasting food. Just consider such brilliant and profitable inventions as the Ford Excursion and the leaf blower, items that have made great contributions to energy disposal. Still, there is much room for improvement. If we can learn to treat gas energy more like we treat food energy, we will be well on our way to an energy-free world.

Here are some suggestions: We drill holes in our fuel tanks. We ditch gas caps, hoping to slosh off a few gallons on tight curves. Enraged by efficiency, we create sticky fuel additives to gum up engines. At every destination we lock the doors but leave the car on. We open a chain of auto gyms in which people pay money to drive around and around in circles. We have rollers installed in garages so cars can go sixty five miles per hour all night long. In times of true desperation, we take our cars to specialists to have the dreaded fuel siphoned into cans for disposal in the oceans and landfills.

CrimethInc. Ohm Canon, 2695 Rangewood Drive, Atlanta, GA 30345 U.S.A.

The Trials and Tribulations of an Anti-Technology Girl Trying to Plug Into the 21st Century

It's been about six months since I last attempted to get my computer online. With enough time to settle my hysterical self down, I felt like once again I would be able to duel the monolithic computer and its evil plugs and cords. I am about to admit that the majority of the world was going to pass me by while I sent out postcards trying to find out if people were still active doing their zines, or labels and why I haven't heard from them. I came to understand that the only way I was going to get it all sorted was if I reached out overseas via e-mail. I'm not saying that I like this or accept this. In fact, I think it fucking sucks. But I thought, OK, I am willing to throw in the towel to a degree, and I will meet some of these people that I care about half way and send some e-mails and get things sorted out and running smoothly again. And in the past few months I've gotten kind of used to my 4 a.m. jaunts through the mail, and I have decided that it really is quite nice to be able to send *MRR* my columns in the middle of the night, as well as sort out last minute ads and such for Slug and Lettuce. As much as I am opposed to technology, at times I do recognize the value of tools that help you do what you are trying to do. I mean, I do use a computer for S&L. And I'm also well aware that the louder you scream about something and the more hard-line you stand for something, the more apt it is to bite you back in the ass. This is where I admit to feeling like I have to write a "Dear *MRR* letter" confession. (This is a long-standing joke from the tours I was on where any and every time someone did something remotely un-pc, we would declare a "Dear *MRR*, so and so did such.") In this case, about how I've attempted to "give in" and get myself some e-mail.

Since Erik is about to go on tour and take the e-mail-receiving computer on the road, I thought, "now is the time to brave the cords and plugs and get myself a modem." It was a big deal and a notable expense (albeit less than I had been told, thankfully). But this way I would still be able to extract S&L files sent on-line and keep in touch with Erik on the road without a hellacious phone bill and the hassle of trying to make phone dates to catch up. I know all to well that the only time the person you want to talk to is going to be home is when you are driving in the van or else at the actual show. That is just how it is.

So I got my modem and had a day's worth of mental preparation to deal with looking at that mess of cord and plugs at the back of the computer, all the while crossing my fingers and holding my breath that the right plug for the modem would actually be found at the back of the computer, plugs be damned. And guess what? The plug worked. It was no problem at all, much cause for celebration. But, of course, nothing is that easy.

I have since had possibly the techno-logic-kill battle of my life. This time, it's not about plugs and cords, it's about compatibility and upgrades. Precious hours have passed now in the (supposed to be) simple plug-in-the-cord process. I finally get to connect, and ,needless to say, it doesn't work. I knew this was coming. In fact, I had prepared for it all along. Nothing is easy, and so far, it had been relatively (two tech-support calls) easy. Finally, I get the "cannot establish a secure connection" message. What the fuck? Another call to the service tech. I have spent countless hours on the phone with the technical support folks, and I have to admit that I have a lot of respect for them. Not only do they understand all this stuff, they know what your computer says and does at nearly all times. But they are also patient with frustrated, hysterical people. The first guy I dealt with had this Zen Buddha-type soothing voice ,and I had to hand it to him, his approach alone made me feel better. But that was several hours prior to my tinkering and downloading and upgrading, and at this point, I'm pretty fucking fed up with all of them.

I have an ongoing theory that you can't take out your frustrations with the tech-support people (or gas station attendants, or grocery store clerks, or waitresses, or any other person working a shity job that is essentially about serving you). I mean, it's not their fault that my computer is old, nor is it their fault that I can't get a program to run that isn't even made by their company. In this case, they are trying to be helpful—and for the most part are—so it's my duty to be respectful and not scream and yell at them like I want to. After all, it's not their fault that I wammy all technological electronical devices.

And so through clenched teeth and hysteria, I take my own deep-breathing Zen Buddha chill pill and talk very calmly and slowly and explain all of the hassles, problems and conflicts I have been having, all of the walls that I am repeatedly slammed up against in this clusterfuck of incompatibility and computer nightmare, and just follow the directions. I haven't even had to play with the dumb redneck voice asking stupid questions like, "wheer do I plug in dat der cord?" because I have realized that I know a hell of a lot more about these damn things than I give myself credit for. And I know for damn sure that the rest of the idiots in the world are not having this much trouble getting their computer to run a program that will give them e-mail.(Subliminal message: You must buy a new computer.) There is just no way. (Buy more. Faster, faster. Bigger, better.) If it was

this hard for the rest of the world, they would not bother. But somehow I got the shit end of the stick, the dumpload of techno-logic-kill disaster, and it just plain doesn't work.

Just about the time I'm ready to say fuck it and head for my mythical treehouse in the land of anti-technology eco-topia (the irony of which being that I'm deathly afraid of heights), I think of Julia Butterfly, who lived in a Redwood tree for about two years doing a direct action tree-sit in order to save the tree Luna from loggers. Then I have to remember that even though she lived in a tree and braved the elements, she was more plugged into technology, with a laptop and cell phones and the like, than I probably ever will be. Kind of bursts my utopic hippy bubble.

Anyway. So I'm scaling the monolithic computer. The epic bastard that it has become is growing higher in the sky and it is winning, knocking me down and slamming me into walls, over and over again. "You can't get a secure network without a newer version of the browser. Oh, but you can't run the new version of the brower with the system software that you have. Oh, but you can't run new system software unless you have a new processor. Oh, your computer won't support a new processor. And nothing is going to work unless you get some new memory." "So what does that mean?" I ask. "That I'm obsolete?" "Yes, I'm afraid so," she tells me. (Subliminal message: You must buy a new computer.)

But it's not that simple either. Seems that you can still run software and processors even though the numbers don't add up. Sure, you can do anything, but then again, nothing will work either. (Subliminal message: Buy more. Faster faster. Bigger, better. Give us your money.) So I get new system software. It still won't work. I download several different new versions of the browers, which in turn requires downloading two other upgrades of programs to read and install the new programs. Four hours of downloading. Three hours on the phone. Can I check my fucking Hotmail yet? No. Why? (Subliminal message: You must buy a new computer.) Computers be damned.

On a more important topic, there is a massive hysteria in the federal government to initiate massive investigations into the organizing efforts of the wave of recent protests against the WTO, IMF and at the national party conventions. On one hand, it's not that surprising that the uprising of activism and declaration of angry voices would cause a governmental panic and, in turn, spark their efforts to a silencing of all dissent. But the manner in which arrests, searches and investigations are being conducted is downright scary. The manner in which you can see and feel the big brother aspect of the silencing sends a chill right through me.

And while there is this incredible visible attack on all things anarchist, as well as on many rights of press, speech and organization, there is another right that many governmental officials are trying to take away from us. And that is the right to a safe and legal abortion. It is absolutely mind-boggling to me how the government could possibly overthrow a ruling that has guaranteed that women have the RIGHT TO CHOOSE an abortion if they feel it's the right thing for them to do. I understand that everyone has varying opinions on the subject. But what it comes down to is a right to choice. How can you sacrifice someone's right of choice?

This is a topic that is coming up more and more, though it being a touchy subject even in national politics, it's really not talked about all that much. But the Republican candidate has said all too clearly that if he is elected he will pass legislation to take that choice away. That sends as much of a chill through me as does hearing about someone getting tear-gassed or arrested for peacefully protesting and then being slapped with imaginary charges, or for being an "organizer" charged with a million-dollars bail.

I commend those who have put their asses on the line to defend that which they believe in. And I support everyone who in their own ways does whatever they can to fight for their rights and their beliefs. And I encourage each and everyone of you to do all that you can, whatever you can, to make sure that our rights are not so easily tossed away. That is something truly worth fighting for. That we must all fight for.

Christine c/o Slug & Lettuce
PO Box 26632/ Richmond VA 23261-6632.

San Diego, California—Andres Roman Diaz, 66, waters plants six days a week at a nursery in Carmel Valley, just northeast of here. His $5.75 hourly wage helps support his wife and youngest son in the southeastern state of Guerrero and his two granddaughters in Tijuana. The nursery is near a secluded canyon where he and another son have built their home, a shack with two mattresses and some candles. Diaz has lived and worked in California since 1978. His residency has been "legal" since a 1986 federal law granted "amnesty" to three million undocumented immigrants.

As he walked home from work July 5, a carload of white youths pulled up, shot a pellet gun, threw rocks, threatened to call immigration authorities and yelled, "Go back to Mexico." Diaz, treated at a hospital for seven pellet wounds in his back, was just the first victim that afternoon. The youths robbed a 69-year-old immigrant worker and dragged him out of his shack and beat him with a pipe, they shot another migrant repeatedly in the face, and they beat another into unconsciousness, leaving him for dead.

"I thought that if they caught me, they would kill me. They were playing with me. They were hunting me like a rabbit. They threw rocks at me like I was an animal," Diaz told reporters in San Diego. Authorities have charged eight teens with assault, robbery, hate crime and elder abuse for the vicious attack on Diaz and three other Latino migrant workers. Although local officials and authorities call this incident an "aberration," many immigrant right's activists have noted that here and elsewhere along the 2,200-mile U.S.-Mexico border, violent nativism has increased as the United States has intensified border enforcement.

At a recent vigil at the San Diego border fence, immigrant rights activists pointed out that border enforcement policies like the Border Patrols' Operation Gatekeeper, a six-year-old effort to reduce unauthorized crossings in the San Diego-Tijuana border region, have facilitated in anti-immigrant violence like the July 5 attack. "It hasn't just been a physical policy," said Lourdes Arias, an immigrant activist and organizer of the vigil, "[Operation Gatekeeper] has also detonated a mentality in people, one that makes people see the foreigners as someone who is a criminal."

With the full support of the Clinton administration, the Immigration and Naturalization Service (INS) budgetover $4 billion for the last fiscal yearhas outgrown all other federal law enforcement agencies, including the DEA and the FBI. The 1996 immigration laws authorized the INS to have 10, 000 Border Patrol agents by 2001, doubling its size. Indeed, much of the high-tech equipment and tactics that the Border Patrol has implemented in its "deterrence" strategy along the U.S.-Mexico border resembles a low-intensity warfare where unauthorized immigrants and illicit drugs are perceived to be a threat to the "national security" of the U.S.

In the San Diego area, the perceived "threat" of undocumented immigration has contributed to many violent actions towards migrants by racist skinheads and hate groups like the White Aryan Resistance. Last year, a migrant worker was killed in Lakeside, east of San Diego, where three young men attacked him, and one dropped a 43-pound boulder on his head. Weapons in racist attacks have ranged from baseball bats to bottles. Most of the violence goes unreported because the immigrants fear attention from the media and immigration authorities.

In sparsely populated border areas of Texas, Arizona and New Mexico, which have seen a surge in immigrant crossings

due to blockades such as Operation Gatekeeper, vigilantism is on the rise. In recent years, ranchers and other property owners, alone or in groups, have apprehended and turned over thousands of undocumented immigrants to the Border Patrol under the pretext of "citizen's arrest." [See my previous column, #207, August of this year, in which I wrote about Roger Barnett and his brother Don, two Arizona ranchers who have rounded thousands of Mexican immigrants in the Douglas-Sonora, Mexico area].

Arizona and Texas authorities have prosecuted suspects in some of the killings, but they generally defend the vigilantes, as do federal officials. INS Commissioner Doris Meissner says ranchers "have legitimate concerns about the trespassers on their property." The tolerance of vigilantism has damaged U.S. relations with Mexico, which cites two dozen recent cases of "abuse" of migrants by private U.S. residents, mostly ranchers. In May, delegates to the 39th Mexico-U.S. Interparliamentary Meeting in Puebla, Mexico, agreed to create a binational panel to investigate Arizona vigilantes. At bilateral talks that month in Washington, Mexican Foreign Minister Rosario Green described recent migrant shootings along the border as "brutal displays of xenophobia." On May 22, hundreds of people gathered at the U.S. in Hermosillo, Mexico, to protest what they call a "migrant hunt."

Instead of cracking down on the vigilantes, the Clinton administration responded to the violence in June by announcing that it would send another 400 Border Patrol agents to Arizona and beef up patrols along the perimeter of ranches. In other words, it's still open season on immigrants.

PS: as you can tell by the mere fact that I'm writing this, I survived the Democratic National Convention protests in Los Angeles in August. Actually, I was hoping for more action but we were a little outnumbered by The Man. I had lots of fun chasing undercover cops and taking their pictures at the demos with my friend Jake. It's September and school started and a whole bunch of other stuff. Still, it was good to be out there and show those Democrats that our voice will not be silenced, right? I'm glad that Ralph Nader is running for office and that America now has a chance to be the great country that it used to be. There are too just many corrupt politicians. If people would just stop corporations from running out of control, things could be better. Hey, maybe someday we could even convince the IMF, World Bank, WTO, our government, etc., to enact more sound economic policies that would benefit us all, right? I mean the government should represent all of us, shouldn't it? No taxation without representation! Alexander the Great was right. Julius Caesar would be proud.

PPS: By the way, a big fuck you to the "security" police at the DNC demos who called for nonviolence and calm while kids were getting their heads bashed in. One cop, one bullet.

PPPS: Everyone should check out Lefty Hooligan's column this month (and every month for that matter). This month especially, because he has finally convinced me of the need to steal all the computers ("the preferred weapon") from my college campus and distribute them to my homies in El Barrio so that they can bring down the Pentagon with their "hacking skills." Fuck. Why didn't I think of this earlier? The lumpen will rise again with our new post-modern weapons and if we get good at it, we can join the rank and file: dot-comers of the world unite! Now, on a serious note though, Lefty's insightful and important analysis should be studied if we are to seriously change things. Now that I went back and re-read my column (#209) that Lefty critiqued, I realized that I left out an important point that all revolutionaries must never forget (including myself!): politics should always be in control of the gun and never the other way around. I must admit, I did kinda of go a bit overboard. Lefty is right to point out the importance of "being strategically flexible and exercising quite a broad range of direct action tactics in a social strategy of popular rebellion." Lefty convincingly illustrates in his column how mere military preparation for "The Time" can at times prematurely destroy social movements. Also, as Lenin observed a long time ago, in his classic "Left-Wing" Communism, An Infantile Disorder, individual acts against the state don't take into consideration the importance of the conscious activism of the masses in revolutionizing society. People are the most important weapon. Still, as the saying on a t-shirt for a gun company states... "when negotiations fail.." And speaking of why I bought a 9mm Beretta, checkout Lawrence Livermore column in the recent issue of *Hit List* Sept./Oct. (V.2, N.3). But on this, you will have to wait for my reply next month. Mr. Livermore responded to my *MRR* column (June, #205) on "race and punk"...Uhmm, he got his PhD in what?

If you didn't go to the Las Vegas Shakedown back in August, you missed out. I'll rub it in until it hurts. A pat on the back is in order for Ralph Carrera, Tom Ingrim and Barney Koumis for pulling off such a memorable rock 'n' roll event.

However, they only barely pulled it off, thanks to a few lunkhead punks. With over $15,000 in damage done to the hotel, fifteen arrests for cocaine and marijuana, a number of fights and a few frightened regulars, the Shakedown and the Grind have both been told to take their escapades elsewhere. Carrera has vowed there will be a Shakedown again next year, however, the location is still very much in the air.

Despite the hooliganism, the bands were (mostly) great, with a constant supply of shows from about 3 p.m. until 3 a.m. On Saturday and Sunday, the Double Down, a local bar, hosted afternoon shows. Those who attended these smaller shows were treated to a much more intimate affair. I only caught the Saturday show and was more than impressed with all four bands who played: the DIRTY SWEETS (from Arizona), the PINKZ (So. Cal), FEVERS (Bay Area) and the DIRTY LOOKS (from Chicago).

And yes, the DICTATORS were stunning, despite the drunk meatheads who kept trying to start a circle pit. (During the Dictators? Huh? Take it to a D.R.I. show, dudes.) I'll save you a blow-by-blow account of the weekend. I'm sure you'll read plenty of those in zines over the next three or four months.

After the Shakedown, I flew to the Midwest with my girlfriend Mimi on a quest to ride the world's largest rollercoaster, the Millennium, at Cedar Point in Sandusky, Ohio.

We flew into Chicago from Las Vegas, blew through Michigan (though I wish we could have spent more time there), crashed at a Super 8 Hotel near the Detroit airport, woke up early and got to Cedar Point right when the park opened.

The Millennium is 310 feet (taller than the Statue of Liberty) at it's highest point and makes an 80 degree drop, 300 feet down. It's a hell of a ride, but not really scary. New rollercoasters strap you in so tight, it's impossible to move, eliminating any fear of falling out or dying, which is really what makes rollercoasters fun. A two-and-a-half hour wait for a ride not even three minutes long. It was completely worth it.

The rest of the day, we spent mostly standing in huge lines, roasting in the humid July air, which partially killed the excitement of riding the many rollercoasters Cedar Point has to offer.

The next day we drove down to King's Island in Cincinnati, where the lines were shorter and the temperature was considerably more tolerable.

King's Island boasts having the world's only wooden looping roller coaster, the Son of Beast. It's impressive just to look out at a whole forest of cut timber perfectly arranged in beautifully huge, arcing curves, dips that quickly rise and, of course, a single loop.

The line moved quickly for a brand new ride. Within an hour, we were clickety-clacking up the giant hill, plunging down the wooden Goliath, only to be confronted with another hill and plunge before making the loop.

Despite innovations, technological advances, gimmicks of

riding on your back, with your feet dangling, frontwards and backwards, the Son of Beast's mother, the Beast, is still the best rollercoaster in the world. This wooden monster blasts you through lush Ohio woods at speeds over 80 mph, whips you through three tunnels and overall lasts almost four minutes! Again, it was more fun before they upgraded the safety restraints, when you were thrown from sided to side, white knuckled hands clutching the safety bar for your fucking life. Regardless, it still reigns supreme.

The rest of the trip was a rushed run through Bloomington, Indianapolis, South Bend and back to Chicago. The whole trip was far too hurried. Driving from one city to the next, trying to meet up with people, failing to see anybody, not getting to soak up any of the things that make traveling worthwhile.

Each day, as I sit on BART, staring out the window, I still wish I had the time and money to take off work for extended periods of time, drive around the country, go to shows in new cities, see new bands, check out new record stores. I guess what I need to do is start a band and go on tour. Or get a grant to go on tours with bands, taking pictures. I can dream anyway.

Now, let's get to the records...

I'll start off with one of the better 45s to come out this year, by the above mentioned PINKZ. Featuring former members of LOLI & THE CHONES, BITCH SCHOOL and the FEVERS, this all-girl power pop band hits total fucking pay dirt with the two songs on their debut single. The first song, "USA" is a short (two minute) blast of catchy but also punchy melodies. The flip side is a feisty, fun cover of TEENAGE HEADS' "You're Tearing Me Apart," which gives you a good idea of where these girls are coming from. I recommend picking up this single now, before you're scrambling for a copy on eBay. Honestly, they're some of the greatest girl power pop *ever*. No exaggeration. ($4? Radio Beat/PO Box 8198/Bellflower, CA 90707).

Kryptonite Records (827 Lincoln Blvd./Manitowoc, WI 54220) is doing their part to keep no-fi trash rock alive and kicking and screaming with their latest, a split 7" featuring the EVOLUTIONS and the SMUTS. Kryptonite sent me a whole little package of their photocopied covered records, most of which are adorned with bad porn cut out of magazines. The LAST SONS OF KRYPTON and the EVOLUTIONS both pretty much do the same kind of three-chord plummeling that you can almost pick out of the distortion. Be sure to at least get the reissue of VOM's "Live at Surf City" 7" Kryptonite put out.

The SMUTS (former members of LAST SONS OF KRYPTON) also have a new single on the Midwest's other premier label of loud, blaring, recorded-on-an-answering machine punk, Sack O' Shit (PO Box 308/Kankakee, IL 60901). Their Sack O' Shit single has so much weird echo-effect on the vocals, the songs jump outta the grooves. Your typical snot-nosed punk, with songs like "Shock Therapy" and "Teenage Fuckup." They don't win any originality points, but it's still a cool single. Limited to 450.

Sack O' Shit dumped a handful of other killer singles in my lap—the GUILTY PLEASURES, which is a welcome step above your typical sneering, sniffed-too-much-glue, RAMONES/QUEERS clone. These finesse their guitars, working in some simple, but effectively sharp riffs. This one is limited to 550.

I already raved about les SEXAREENOS last month, so I'll spare you a second gushing. This single, also on Sack O' Shit, has four songs, two of which are on the Sympathy album (though these are different [and more blown-out] recordings). They also pull off a roaring rendition of the KNAVES' "Leave Me Alone."

The real kick in the pants surprise though was the MASHERS LP that Ryan from Sack O' Shit sent. I put this twelve song platter on my record player, turned up the volume not knowing what to expect and was thoroughly pleased from start to finish, so much so that I listened to it one-two-three times in a row. No lie. They storm through each song with a gut-level rhythm supplied by a deep, dirty guitar and buzzing bass that work with the drums to really sock it to you. The vocals come out biting, chomping with a set of molars that'll mash you flat and swallow you whole. They break up the usual heavy-handed mayhem with some crazed songs that break well out of the three chord mold. You guessed it, only 550 (110 on blue vinyl) exist.

The AUTOMATICS (the Portland band) have moved well beyond their pop-punk sound on their new killer LP, "Murder Suicide" (Alien Snatch/Moerikeweg 1/74199 Untergruppenbach/Germany [Licensed from Just Add Water]). Pressed on what feels like three-pound vinyl, these fourteen songs are still loaded with deadly hooks, but they apply a generous layer of boisterous distortion and throw in a number of well-placed riffs.

One more stunning LP this month that fits in well with both the MASHERS and the AUTOMATICS–the SHIFTERS. I liked the SHIFTERS singles well enough, but this LP is just *amazing*. Simple, catchy songs that deliver the goods and then keep giving. Pure sharp, sneering, snarling punk that you might almost think was from Long Beach. Stereodrive/Green Hell (von-Steuben-Str. 17/48143 Munster/Germany) released the vinyl version of what I believe was originally released on CD by Radio Records (PO Box 1452/Sonoma, CA 95476). Oh, and it's limited to 750 copies. And in case you didn't know, some of the SHIFTERS have gone on to be in the TRUST FUND BABIES (who are also great).

It's hard to know what to make of the BRIEFS. They're slow, more melodic, but still have a really punchy sound, sort of like the BOYS, for lack of a better comparison. The guitars chew on the same few poppy chords while the vocals come up with some cutting harmonies. This single is so great because it's not like every other fucking record coming out. They've got a touch of the past while tacking a big step forward. Look for their split 7" with the SPITS, and a full length album too, all on Dirtnap (PO Box 21249/Seattle, WA 98111/dirtnapradio@antenna radio.com).

Dirtnap also brings two of Montana's hottest bands, FIREBALLS OF FREEDOM and LOPEZ together, each blasting away on a side of a nice piece of coffee (with lots of cream)-colored vinyl. FIREBALLS OF FREEDOM strut in their usual style while LOPEZ tears out two blaring songs.

The fabulous KING LOUIE of New Orleans has struck out on his own as a one-man band. I'm talkin' one-man band as in he plays guitar, harmonica, drums and sings all at once. As you'd expect from this Southern veteran of trashy rock 'n' roll, these two songs are soul-barring stompers, bathed in humid distortion. ($3; Therapeutic/U.N.O. Box 534/New Orleans, LA 70148)

If you've been hurting for a new fix from HENRY FIAT'S OPEN SOUR, Proud To Be Idiot Records (c/o Alessandro Nodari/via are zovo 17c/37125 Verona/Italy/anus_x666x @yahoo.com) delivers just exactly what you need. HFOS share a 7" with the SPIDER BABIES, both bands tearing up the grooves on this record in their own loud and trashy way.

Nobody buys spoken word records, which is why Scott Soriano is either A) Crazy or B) Dedicated or C) Both A and B. Moo La La's latest release, a sort of drunken storytelling adventure by JOSH REYNOLDS pressed on two sides of a 7" ($3; 1114 21st St; Sacramento, CA 95814) proves this. The thing about spoken word records, even when they're completely unpretentious (as this one is), is that they're better in theory than in actuality. Scott makes a good point on the back about how punk is "a subculture that pays 99 percent of its attention to music and little else to visual art, writing, film and verbal vomit." I'll add to that by saying that a good portion of the best parts of punk are about storytelling. Whether through songs, zines or just hanging out with friends on a warm late summer evening, telling stories helps bind us, gives us a collective culture, a common lore and all that. With that said, this record is awesome. You get Josh Reynolds telling a string of stories that, if they were in a zine rather than on a record, would be all the rave among those of us who love zines with good travel and personal stories. Josh (and Scott) just took another route to present the stories. Will I listen to this record more than two or three times? Probably not. Do I listen to most the records I get more than two or three times? No. Do I read zines I get more than twice? Rarely.

I think I mentioned going to see the RONDELLES and MOONEY SUZUKI play last month. Great show, blah, blah, blah. I mention it here (again or for the first time) because MOONEY SUZUKI's debut album is out on Estrus, and all I can say is that fans of *loud*, dirty, Motor City Rock 'n' Roll shouldn't hesitate at grabbing this disc. Though it doesn't touch the intensity and volume of their live show, as soon as you drop the needle, you'll have smoke billowing outta the grooves on the

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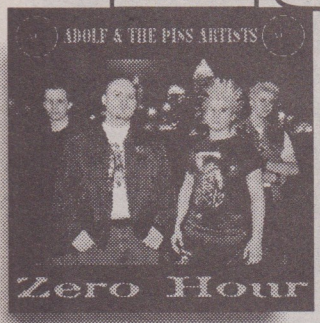

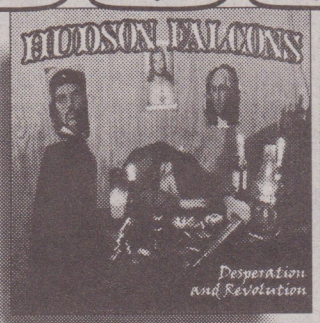

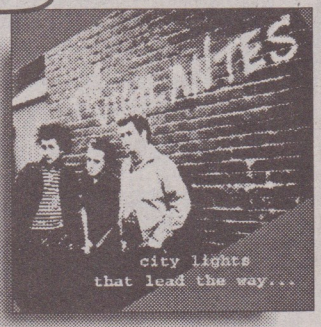

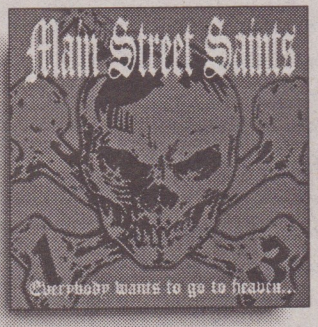

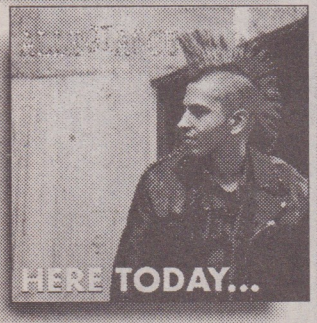

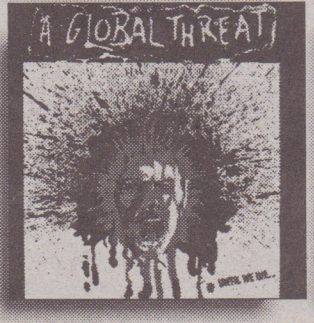

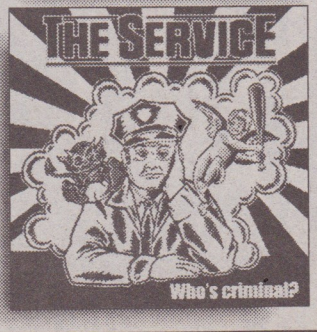

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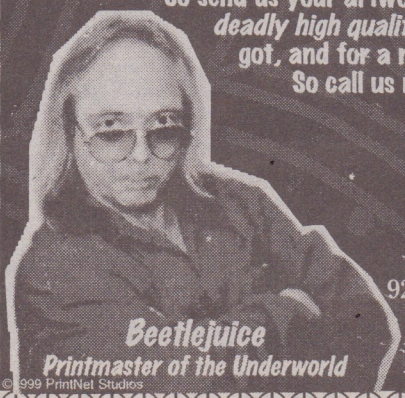

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Figure 1.
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They also had modern stuff. I blew most my money on the reissues, but did get a ROCK AND ROLL MACHINE 7", though I can't figure out what label it's on or how you could get one. The three songs are standard high-energy HELICOPTERS /CANDY SNATCHERS rock with a little extra distortion.

Dionysus (PO Box 1975/Burbank, CA 91507) has stepped up to the task of documenting some of the best Southern California punk of the late-70s and early-80s. Their most recent addition is a full LP of material by the CONTROLLERS. It includes their singles on What and Siamese Records and comp tracks. The beginning of the record proves the CONTROLLERS as one of the more vicious punk bands. Like most L.A. bands though, by the early-80s, they started slowing down, softening their sound.

Related to the CONTROLLERS, Johnny Stingray's other, less-known band, KAOS, also has a reissued single on Dionysus. This collects three songs ("Alcoholiday," "Top Secret," "Iron Dream") originally on What Records. The first song, "Alcoholiday," is the best for sure.

Get Back offers a monster double IGGY POP LP called "Nuggets," which collects outtakes, live stuff and a '72 studio session from London. It has some stuff recorded with Ric Ocasek and studio stuff done with Steve Jones in 1985. Bulging with 22 songs.

At least for historical curiosity, you should check out the LINK CROMWELL 7" on Norton (Box 646/Cooper St/NYC, NY/10276). Why? Well, Link later became known better as LENNY KAYE (PATTI SMITH guitarist and "Nuggets" compiler). Here you get to hear him rip through two songs, typical of what would find its way on a "Teenage Shutdown" comp.

Another historical curiosity I found this month is a bootleg of LOU REED's pre-VELVET UNDERGROUND band, the PRIMITIVES. Their one single, with the cult classics, "The Ostrich" and "Sneaky Pete" are captured here for you to buy, listen to once or twice, pull out to impress your friends and otherwise beef up your bulging record collection.

Here's a quick blow-through of other reissues that are out or will soon be out: ASTA KASK has both a legit 7" "Till Sista Droppen" and LP "Rock Mot Svinen" out on Honie (c/o Andreas Höhn/Hostmannstr. 30/29221 Celle/Germany/hoehnie@gmx.net). Sound Idea (PO Box 3204/Brandon, FL 33509) has put out a legitimate reissue of F's six-song EP from 1983, with an extra song from the same recording session thrown in to sweeten the deal. The CRIME — that is, the storming yet melodic UK band — is the latest band to be victim of the bootleg fairy. Now you can pick up a copy of their single with "Johnny Come Home," and "Generation Gap" for $5 instead of how much ever it's going for on the KBD rare collectibles market these days. The A-side is killer, the B-side is repetitive, tinny and slow.

Clyone Court, a co-op of the UC Berkeley campus, every year puts on a show/party to kick off the new school semester. This year a bunch of bands played and it was a happening scene, complete with *MRR's* own Tom Hopkins singing the "Star Spangled Banner" to a group of skinheads and then running around the party, smashing every empty beer bottle he could find. The bands were all good too: The CLOSE-UPS put on an impressive show of RASPBERRIES/NERVES-inspired power pop. And the FLESHIES really blew me away. There records are okay, but come nowhere near matching their live show, which was just crazy. Kids dancing, people getting naked, mayhem and fun everywhere. I left during BLACK CAT MUSIC, when the drunk jocks at the party started out numbering the punks and were trying to start a pit, just for the sake of starting a pit. Blech.

That reminds me, I recently got one of the best zines I've read in a long time. It's called "Drinking Sweat in the Ash Age." I'll warn you, it's probably too emo for some of you, so go ahead and skip on to the next paragraph. Travis from "America?" and Mike Taylor, who does "Scenery" both write about a number of subjects, including chess, biking, the South, jealousy, dancing, punk rock, and my favorite section, irony. Their articles are critical, intelligent and engaging, but most of all, they are fun to read. It's a combination so rare in punk. I was going to quote from Travis' piece on Irony and Post-Modernism, but the whole entire article is worth reading. Taking a bit of it just won't do it justice. Let's just say that reading it was kind of like getting to drink a hot cup of coffee on a bitterly cold fall morning. It makes things in my head so much clearer, putting together loose thoughts I had bouncing around in my head. Thank you Travis and Mike. Now get your own: $3; Travis/America?: PO Box 13077/Gainesville, FL 32604.

Quick news from behind-the-scenes .As of October, Crypt Records will join the Mordam family.

If you still feel like you can't get enough TURBONEGRO, your prays have been answered (again) by Bitzcore. They've reactivated the Turbojugend Fanclub, which is mostly just a mailorder for such goodies as (drum roll please...) Turbonegro Denim Jackets! I too, will fall prey to the unashamed cashing in. Though I'm not sure exactly what is offered in doing so, you can sign up for the Turbojugend mailing list by sending an email message to: hippytim@bitzcore.de and you should also pay a visit to the Turbo Archive at: http://www.turbo negro.com.

TED FROM FLATUS! My backpack got stolen. Only a few things were in it—my walkman, my journal and the order you sent for a copy of the STATIC 7". Please send me your address and I'll get one out to you ASAP.

One last thing—the photobooth zine I've been working on for over two years is *finally* near completion. There's a good chance it'll be done by the time you're reading this. Everyone who sent in pictures will get a copy. The rest of you, email or write me for prices.

That's all. Overandout.

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On the other side of the world under a sea surrounded by countries most people couldn't spell, let alone identify on a map, the greatest oil and land rush of all time is taking place. It's the best-kept secret in the news; a nasty struggle for empire is underway between the Unite States and its worst enemies, and our next war will likely take place because of events you've never heard of.

Under the waves of the immense Caspian Sea—it takes twelve hours on a rusted-out ferry to cross this sucker from Baku, Azerbaijan, through the skinny part—are the largest untapped pockets of oil on the planet. That sticky black sludge doesn't respect national borders, so the race is on to suck out those billions of barrels (and trillions of dollars) before some other asshole gets there first.

Russia, Azerbaijan, Kazakhstan, Turkmenistan and Iran all own pieces of the Caspian and the rotted dinosaur parts underneath, and they're all banking on using the resulting oil wealth to upgrade from Third-World poverty to First-World decadence. Getting the oil out and shipping it to ocean ports accessible to big tankers is fraught with difficulties, not the least of which is that neither the Russians nor the Azeris nor the Kazakhs nor the Turkmen nor even the Iranians have enough money to sink the wells in the right place and build refineries. There are countless political intrigues as well. If the Turkmen run their oil out through Iran, for instance, they risk alienating the United States—and that's a terrible place to be when you're a puppet dictatorship bought and paid for with CIA cash. On the other hand, the Russians live right next door—and Vladimir Putin has made clear that he still considers the "Stans" his to let live...or not.

Under the normative rules of free markets, guys lucky enough to discover enough oil to sink the Saudis might be expected to call their shots. Instead, they're reliant on Western

oil companies who keep the vast majority of the resulting profits in exchange for their services. The net result: The average Kazakh earns $20 a month while a tiny coterie of well-connected politicians and oil men collect kickbacks. And while twenty bucks may go a little further in Astana than it does in Amsterdam, twenty bucks doesn't pay anyone's bills. Throughout former Soviet Central Asia, the lure of Caspian oil is feeding the Russian mafia, increasing the gap between rich and poor to spectacular levels and making radical fundamentalist Islamic movements like the Afghan Taliban seem more and more appealing to the vast majority of people left behind. Last fall, a group of several hundred Islamic militants invaded southern Kyrgyzstan from a rebel base in Tajikistan and took a bunch of Japanese oil company geologists hostage—before the crisis ended, Uzbekistan and Kyrgyzstan were at the brink of war, two villages in Tajikistan had been accidentally bombed and the region was in turmoil that continues today.

Nonetheless, the pace of oil company exploitation and its accompanying corruption of government officials had slowed in recent years as the price of oil dropped and transportation costs went up. Money was invested in non-oil-related ventures. Roads that hadn't been maintained since Gorbachev resigned got a fresh coat of asphalt. In a few Central Asian cities, the semblance of an actual economy sprung up—a month ago, war-torn Tajikistan got its first cybercafe! The irony of societies governed by governments who invest nothing in their citizenry is that national failure leads to broad-based success.

Last month, all that changed.

A consortium of Western oil companies led by ExxonMobil announced a massive strike in the Kazakh section of the Caspian. It's so big that it's projected to turn the desolate steppe nation of 15 million people into the second-largest oil-producing nation on earth, after Saudi Arabia. Early projections say the Kashagan East well will yield 50 billion barrels of oil; the Saudis' onshore Ghawar field has remaining reserves of 70 billion barrels.

The U.S. has already told the Kazakh government that it expects its newfound oil to go through a planned pipeline under the Caspian Sea and then through U.S.-friendly Azerbaijan and Turkey. The Russians, naturally, want the oil to go through their territory. And Iran is vying for a pipeline as well. Whichever party loses will doubtlessly become a very unhappy, vengeful foe.

The huge Kazakh find puts enormous pressure on other Caspian nations to hit big on their own or to make some kind of deal with the Kazakhs—and given the geopolitical witches brew of totalitarianism and anarchy currently prevailing after the breakup of the Soviet Union, the odds of reaching an accommodation are extremely slim.

Finally, let's not forget that the borders of countries like Turkmenistan, Uzbekistan and Kazakhstan were drawn by a brutally cynical Stalin. Far from creating homelands for the steppe tribes for which these countries were named, Joe purposefully split up each ethnic group so that none would be dominant, even in their "own" nations. It wouldn't take long for the Uzbeks to look at their arbitrary borders, just a few hundred miles away from the Caspian Sea, and make the case that they too deserve a piece of the action.

Just in case you don't know where this is going...this is how wars begin.

P.S. The evil corporate powers-that-be have fired me from my job doing talk radio in Los Angeles, so please don't send me any more CDs or tapes for the time being, unless they're merely for my listening pleasure. I did have a good time interviewing such luminaries as members of the Ramones, MTX, J Church, the Mansfields, the Magnetic Fields and the Muffs, so it's not like I wasted two years bringing punk rock to a mainstream radio audience. Unfortunately, a large conglomerate, Clear Channel Communications, bought my station and began yelling for budget cuts of expensive-to-produce shows. I was an early target of the accountants, since doing cool stuff like broadcasting from Cuba and wartorn Kashmir Province gets a tad pricey at $14 a minute. If and when I turn up on the airwaves again, I'll be sure to let you know.

P.P.S. My address is: Ted Rall, PO Box 2092, Times Square Station, New York NY 10108, e-mail: ted@rall.com

P.P.P.S. Some people are asking why it's been so long (five years) since a collection of my cartoons came out. The answer: I couldn't find a publisher willing to print one. But that's all changed now—a collection of my favorite toons from 1995 to 2000 is coming out this spring. With a title inspired by the Stooges and the Vietnam War, it's called "Search and Destroy: Cartoons by Ted Rall." More details later.

Did you miss me last month? I was touring in Japan with CRUSHSTORY. This was my second visit, and I have to say that I completely and totally love everything about Japan. The people, the food, the language, the punk scene. I would live there in a heartbeat. I would recommend Japan to any traveler or any band who can afford to go there. Japan is expensive, but if you're smart, you can get away with spending not much more than you would if you were traveling in the United States. I highly recommend coughing up $34.95 and getting the Berlitz "Basic Japanese" book and tape set and learning some of the language before going. Take about two months and really do it! Japanese is easy to pronounce and it's fun to speak. I used this set and was surprised at how well it worked for me.

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There's a great new book that I want the whole world to read. It's called CarFree Cities. It's one of those books that make me nod my head while reading and occasionally say aloud, "YES!" I often daydream about different ways to design more vibrant, livable urban settlements that involve less pavement and more nature. With less rules and more fun and freedom. Cars just don't fit into the picture – they take up too much space and cause too many problems. Before reading this book, most of my daydreams used bicycles as a solution, as the main or even sole form of transport. People have been telling me for a while now that some people just won't ride bicycles, and they're absolutely right. Some would sooner walk than ride. There are a lot of times that even I would rather just take it easy and walk. Of course, I think that in a car-free city, the idea of riding a bike will sound a bit sweeter without the stress and danger of traffic.

The book proposes a realistic design for a car-free city that is based on existing technology. The transport system is based on metro lines (passenger separate from freight) and dense, multi-use development. The design puts every doorstep in the city within a five-minute walk of a metro stop and keeps the maximum travel time (from one end of the city to the other) down to around 30 minutes. The greatest thing about the design is that a resident of the city is free to choose to walk, bike or ride the metro, so the only people that will feel left out are the car addicts.

The author has done his homework and knows his shit. Check out the website at www.carfree.com, ask for the book at your local bookstore or contact me and I'll get you a copy somehow.

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Speaking of urban experiments, I just returned from my sixth year at the Burning Man festival. What an incredible blast it is every year, and this year was the best by far. Every year a bunch of weirdos and freaks head out to the Black Rock Desert in Northwestern Nevada and build a city for a week. It's great fun, but I have the same complaint every year: while there is a hell of a lot of sex and drugs, there's not nearly enough rock 'n' roll. Because a lot of punks have this bullshit misconception that Burning Man is just a bunch of hippies or some kind of giant rave.

As I watched black clad Mad Max-looking dudes beat the shit out of each other with foam bats in the "Thunderdome," I thought of my punker friends who I've been trying to convince to come with me every year, and how every year they give me shit for going to the "hippie-fest." The DJ is blaring hits by CIRCLE JERKS, SUICIDAL TENDENCIES, MISFITS, DROPKICK MURPHYS from speakers overhead. I thought to myself, why won't my friends believe me when I tell them that Burning Man is really a FREAK-fest, where **all** the rejects of society come together to create Black Rock City. Whether they're punks, hippies, Goths, freaky tribal dudes, nerds, ravers or whatever, they're all out here for the same reason: it's a cruel world full of idiots and their bullshit. Punk rockers aren't the only rejects of this sick society.

It makes me think that these punkers are actually quite normal types who just happen to listen to abrasive rock 'n' roll. Or maybe they think it's cool to be "punk" and wear a leather jacket and have a bad attitude. They'd probably feel more at home at Disneyland than in Black Rock City. And that's the kind of thing that makes me wish I was around for the fresh days of punk rock, when it was still freaky. Before it became safe to wear it like another bullshit fashion and pose for the magazines.

I have quite a few friends who I **know** would love Burning Man but just can't convince to come out. Some of them can't understand paying $200 for a week in the desert. To those people I'd suggest buying a ticket with your Christmas money in January. Tickets are significantly cheaper if you buy them early. Or take up one of the many volunteer positions that not only gets you in for free but usually comes with some free food and beer. Otherwise, you can try sneaking in. I don't condone it but a lot of people do it. I pay every year because I want to make sure it can happen again, and I think it's worth every penny. And the same goes for the majority of the people in BRC every year – they've planned & prepared for the harsh conditions of the desert and shelled out the cash.

Check out some of my photos from this year at www.stickerguy.com/brc2k.

Pete Menchetti / Po Box 204 / Reno NV 89504 USA / pete@stickerguy.com

What a crazy fucking month. So many shows came through, and all of them were revitalizing. We had a NO JUSTICE / WxHxN show out at the street level of a subway station. THE REAL ENEMY / HOLDING ON came through, which was awesome. RAW POWER and LIFE'S HALT played, with NO JUSTICE jumping on the bill. It was insane.

I have to say, we're all witnessing something right now that is so productive/progressive for hardcore (for those of us who care, that is). It just seems that there is a growing sense of community from bands located across the globe. A huge network of labels, zines and people that support DIY, positive, political and energetic thrash and hardcore. Through the label and, more specifically, WxHxN, I've been introduced to people from So. Cal, the Midwest, the East Coast, Europe, Malaysia, Japan, Australia, South America, just everywhere, that are very enthusiastic about the new bands and the scene in general.

I didn't feel as inspired as I did when the "power violence/grindcore" wave hit in the mid 90s. I sure was glad to see people coming out to shows and supporting a style of music that had been under appreciated for so long, but it wasn't anything like how I feel now. Or maybe I'm just tripping. Maybe my pot of gold is someone else's urinal, but by coming in contact with bands/labels like LIFE'S HALT, THE REAL ENEMY, DISCARGA, CRUCIAL SECTION, DAN DOH, ESPERANZA, YOUNG BLOOD (and the list goes on), I can't help but feel that there are people involved that could only have a positive influence on the entire scene. Just when I think it's starting to decline, I meet someone new, from a new town, who is full of creativity, enthusiasm and commitment,that it reinvigorates my own activities.

Just two days ago, I was sitting behind the drum set when Devon (the singer of WxHxN) starts the set off by telling everyone about how it felt like he discovered punk rock for the first time all over again. You and me both, Devon. And I think that goes for a lot of the old fogies I see at shows who are still singing along, setting up shows and starting new bands in the early 30s. Thrash til death, thrash for life.

Enough of this shit. Let's fucking GO!

Got the new Bushido release, a CD from Germany's FORCE OF CHANGE (not to be confused with Japan's FACE OF CHANGE). They play the modern-day, youth-crew-style hardcore like such bands as TEN YARD FIGHT or IN MY EYES. ALthough they do it well, the production is too perfect, and for this reviewer, the style has been done to death. Don't' get me wrong, FORCE OF CHANGE do it well, and I'm sure their live shows are great, but I've heard all the licks, breakdowns and singalongs before. Good packaging, good recording, of course. It's Bushido! Bushido, Soester Str. 66, 48155 Munster, GERMANY.

Just got an advance CDR from England's SAWN OFF that compiles everything they have done. It's 31 songs of super fast thrash that has two vocal styles, 1000 mph drumming and heavy guitar riffs. If you haven't heard SAWN OFF yet, once this CD comes out, get it! It will be out on Flat Earth later this year. Flat Earth, Po Box 169, Bradford, BD1 2UJ, ENGLAND.

Just got a CD from LESSER OF TWO from Oakland, which smokes. To tell you the truth, although they are from this area, I don't really know too much about them. But the first couple of tracks on the CD are fast-paced anarcho-crust that is damn solid. It was recorded at Polymorph, so the production is thick. A 100 percent DIY release with tons of art and info. LESSER OF TWO, PO Box 3603, Oakland, CA 94609.

Got a great tape in the mail. It was included in a 625 order I got and it blew me away. It's a comp tape called "Asian Punk Lives, Vol. II," and it's put out by Sprout Records from Japan. It features new and old bands from all over Asia. Bands such as DEADLY GROUND (Indonesia), SHOCKED (Malaysia) and my favorite OUT OF TOUCH (Japan). This is what punk/hc/thrash is all about, tapes turning you onto new international bands. Write Sprout and ask him about upcoming volume three! Tsuyoshi Konno, 1-10-27, 1-Bancho, Aoba-ku, Sendai-city, Miyagi, 980-0811, JAPAN.

Another awesome tape I got recently was from the ashes of DIRTY DIRT AND THE DIRTS, called ESPERANZA. Actually, it's just Rich from the DIRTS, but let me tell you, this tape destroys. Good straightforward political hardcore that is pissed and energetic. Watch for a debut EP soon. In the meantime, get this demo, as it's one of the best tapes I've heard in awhile! Esperanza, Po Box 18198, Los Angeles, CA 90018.

Oh, and I just got a tape from Malaysia and its full on bandana thrash. Seriously, this is a worldwide fucking scene now! Maybe I'm a little biased since they do a WxHxN cover, but the band is called FASTGAME and hail from Kuala Lumpur. While the tape suffers from a weird recording sound quality, it's cool to read the lyrics and liner notes and just to know that high-energy thrash is worldwide! Kid, No. 6 Jalan 8 C/6, Taman Setapak Indah, 53100 Kuala Lumpur, MALAYSIA.

So on to the zines!

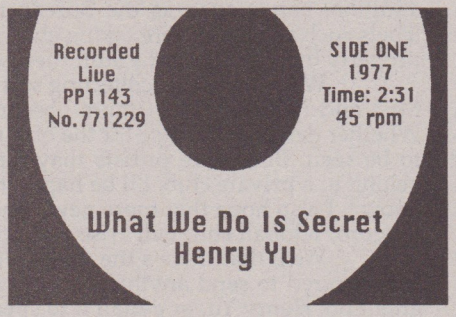
Got a small zine called 100% Kill Ratio from the Buffalo area that is pretty cool. A good interview with THEY LIVE is the best part of zine, and some good photos of the bands that came through town over the summer. I think the next issue will be bigger: Randy, 470 Mang Ave, Kenmore, NY 14217.

The last entry for this month is a small zine called Infection from Canada. I received a copy because I did an interview with them awhile back, but I was pleasantly surprised to see so much crammed in this little thing! Interviews with DESPISE YOU, SOUND POLLUTION Records,

PIGDESTROYER, DEADBODIESEVERYWHERE, plus a whole lot more. Write em at: Infection, 634 Millwood Rd., Toronto, ON M4S 1K8, CANADA.

Well, by the time your reading this, I'll be in Japan on the WxHxN tour. I'm really excited for this tour, especially since we booked it 100 percent DIY and will be traveling by train to a ton of small cities that most touring bands pass up. From the look of the list of bands we're playing with, I'm going to be in thrash heaven: LIE, CRUCIAL SECTION, FLASH GORDON, YOUTH ENRAGE, FACE OF CHANGE, SLIGHT SLAPPERS, RAZORS EDGE, MASS GENOCIDE, IDOL PUNCH. I mean, the list if huge. I know I will quit this scene when I become more of a performer than a fan, cuz I don't want to play, I just want to see all my friends and the other bands! OK, until next time, I'll see you in the pit (in Japan).

Send any contributions to this column to: Max/625, Po Box 423413, San Francisco, CA 94142-3413.



What We Do Is Secret

While a subchapter in the *MRR* annals closes with the departing of friend and fellow record scum Ryan Richardson and his oft brilliant collector column **Peer Pressure**, a new one opens with yours truly, and a new column, **What We Do Is Secret**. This month's blather'll be a little about yours truly and my own skewed perspective on the collecting scene and its changes over the past fifteen years or so. How's that for a dull ache?

I've always been a collector, first of typical nerd fodder such as stamps, coins and comic books, with an occasional detour into freak territory such as lint (I constructed a lint ball about the size of a softball before giving up), later of shitty records by shitty bands, until I heard new wave hour on the local AOR station in Buffalo, NY, 1978ish. A trip downtown to Home of the Hits got my hot mitts on the "Yellow" EP by Gang of Four. That quickly led to the usual suspects for the novice new wave/punker, B-52's, Elvis Costello, Ramones, Richard Hell, Sex Pistols, Clash. Elvis blew me out the door when he did Watching The Detectives on SNL. And when I found out my beloved English teacher Ms. Richert spent her Saturday nights pogoing at the Contintental, I knew I just had to do *something*. Unfortunately, my lame inaction and Buffalo snow drifts limited myself to fantasizing about my imaginary band Teenage Haploid, dressing up on Punk Day with torn jeans at our prepped-out high school and using the Cretin Hop for my senior quote in the yearbook. End (and good riddance), 1980.

I began college radio at Princeton in '81, when Sex Pistols punk was dead but a whole lot pf punk was still happening or going to happen, and while I was buying lots of LPs, the thought of collectability (especially of the 7" variety) didn't occur to me til I met one Sally Jacob (who now reviews pap for Spin and Village Voice). She was always buying these 45s, sticking them in plastic sleeves and talking about pressing sizes and stuff. And one Thanksgiving she invited her friend Jim Barber over (whose early-80s era collector exploits were later oft mentioned in Gina Arnold's "666: The Road to Nirvana"). He asked if any of us had the Unicorn/MCA pressing of Black Flag's "Damaged" with the sticker on the back that said, "As a parent I find this to be an anti-parent record". Embarrassingly, I did not. The summer before I graduated was spent in Northern California, reading Flipside and soaking in the burgeoning So. Cal punk and hardcore scene.

My best friend Colin and I, after dabbling in collecting during our poor college days, turned it on after we graduated in '84. We scoured used record stores across the country and built our first want list from a cross between our favorite bands from school and the "International Discography of New Wave and Punk," the second edition. That book was (and essentially remains) THE bible of collectors of the '78-'82 era (and is itself collectable: a copy went for over $100 on eBay recently). We were enamored with regional scenes and their representative labels because there was a lot of fragmentation at the time, which you could hear in the music and the aesthetic. We were heavy into the CLE punk and artwave scene, everything on the Mustard, Hearthan and Drome labels. And there were the unignorable scenes in Indiana with Gulcher, Michigan/Ohio with Touch n Go, D.C. with Limp and Fountain of Youth, L.A. with Dangerhouse and Slash, So. Cal with SST, and S.F.

The next major step forward was Forced Exposure (FE) and Taang. FE posted its want list in an early issue and Taang distributed its want list as an insert in its early records. We quickly integrated these into our own. We were now privy to a whole new set of what would be considered first-generation want list obscurities like Crime, Maggots, Plugz, Vktms, Vomit Pigs, Crap Detectors, etc.

In the late 80s, a handful of crucial events occurred. The first punk comp, "Year of the Rats" came out. This ode to Pebbles (an early 80s series of obscure 60s garage rock comps) was not to be attempted again until a coupla years later with the unstoppable "Killed By Death" series. Next, Chuck Warner of Throbbing Lobster, who had amassed a simply astounding collection (which included the surviving relics of legendary collector Geoff Weiss' collection after a fire at his parents' house), began putting out his amazingly comprehensive sale lists, aided by astute and compact one-line descriptions. (E.g., "mid-tempo psych-gtr. buzz...") While obvious collectables were priced accordingly, little known obscurities were still to be had on the cheap (Freestone was $11 on an early list).

Another event was my stay at Lisa Fancher's (Frontier records honcho) house. Besides being a collector of the most rabid order herself, her friend John Silva (an early *MRR* radio guy) had an insane collection stuffed in her garage. And he was planning to peddle it at the swaps "soon." In addition to giving me an early peek, he gave me a copy of Tesco Vee's list, an all auction Misfits/Midwest hardcore list that proved that this collectormania was bouncing around the country.

The swaps were hands down the best way to get punk collectibles during that period. The early bay area swaps at KFJC and the Emeryville Holiday Inn were pretty good. The occasional ex-record store owner, ex-distributor or retired punker would come out of the woodwork and lay out gems like the Dogs' "Slash Your Face" or the Fear 45 for $2. But when the Gilman swaps started, there was no equal. They were unbelievable, and many of the big American collectors of the time were there: Eric Yee, Rob Noxious, B.D., Tim Y, Silva, Lisa, Mark Treehus, and Erskine to name a few. And belly up distributors like Systematic would dump major shit out to the salivating throngs. Ten years after punk's humble beginnings, prices really began to stratify. Records started to break the $100 mark (a Bad Brains' Pay To Cum with sleeve went for an unheard of $300 at the time). My first $100 purchase was the Germs' Lexicon Devil. While the Gilman swap sort of dried up by '89, others like the FMU swap in N.Y. and the Austin swap in Texas would rival it in following years.

At the same time, the first "Killed By Death" comps began to surface. The dissemination of punk knowledge via these comps as well as the Warner lists brought about worldwide attention and interest in the shit. The Japanese came out in full force at this time, powered by a favorable exchange rate and a burgeoning stock market. A Japanese equivalent in Erskine was found in a guy named Hideaki, who had to get his hands on anything at any cost. This caused a lot of U.S. punk goods to get exported overseas, in addition to yet further stratification in prices. Stratification, of course, continued to make good sense. After all, wasn't the Mad's "Eyeball" worth ten times more than a Double-O ? I'd vouch for that.

This phenomenon is similar to what happened with real estate in the 60s. Earlier, your basic cookie cutter house could be had for $40k or so, anywhere in the country. Subsequently, regional economic drivers and just plain better weather caused

people to say stuff like "Shit, California's better to live in than Nebraska, I'll pay $70k for that house." (No offense, Nebraskans. This is just an example.)

Thus began the 90s, a scene marred by price stratification, wider-spread interest in the stuff and the resultant drying up of resources via the usual means. Big money and big interest would entice a new bunch of players willing to play "punk detective". And why not hit up the band members themselves? Certainly them or their grandmas must have a stash of their rec rotting in the basement.

Technological advances helped them drive the next wave. Tracking down sources became tremendously easier with the CD-ROM of the white pages. Do a search and there you are, a dozen or two matches on the name. A few phone calls later might lead to a possible score. Lowball them on a stack and you're sitting on a nest egg of trade fodder that'll let you parlay these dupes into a killer collection or a steady revenue stream.

An army of smart and tenacious whips like Ryan Richardson of EV, Abe of Discourage, and Roger of Brain Transplant took the search to new depths, as Ryan has chronicled in his previous *MRR* columns. Lurking behind the scenes were the brainwaves of one B. D. His story in itself could fill a column or two. When prices first stratified, he sold his entire collection to pay for his grad school expenses, and later, via supersmart maneuverings in collaboration with these aforementioned hunters, managed to re-collect and build one of the most amazing collections known to scum-kind.

Mike B, after managing and recording the almighty SSD in the early 80s, laid low for a while. I remember the time he got back into indie rock: he bought my Pavement's Treble Kicker 45, then my Mummies 45's. A quantum leap later, he reissued the Queers 45's in a cool double pack, and started his one-stop-shopping sale lists of vintage and outrageously rare punk, which continues most successfully to this day. His list became a hub; everyone would consign their dupes to him until it became a superlist of everyone's trade lists. The cost of consignment was 20 percent of list, betrayed by a quizzical pricing scheme: items were usually priced at multiples of twelve.

Price stratification and a strap for cash led a number of early collectors to sell out in the mid-90s, Barry Henssler, Byron Coley, Jeff Bale and Erskine among the notables. One can only expect this trend to continue, given the ease of selling and accessibility to the collector community via eBay, as well as the ultimate availability of the music to owners with weak hands via reissues and bootlegs,

The World Wide Web and the www.helsinki.fi/~tuschano/records Web site, which linked you to the rec.music.collecting.vinyl newsgroup (the Web site still exists but this link appears to be dead) was next to rock my world. There the random oddball would peddle a gem or two: one guy was ordered by his wife to sell me the Plugz' "Mindless Contentment" and Dogs' "Slash Your Face" for $150 each in order for him to pay for a pricey pair of U2 tickets for her.

Next stop, eBay. What can I say about the phenom? A 25-cent listing fee and everyone's off to the races. It's the great equalizer that levels the playing field; supply and demand is as pure as it gets. Any schlep can unknowingly put up a biggie and get big bucks for it even if he doesn't know shit about it. Furthermore, a high bounty brings out more sellers. Witness the so-rare-it-hurts Tapeworm 45. One guy saw it go for the 1,000 plus that it currently warrants and decided to sell the one lying around in his attic. Witness John McCormick of the Maids who put a copy of his wax from '79 up there (and subsequently wrote a must-read story about the whole shebang: see www.laweekly.com/ink/00/31/cover-mccormick.shtml). There is a mass flushing out of hidden gems in people's closets that will be mostly tapped out at some point, so get'em now, while they're hot and still in their original owners' hands.

The pure supply and demand of eBay is skewing the rarified collector scene tho. Not particularly uncommon artifacts such as 45s by Negative Approach, Minor Threat and the Avengers have leaped from their $75 status in the lower echelons of Mike B's lists to $150 attention grabbers on eBay. While we may scoff, in the end it is pure supply and demand and therefore, capitalistically beautiful.

The last half dozen years has laid witness to a total bootleg explosion. The groundbreaking "Killed by Death" series has given birth to legions of bastard offspring (Bloodstains, Back To Front, Powerpearls, Homework, etc). While pure punk comps seem to have blown past the saturation point and reached diminishing returns, trading off obscurity for quality, new series of comps have broken new territory in genre, delving into art punk, pop-punk, power pop, DIY, etc. Hopefully, this will expand the horizons of those denizens so narrowly focused on only KBD-style punk hyper-rarities. Furthermore, MP3 and the Internet have paved the way for online boots, like the Low Down Kids series (see http://home.wanadoo.nl/baytree/fierce/lowdownkids/lowdownkidshome.htm).

Finally, legal (re)issues have gained momentum. The Rave Up label in Italy and Brain Transplant in L.A. have been issuing LPs with the rare 45s plus unreleased material and are actually paying the bands for the rights to put them out. In addition, bands such as the Bureaucrats and Vomit Pigs, and labels such as Gulcher are taking charge of their own intellectual property by (re)issuing the stuff themselves.

Where does the collecting scene go from here? Count on MP3 and Napster to get more obscure shit out to the masses. Whether demand will rise for the original records or not remains to be seen. But while purists may lament that they no longer belong in a private club, I'll be happy to see more people "in the know". I also hope that more new bands, charged up by the old obscuro/oddball shit, will arise and go roll their own.

Well, that there's the poop. Until next time, ugh. If you feel inspired to send anything cool or scathing, send it to *MRR*, attention: Henry Yu, or e-mail it to specialcharge@yahoo.com

This month's column isn't going to be some entertaining anecdote. This month I write with purpose. I am writing this month's column to enlighten everyone to a very serious environmental threat to one of our state's national parks, Joshua Tree. Currently, a proposed dump at Eagle Mountain would parade trash trains and trash trucks carrying 40 million pounds of garbage daily, rumbling through the Coachella valley for the next 100 years, to be deposited at the doorstep of Joshua Tree National Park. The Eagle Mountain Dump threatens Joshua Tree National Park, the already threatened desert tortoise, among other native desert plants and animals. Designated wilderness areas will be littered with Southern California's garbage, scarce water resources of the Chuchwalla Valley, Joshua Tree National Park will be depleted, air quality will be degraded with 5,000-plus tons of air pollution annually, and the last remaining designated Class One Airshed in the continental United States will be ruined. All for garbage. Riverside County first approved the dump in 1992. Environmentalist successully challenged the approvals in California Superior Court, and in 1994 the project lost all approvals, and was back to step one. In 1997, Kaiser Ventures and Mine Reclamation Corporation produced a new environmental report and again was successfully challenged in Superior Court. This time, Riverside County Board of Supervisors and Kaiser/MRC appealed the decision, and on May 7, 1999, the Appeals Court overturned the Lower Court's ruling. Opponents filed a Petition For Review in the California Supreme Court. In 1999, the California Supreme Court denied the request for a hearing. A Federal lawsuit has been filed by Larry and Danna Charpied, the Desert Protection Society, and the Center for Community Action and Environmental Justice (CCAEJ, the nonprofit in which I serve on the board of directors) on

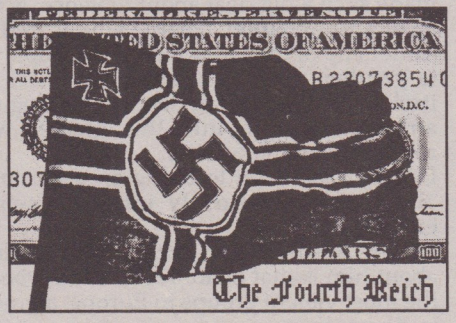
December 20, 1999, challenging the land exchange granted by the Bureau of Land Management, among other issues of the law.

The legal action becomes more critical with the efforts by the Los Angeles Sanitation District in negotiating with Kaiser/MRC to purchase the Eagle Mountain dump for its own use. Riverside County and Joshua Tree National Park will become the dumping ground for LA's waste, with Riverside County and National Park Service having little if any control over the dump once L.A. owns it. If you would like to know more information about situation you can log on to www.stopthedump.com. You are also encouraged to write letters to President Bill Clinton and Vice President Al Gore. Clinton is trying to make saving the National Parks part ot his "legacy." And Al Gore wrote a book about environmental issues, although I'm not sure this qualifies him as an environmental activist. You can also contact the Center for Community Action and Environmental Justice at PO Box 33124 Riverside, CA 92519 or www.ccaej.org.

In punk rock music news, the Diseptikons will be visiting So. Cal. October 12-15, and they come highly recommended by yours truly. This is a hardcore/straight-edge band that are more reminescent of Sick of It All, Kill Your Idols and old So. Cal. straight-edge of the 80s. I saw them in Placerville a year and half ago and they really impressed me. So they are staying at my condo and I'm booking their dates down here. I want you people to check my Web site for their show dates, etc. at www.ontherag.net.

Speaking of ontherag, I finally have a crew of two amazing ladies who have agreed to co-coordinate the zine with me. They are the ever so talented DJ Tina Bold and the high priestess of AVN reviews Melinda Hsu. I am sooo lucky. We have deadlines and everything now. Street date: October 31, 2000. This is No. 7 and will include interviews with The Voids, Media Blitz, Undergirl, Sub City, Kill Your Idols , Diseptikons and more to enlighten, entertain, empower and educate you with. (Or at least we will try.) We even have a wide variety of contributors to showcase (oooooh, ahhhhh). Finally, "Faster Pussycat, Rock, Rock" will be ready for you to order in December for your stocking. I have to go now. webmistress@ontherag.net or po box 251 norco, ca 92860-0251.

P.S. - read Toni Morrison's *The Bluest Eyes*.



For The Record – ftr-121, recorded in October, broadcast in December of 1999.

Dave Emory: Hello, my name's Dave Emory and it's my pleasure and privilege to present once again Kevin Coogan, the author of "Dreamer of the Day," subtitled 'Francis Parker Yockey and the Post War Fascist International,' published in soft-cover by Autonomedia, copyright 1999. Kevin, welcome to our airwaves.

Kevin Coogan (by phone): Thanks for having me.

Dave: In your book you talk about elements of what you describe as the Post War Fascist International and there are a number of people and institutions in this Post War Fascist International that I'd like to discuss. If you could relate these people and institutions to Francis Parker Yockey fine, but otherwise, let's just discuss the elements themselves. First of all, who was Johann Von Liers and what was Der Vege?

Kevin: Yohann Von Liers was born in 1902 and he became a big propagandist for the Nazi Party in the 1930s. He worked very closely with Goebbels and was actually a member of the propaganda ministry. He was probably best known for writing these really crazy hysterical rants against the Jews. He wrote them from a weird pagan standpoint. Lier considered himself a pagan and was involved with the Nordic Faith Movement, so that's an important thing to keep in mind. Where he comes into my book is that after the war, he went to Argentina to Buenos Aries and became the editor of a publication called Der Vege, which means "The Way" or "The Path." Der Vege was one of the hard-line Nazi publications in exile. Yockey began writing for Der Vege and Der Vege began reprinting a lot of material from both Yockey and the European Liberation Front, so that's really how I first encountered Von Liers.

Dave: Briefly fill us in on the European Liberation Front?

Kevin: The European Liberation Front way Yockey's propaganda organization that he set up in 1948 which distributed his writings including a pamphlet called "A Proclamation of London," which was a theoretical document. It was basically Yockey's propaganda group, although they did have members and meetings in England where the organization was the most organized.

Dave: I'd like to read a quote on Yohann Von Liers, and have you develop his philosophy a little more thoroughly for us. On page 276 you write, "Von Liers turned to the East and was entertwined with an intense belief in the occult. A pagan sun worshiper, he contributed an article for Der Vege's tenth anniversary issue called "The New World Age" in which he predicted, "It will soon be impossible for people performing miracles with hypnotism, spiritual healing, telepathy, and occultism to be fabed off with the tribal god Jehovah and to force their new piety into old bottles." It might seem odd for the uninitiated, and that's not meant to be patronizing, to see this sort of thinking or outlook in the Goerbils propaganda ministry official. I wonder if you'd develop some of that background for us further.

Kevin: Sure, the best way to see Liers is that he was part of the far right of the German New Age Movement of the 1920s. The German New Age Movement was primarily in revolt of Christianity and against Judaism. They saw Christianity as a kind of outgrowth of Judaism. So their hatred against the Jews, their paranoia against the Jews, was also directed against Christianity and against the Catholic Church. So Liers in his writings went not just against the Jews, but also against the Catholic Church. He denounced various bishops, etc... All during the 1930s within the Nazi party there was a very strong element that was actually against religion and the Catholic Church in particular. Liers basically began in the 20s with a group called the Uninerba. The Uninerba is kind of difficult to explain. But it was really a think tank that had been set up around a man named Herman Wirth who wrote a book in 1928 called "The Origins of Mankind." And he had developed this idea that mankind really came from the far north, the polar ice caps, and that humanity was Aryan in origin. People like Liers who made a very strong point of being a rationalist and pagan and sort of rooted in the soil etc basically embraced this view. What happened unfortunately is that so did Heinrich Himmler. So by the mid-1930s the Unimerba became incorporated into the SS and Himmler tremendously financing of the Uninerba's research that existed until the end of Germany in 1945.

Dave: In "Dreamer of the Day," you also talk about a fellow named Valter Duray and the "green" element of the German Nazi Party. There's a book that I've touched on in past discussions called "eco-fascism," and one of the points that I've made in that discussion was that there are elements of the "green" or "pro-environment" philosophy that overlap Nazism and the NSTAP. I do not want to be misunderstood as drawing a correlation between the two in any way, any more than when I talk about certain types of alternative subcultures, whether philosophic, literary, or musically that all or even most of them are "fascist." Often in some of the discussions that I engage in on-air, I touch on some of these subcultures and then people get bent out of shape because they think that I'm talking about the new age or the black metal music scene or something else as being fascist. I don't want to be misunderstood in that regard. You talk about Duree and the "green" element of the Nazi party. Develop that for us.

Kevin: Sure. In Germany under Hitler, Duree became the Minister of Agriculture and Duree had a very strong peasant orientation. In other words he was very opposed to large industry. He sort of romanticized the medieval world. He believed that Germany's downfall came with Charlegmane because Charlegmane essentially introduced Christianity to the Germans when the Romans failed to conquer Germany, the Germans remained pagan. But when Charlemane essentially dominated Germany in the 800s, Germany converted to Christianity. So he had a very romantic, mystical, soil-centered outlook which was anti-technological. I would say that equating him with the phrase that "he's part of the Green Party" or the "green wing" of the Nazi Party is a little bit misleading because we kind of think of the Greens in the context of the 1970s and Earth Day. Really he's an expression of this long-standing tradition in Germany of this back-to-nature vulcism, which under the influence of the Nazis took on this rabid anti-Semitic dimension. One other important point about him however, for my book's sake is that he tended to be in opposition to Himmler because Doree was so rooted in the peasantry that he disliked the idea of Germany expanding into non-German territories, primarily Russia. Although even here you've got to be careful about this because when the Germans invaded Russia Doree wasn't on the picket line saying "turn around," Doree was all for it. He definitely had some ideological differences with Himmler, and these differences were reflected in the Uninerba itself because there had been a fight inside the Uninerba where Wert who'd been very close to Dore was actually kicked out in the 1930s and a Himmler protegee was put in charge. So there are distinctions to be made, but one shouldn't get carried away with those distinctions. That's the way that I would see it.

Dave: Someone who figures very prominently in some of the discussion of your book is a fellow named Julius Evola. If you could give us a synopsis of his history and then I'd like to get into some of his institutional connections like the Iron Guard and the SD. Then (and this will be a tall order) I'd like to discuss some of his philosophy and how it infringes on some of his political activities and those around him. Give us a synopsis of Evola's political resume if you would...

Kevin: Well he was born in the late 1800s, and was an Italian who was born in Rome and he was primarily a poet and an artist up until the end of WWI, then he turned to the Eastern Mysticism. He fought with the Italian Army in WWI, came back to Italy and became very much interested in the appeal of a pagan and other forms of mythology. So he began investigating these topics and writing about them and again at a very early point he had a problems with the Catholic Church because he from a very early period believed that Catholicism was really a shoddy, cowardly religion and that the true identity of Rome should actually be with the Roman Empire and the spirit of the Europeans. So by the mid 1920s he began writing attacks on the Catholic Church glorifying the Indo-European world, in other words the pre-Christian world. He looked particularly to India for his model and the thing that he most liked most was the Hindu worldview in the different castes. I'd kind of heard of the Brahmans who were a priestly caste but there was another caste that really the warrior caste called the Kshahtriya and Evola's idea was that the problem with Europe was that the Brahman caste had so much power. The Catholic Church's Vatican represented the Brahman caste in Europe, and that's really the warrior caste that called the tune. Of course he identified himself with the warrior caste.

Dave: Evola had a complex philosophy, an occult worship or advocacy of violence that went beyond mere political violence, although I'd like to talk about that in a minute. Could you explain how that dovetails with his occult philosophy and perhaps also the Kshahtriya caste and how he saw it.

Kevin: Well the best way to look at this would be to see him in the more general political context. He strongly identified in the 1920s not so much with the Nazis, but with people in Germany called the Conservative Revolutionaries and primarily with a German philosopher of history called Oswald Spengler. In fact, Evola translated part of Spengler's book, "The Decline of the West" into Italian. Spengler had this idea which very much appealed to Evola which was the idea that civilization rises and inevitably collapses. This appealed to Evola because he could find echoes of this in Hindu ideas the final age, the Dark Age, what's called the Kaliuga. So he saw Spengler as kind of giving a map to the Kaliuga in the west, and that was the idea that western civilization had basically exhausted itself and was in the process of inevitable decline. For Spengler, the people who would take over from the west were (as Spengler put it) "the colored world." By which this he meant the Asians and black people but he also meant the Russians. He felt that the Russians were part of this barbaric world. The question for Spengler and also for Evola was "how do we resist this takeover of the west?" In other words, both of them thought that it was inevitable, but they both also believed that it could be resisted. But in order for it to be resisted the most, you had to have in the leadership of the west, not the politicians and the nice guys, but really a kind of order of warriors who would put the west on a military footing and keep the barbarians at bay. This led Evola in particular to sort of fetishize this warrior caste. And so in the 1930s when Himmler's SS arose, actually it arose earlier in the 20s, but in terms of power it became important in the 1930s. Evola, although he was not a Nazi and did not believe in the Volkist viewpoint of the world because he was Italian, he wasn't German.

Dave: Explain Volcist viewpoint to our listeners.

Kevin: It is the idea that the Germans have this "pure blood" and the German race, because it is pure of decent deserves to sort of rule the rest of the world.

Dave: And this is a Nordic outlook?

Kevin: Yes, it's also based on pseudo-biology. And a lot of this pseudo-biology was later pumped out through groups like the Uninerba. But getting back to Evola, that kind of racial aspect was what he didn't like. What he did like was the idea of a very powerful order controlling the policy of Germany that he saw with the SS. He took as other examples of this in Western history. The most famous of which would be the Knights Templar which was basically a group of medieval knights that set up a kind of international order around the time of the crusades and had their own banking and financial group as well as their own military group. They arose really to fight against the Moslems. So the idea that he had was that we needed this order type of formation to fight against the decline. Where violence comes in, where he made such a big deal about violence, is that the violence became an almost initiation. People who would be most involved in the leadership of the order were also people who would use violence to get their way. Not just for political means because violence itself had some kind of deeper meaning that violence was almost an initiation rite into this greater world. He completely romanticized the warrior.

Dave: In addition to being an occult or metaphysical outlook also translated directly into hands-on political actions and executions.

Kevin: Absolutely, in fact one of the things that is so interesting about him is that he in the 1930s first became tied in with one of the most violent groups in Europe, a group called the Iron Guard in Romania.

Dave: Tell us about the Iron Guard.

Kevin: Well the Iron Guard was a group that emerged in the mid-1930s in Romania as a radical right-wing populous party. They fought for power and one of the ways that they fought for power is they organized assassination squads. They organized what they called "cells." So the Iron guard is best known for its ideology, one slogan in particular was "long live death." Again this gets back to violence because what they were really meaning was that a warrior's death was almost like a holy sacrifice. So if you as much as kill people but were killed in turn, you almost went to an armed guard heaven. You became a sort of living saint or martyr. So this group because it had such an extremely violent approach to politics was actually repressed in Romania in the late-1930s. The king of Romania actually cracked down on them and ordered the arrest and execution of their leader. Evola was very much involved with the Iron Guard that had been getting some support various elements of fascist Italy. But the major supporter of the Iron Guard was actually Germany and they were very much interested in the Iron Guard and the Germans who were most involved with the Iron Guard were tied

in with the group called the SD. The SD was the security service, kind of like the CIA, of the SS. It was a branch of the SS that was a foreign intelligence branch. One reason why the SD was so hot-to-trot on the Iron Guard was because Romania had a great deal of oil. They felt that if the Iron Guard could make a coupe in Romania, which the Iron Guard tried more than once, that Germany could benefit from the oil.

Dave: A couple of interjections... SD stands for secereichstein, the security force, and people familiar with history of WWII will be familiar with the very costly to the allied's kloesty raids on the Romanian oil fields because of the strategic importance that you've spoken about.

Kevin: I should also point out that ironically, the SS's backing of the Iron Guard sort of alienated Hitler because Hitler himself was backing a kind of coalition government in Romania. So when the Iron Guard launched this SS backed coupe, Hitler was furious at them for doing that. This is described in Walter Shellinberg's memoirs. Walter Shellingberg was one of the heads of foreign intelligence of the SS. Evola in the late 1930s was very much involved in the Iron Guard, had gone to Romania to meet the leader and had written a lot of propaganda for the Iron Guard in Italian publications. Then later in the 1950s, when Evola was back in Rome spreading his propaganda in the Italian radical right-wing youth, two models he looked too were the SS and the other, even more so was the Iron Guard because the Iron Guard was set up as a sort of order. So this idea of the glorification of the most violent type of roots as models for the Italian post-war Right really came from Evola's own obsession or fascination with the Romanian Iron Guard.

Dave: If you would develop a little further for us along those same lines, the Ardemie Nolobo or New Order in English and the strategy of tension and Evola's influence on them...

Kevin: The New Order was a group that had been very influenced by Evola's thinking. The New Order really represented the far right in the Italian post-war fascist organization, the MSI. The MSI, the Italian Social Movement was a group that really represented the supporters of Mussolini who after the war formed a legal sort of a party. What happened is that a lot of the hard-liners, especially among the young fascist radicals, didn't like the fact that the MSI was involved with the Italian parliament. So what they wanted was a kind of confrontational street fighter type force. So they broke with the MSI in the mid 1950s and their leader was very much orientated towards Evola's writings. The leader's name was Rautie and he was a devotee of Evola and actually knew him. So what happened is that groups like the New Order very much embraced this idea of violence and that they were members of the warrior caste etc... Because they felt like this they were very useful to the Italian secret service and the Italian police forces in confronting the left and having street fights and breaking up leftist demonstrations. With that group you got advanced, not just because you were anti-Communist, but because also by embracing these ideas by violence, bombings, beatings, etc... You showed that you had the true warrior spirit.

Dave: Tell us briefly about Prince Borgasey. He actually wrote an introduction to "Men in the Ruin?"

Kevin: Prince Borgasey was a kind of Italian pop star of the far right in the 1940s. The reason why he was so popular was that during the war he had developed what were called midget submarines and the Italian navy used them very successfully against the British. Borgasey was an Italian Naval Commander and his group that was called Dutchenamass was one wing of the Italian Navy. He was kind of the Klaus Scorzaney of the waves if you want to put it like that. After Mussolini fell from power he took his naval troops and made them into a fighting force in Northern Italy under the direction of a man named General Karl Wolfe who was a big fellow in the SS. Wolfe had been appointed the major commander of all German forces in the north after Mussolini's downfall. So he had very strong connections with the German military. He was then arrested and put in jail briefly for a couple of years for war crimes. The Partisans executed Mussolini, but Borgasey wasn't executed and one of the reasons was because James Angleson (later of CIA fame), the head of CIA counter intelligence was very much involved in Italian politics in 1945 with the OSS. Angleson personally got Borgasey out of North Italy smuggled him back to Rome in order to interrogate him and I think to try to win him over to the American side. So just like in Germany where there was strong opposition to the Nuremberg trials, not just among the Germans, but also among certain people in the US military who felt that we needed these guys to fight the commies. Borgasey was also seen in a similar way; get him out of jail and he'll rally the far right to oppose the communist threat, which in Italy was a real because the communist party was extremely powerful. It was the most successful communist party in all of Western Europe. So when Borgasey in 1952 writes the introduction to Evola's book called "Men from Under the Ruins," what I think that you're seeing is a convergence of the more atlantisist pro-western alliance elements willing to work with these extreme rightists, basically in a popular front against the communists.

Dave: Speaking of atlantisists, this brings up a division within some elements of the post-war fascist international as you put it. The polarities that Evola saw in his occult philosophy (Francis Parker Yockey was of a similar influence) led to a favoring of the soviets over the United States, and a virulent anti-Americanism. I wonder if you could relate Evola's occultism and also the polarity concept of Yockey to the virulent anti-Americanism fascist outlook?

Kevin: Well basically what I say in the book, and this is a very complicated subject, is that Evola disliked the United States but because Italy had the reality that the Italian Communist Party was extremely strong in Italy and that didapoints tended to threaten to enter the government. People like Evola tended to make from their point of view a devil's alliance with the Americans supervent the Italian Communists from ever threatening to take power. This relates later to something called Operation Vladio which was an attempt by the CIA to finance a lot of right-wing figures to prevent the Italian communists from taking power. That said, in general people like Evola and Yockey had very strong contempt for the United States as the representative of what they saw as a kind of enlightenment type of thinking. They saw the United States as representing this force that was changing the old culture of Europe. They equated everything we would think of as liberalism, equality for women, ending discrimination, etc... as corrupting the pure soul of Europe. And from that standpoint, even though Russia represented a threat to them, America was a dangerous threat because America was sort of infecting Europe with its cultural values. Out of this came a very strong tendency to view America as the ultimate cultural killer of all Europe. The thinking was, "Russia has problems but really the main threat is from the United States and not so much from Russia... Russia can be handled." I have to say that this argument was an argument in the far right and many people in the far right did not believe this. Many people in the far right believed that Russia was the primary enemy, and that although America had problems, it was better to work with America against Russia than to have any sympathy with Russia against America. In my book I show how this argument worked out between Yockey on the one hand and Oswald Mosley on the other. Where Mosely was more inclined to go with the Americans, and Yockey was much more of what they call a third position neutralist, willing to cozy up to the Russians on certain points. And one point in particular was the fact that under Stalin in the early 1950s, Stalin began this anti-Jewish campaign which he called the "Anti-Cosmopolitan Campaign." So there was this idea that within Russia, the Russians had certain sympathies, that they were anti-Semitic.

Dave: Kevin we are all out of time so what I'm going to do is tell people how to get the book. It is "Dreamer of the Day," subtitled 'Francis Parker Yockey and the Post War Fascist International.' published in soft-cover by Autonomedia, and edited by Dave Mandel of WFMU, copyright 1999.
You can write to them at the following...

http://www.autonomedia.org/
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Brookland NY, 11211-0568
For Kevin Coogan, this is Dave Emory saying thanks for listening.

Mykel Board sez: YOU'RE WRONG!

It's tougher than picking up girls at a lesbo bar. I've got an hour to go. There, in front of my Japanese students. Teaching the difference between the past and the past-perfect. Feeling my jaw tighten as I try to distract myself. Anything. Counting the minutes down. Fifty-nine. Fifty-eight. Fifty-seven.

I want to scream. Tear my skin off. Instead I write on the board: *John lived in Paris for three months.* and *John has lived in Paris (time unclear).* I'm going to die, but I've got to go on.

The clock hits 4. Bang! I'm out of there. Slam, into the bathroom, into a stall. Open my belt. Reach in and scratch my balls. Oh G-d. Oh G-d! Sometimes that's all you need in life is a chance to scratch your balls.

Not too long ago, I wrote a column about "people with balls." Here's another one about scratching 'em. Do I have a fixation? An obsession? I don't think so. It's just that these skin-covered dangling grapes are a good metaphor for so much in life. I only wish girls had 'em so they'd know what it's like.

But now, let's leave our balls behind. Shift the scene to my sister's house. I'm playing with her kids: Josh, the four-year-old boy, and Presley, the nine-year-old girl. It's Father's Day. A barbecue. A Board family tradition. I've filled myself with turkey dogs, baked beans and spicy tofu sausage. Sis doesn't eat cow meat. My stomach rumbles as the digesting gasses separate from the food and push their way upwards and downwards.

I sit on the floor. Presley pushes me back. Pow! Josh jumps on my stomach like a trampoline. I don't puke. But that bellyful of gas explodes out my throat. BRRRRRRRRRRUUUUUUUUUUUP!

"Mykel!" yells my sister.

"How'd you know it was me?" I ask. "It could have been Josh."

"If it was Josh," she says, avoiding the present unreal conditional, "he would say *excuse me.*"

"Yes Uncle Mickey," says Presley. "How come you never say excuse me when you burp."

"Do you say 'excuse me' when you breathe?" I ask her.

She shakes her head.

"Do you say 'excuse me' when you eat an apple?"

"You're silly, Uncle Mickey," she says.

"Well, why don't you say excuse me when you do those things?" I ask her.

"You just don't," she says. "Those are things you just do. People don't care about them, so you don't say excuse me."

"Isn't burping something you just do?" I ask her.

"Sure," she says, "but people don't like it. That's why you say excuse me."

"If people don't like your dress or the way you wear your hair," I ask her, "do you say excuse me?"

She thinks for a minute then answers. "No," she says, "because you don't know they don't like it."

She's a smart one, but I'm persistent. "What if you know someone doesn't like your shorts? They want you to wear green shorts, but you don't want to. Do you say 'excuse me' then?"

"No," she answers, "because I'm not hurting them and if I don't hurt them, I can do what I want."

"That's why I don't say 'excuse me.'" I tell her.

Another scene shift. This time I'm with Elena and her girlfriend. Elena is the only girl I ever asked to marry me... while I was sober. Naturally, soon after, she became a lesbian.

We're still friends though, and I'm visiting her on my trip to California. Yesterday, I went to THE WARPED TOUR. Free tickets. On the way back I found a box filled with promo packages of Gillette deodorant: EXTREME, Travel Size. I took a bunch.

It's early morning at Elena's. I've stumbled from the guestroom into the kitchen, blindly groping for some coffee. In my non-groping hand, I carry a few of the mini-deodorant sticks. I figure I'll give them to the girls.

"Is this a hint, Mykel?" asks Elena, laughing.

"Of course not," I say. "I just saw this free stuff. So I took it. I'm never gonna use it."

"THAT I know," says Elena. "What's with that? I mean you don't stink like a street bum, but when you get close... well... I know you're there."

"That's my body," I tell her. "I know there's not a lot there, but it IS mine. It's got my smells. My peculiar mix of chemicals."

"Yeah," she answers, "but that mix isn't a crowd pleaser."

"Why?" I ask. "It's because they've sold you a bill of goods. They sold you a smell, like a soft drink or a car. You like the smell of twat?"

"Only when it's clean," she says.

"OK," I continue, "you like the smell of clean twat. You like the taste. If your girlfriend sprayed her pussy with mint or tomato sauce or some other taste, would you like it more?"

"Don't be silly." she starts.

"That's HER taste." I say. "Just like it's MY smell. I like it."

Shift scenes again. I'm in front of the computer. My pants are down around my knees. My underpants press against my thighs. On the screen are the newest downloads from www.orientalbeauty.com. I've got my balls wrapped in the bracelet given to me by Patricia, from the SHE DEVILS. I've got my hardness greased up with Vicks Vaporub. I set the graphics program to SLIDE SHOW.

I pump away. Feel the juices build. I lift my left arm, reaching back. I stick my nose into my armpit. Inhale deeply. Deeper. MY smell. Pheremoning through my body. Rising the juices. Ah here's that *young Chow Yun* pic. Inhale that hairy pit again. Once more.... Uh. Uh. Aaaah! Now where are the kleenex?

One more story and we'll get to the meat of this column. This one's about my father, stuck with mom in an old folk's home in New Jersey. My parents can't get around by themselves anymore. I visit once a week. Take 'em out. We go to a movie. Eat something new. Spice up their lives.

Dad's been through a lot. He lost an arm in WWII while fighting the Germans. Thirty years later, his brain bleeds, putting him in a coma for a year. Then, a prostate operation. Left him pissing at random, uncontrollably. *Depends* city. Then a stroke. Left side paralyzed, barely gets out of the wheelchair. Then came the diabetes.

When other people see dad, they look down. Look away. When he's unavoidable, they hold a door open for him. Do something that'll make 'em feel good. They try to smile. Some even kid with him. Make jokes. Show they're liberal. But when dad pisses. When his pants drip wet. When the real smell of real *old man* rises. When the Depends overflow. When the piss leads to a turd or two. Then we run into the REAL WORLD.

Dad, dripping wet, stumbles slowly into *Arthur's Steakhouse.* He sits down next to a proper New Jersey family. The father's in a jacket, with a grey shirt, no tie. Mom wears capri pants and a blouse with a gold tiger in front. There are two kids, not long out of their own Depends. As my father slowly approaches the table next to theirs, a hush grabs them by the throat. The mother's eyes trace the piss droplets along the floor.

There's the *ahemming,* the whispers. The little girl holds her nose. "Yuck!" says the boy. In a few minutes, they ask for the check and get out of there. A cripple is one thing. But a *pissing* cripple. That's too much.

One of the earliest books of the fledgling Women's Lib movement was called *Our Bodies Ourselves.* Coming out in 1973, it broke ground with its graphic graphics. Lot's of diagrams of the female anatomy. Close ups of this and that. Where to stick your finger or tongue. How babies come out.

From those earliest times, feminists claimed to retake their own bodies. But do they? Anti-porn, anti-sex feminists refuse to allow bodies to be bought, sold, displayed or fucked with.

"It's your body," they tell you, "as long as you do what I say with it."

Even the post-girls. The lipstick lesbians. The fem feminists. What about them? With their perfume, deodorant and *excuse me*'s. If it's *OUR* body, we don't need excuses.

We shouldn't have absolute rights. We can't do anything we want with our bodies. I shouldn't be allowed to walk into Starbucks flailing my arms, whacking patrons, spilling hot coffee onto their kakhis. I'm physically touching, hurting, bashing someone else's body. That isn't freedom, it's brutality.

Freedom is my body. My body is ME. I don't own it. I AM it. Not only it's balding scalp, it's grand proboscis. It's diminutive lower projection. But all of it!

My body is more than skin, mucus membranes and muscles. It's my feelings, my smells, the fluids and sounds that come from my pores, stomach and bowels. All that is me! It doesn't need any excuses.

The war is over. We've won. The corpses of politicians, feminists, and Christians lie in huge piles. Mountains of death. I cradle what's left of my right arm, shattered by a dying cop's hollow point bullet. I approach one of those flesh mountains, feeling my boots stick to the pavement as I shlumpf, shlumpf, shlumpf through the blood and gore in the street. I set my foot in the hollow chest of a priest, his clerical collar now surrounding a headless neck. As I shift my weight forward, the sternum cracks under my boot. Using my left hand, I reach up and grab the arm of a corpse. That arm dangles loose from the lower end of the pile. It's a bare arm, with skin blackened, but firm enough for me to get hold of.

I grab tightly, pulling myself up. Using the bodies like stairs, I slowly, one-handedly, climb that highest pile of cadavers. Their blood mixes with mine as I lean forward to continue my ascent. The front of my t-shirt and jeans is a sticky mass of brown wetness. My splintered right arm is numb.

I ascend. A thin trickle runs over my right ear. Is it blood? Sweat? My own? Something that rubbed off from a body beneath me? I don't care. I've lost all awareness of anything except the task ahead. I don't care about my feet slipping on a shoulder or matted head of scabby scalp. I'm not affected by the stench of death and shit and piss released with the hundreds of souls by the bodies beneath me. The silence, broken by the occasional squawk of a crow above. That doesn't bother me. I can't even think if I can think. I don't have enough grey matter to question my own sanity.

I have a goal. That goal is to climb. To climb this pile of stinking extinction. My goal is to get to the top. And now I'm there.

I plant one foot on the face of the dead mayor, thrown in a blaze of joy on top of the pile. His nose crumbles beneath my heel. The other foot I plant between the breasts of a woman I don't recognize. What's left of her face is hard, tense, as if death isn't enough to stop her anger. Standing on these two bodies, I balance myself, straighten my spine. I pull myself up to my full five foot three inches. Screaming a victory scream to G-d and whoever else is listening, I reach between my legs and scratch my balls.

ENDNOTES: [*Visitors to my website: www.mykelboard.com or subscribers (email to: god@mykelboard.com) will receive a few extra endnotes. There are just too many to keep up with.*]

—> *Is that a Swiss Army knife in your pocket or are you trying to bug me dept:* This comes from "Offshore & Privacy Secrets, February 10th, 1999" Published by the Permanent Tourist http://permanenttourist.com:

The Swiss intelligence services is setting up a way to capture data from foreign communications satellites. They've installed parabolic mirrors in several Swiss locations These will intercept all phone calls, faxes and e-mails.

The data will be scanned to search for "hit words", like "rocket", "holocaust"... and "Regli", the head of the Swiss intelligence service.

Political and military leaders, and "other parties" will share the results. One of these "other parties" is the Swiss police. They'll have access to the information without court orders.

This is against Swiss law. But it's the government, so what do they care about law?

—> *Say Yahoo to thought control dept:* The CEO of the search engine *About.com* recently complained about Yahoo search results. He told people that, although About.com linked to Yahoo in many, many places, Yahoo refused to include About pages in its lists. Aren't you surprised?

—> *And you're worried about BUSH taking away Civil Liberties dept:* On Wednesday, August 9, a new Ohio law will require anyone buying five or more kegs of beer to fill out a form with the Ohio Department of Public Safety. Then, they have to wait five days before picking up the beer.

The law also gives cops the right to search the site of a beer party without first getting a search warrant.

Several other states — including Iowa, New Hampshire, Kansas, and Pennsylvania — have similar laws or are considering similar legislation,

Maryland already requires all kegs of beer to be registered with the state government.

—>*Yet another reason to vote for Nader dept:* Between 1997 and 1999, almost every department of the U.S. government tried to pressure South Africa into dropping plans to import low-priced AIDS drugs. During this time, U.S. drug companies sued South Africa to stop the low-priced imports. Gore and the drug companies wanted to force the country to rely ONLY on drugs from the outrageously priced U.S. market.

Al Gore headed the U.S.-South Africa Binational Commission. The State Department reports that in 1998 Gore met with South African President Thabo Mbeki. There he (Gore) made an issue of intellectual property rights protection.

South African officials tried to persuade Gore to ask the U.S. pharmaceutical industry to stop its lawsuit. But the White House and Gore "decided that such an action might undermine the leverage that U.S. companies were exerting through their legal challenge."

In other words, fuck the Africans, we want our money.

—>Thanks for all the e-mail, but the stuff in my PO Box has slowed to an enlarged prostate trickle. What happened to those porno vids you guys used to send me? Where are the snapshots, the erotic letters, the hatemail? What's up with that?

I figure I'm to blame for not giving you my address. So here it is again. Send everything you have to: Mykel Board, POB 137, Prince Street Station, New York NY 10012.

Still A Hoodlum After All These Years

The fucking TEMPLARS have a mind-boggling ripper of a seven inch out now on TKO Records! The "Milites Templi" EP starts off with a smashing good tune "Violence" that features that jangly guitar sound the TEMPLARS have made famous along with Mr. Fritscher's deeper-than-ever vocals. In "Violence" the lyrics tell you "there's no escape from the bloody red rain." On the B side of this Templecombe/TKO split release is "Carry On," a nice ballad about persevering under the pressure of day-to-day life. Even under extreme duress the TEMPLARS will carry on. This song exhibits a bit of optimism in an otherwise bleak personal situation. *Milites Templi* is a great new slab of vinyl from the mighty TEMPLARS!

Gordy and THE FORGOTTEN have a new LP of punk rock hits for you Chaos punks! This new LP is called "Keep the Corpses Quiet," and it contains punk rock anthems like "Who Blames You," " Silent Weapons," "Genocide," "Outsider," "Get Out," "The Corps" and "Ain't Gonna Lose the War," The album carries on the banner for Craig, Gordy, and the boys with a rocking punk collection. The album is respectfully dedicated to Chad Rickley and Ryan Monroe, who will no longer be with us at the front of the FORGOTTEN mosh pit.

TKO has "Punch Drunk Two" ready for you punks and

skins. This mother kicks off with a great song by the REDUCERS SF "Our Noise" and steams through hit after hit; DROPKICK MURPHYS "Soundtrack to a Killing Spree," THE FORGOTTEN "Keep The Corpses Quiet," THE WORKIN STIFFS "Last Plastic Hero," THE BELTONES "Ain't No Life," TERMINUS CITY "My Castle" and then ANTISEEN — yes ANTISEEN, the kings of Southern scum punk, with their amazing new song "Suicide Boogie." This shit rocks your paltry little world. Look for more ANTISEEN on TKO Records in the near future.

Also included on this mammoth "Punch Drunk" compilation are THE RANDUMBS doing "Weekly World News" with the original singer, THE BRUISERS "Society's Fools," SUBURBAN THREAT "Fight to Win," and hold onto your jock straps, the legendary NIBLICK HENBANE with a brand new song "Bonehead." This New Jersey outfit is now part of the TKO stable and you will be hearing more from Andy and Harpo and Larry in the not so distant future. The new TEMPLARS bullet "Violence," Sweden's THE RIGHTEOUS "Give Peace a Kick in the Face," Ireland's RUNNIN' RIOT with "Alcoholic Heroes" and last, but certainly not least, COCK SPARRER with an excellent version of "Chip on My Shoulder" from the forthcoming live double record set that TKO will be releasing in December to document last years brilliant four city COCK SPARRER tour. Great!

Madison, Wisconsin's BRASS TACKS are back with a stormin' CD on Beer City called "Just the Facts." This motherfucker wastes no time and lurches right into "Ain't Gonna Win:" "Don't fuck with us/ You ain't gonna win/ You're gonna get your head kicked in." Song number two keeps the smash-em-up momentum with "Skinhead Rock 'n' Roll." Great! This CD has song after song of ass-kicking, boot-stomping street-rock. "Trudge Upward" has a never-give-up attitude. "Just This Once" has a superior singing style with the bass and drums dropping bombs on you! "Losing Control" is another steaming pile of rock and oi nastiness. "My Friends and Me" is faster still with a blistering guitar attack burning into the frontal lobes. This shit will put warts on your dick! You get a treat on track ten when BRASSTACKS cover ROSE TATTOOS "Nice Boys (Don't Play Rock n' Roll)." Fuckin' great! Next up you get "Oi! Toy" with a great hardcore guitar riff pushing the thing forward. "Scenester" is a cynical song about the punks who dye their hair and parade around in their store bought "punk" outfits. The next fine cut from these rocking skin heads is called "Working Class." Next up is "Wisconsin Hooligans" with more of this rough and tough street rock from these bad motherfuckers. "Just the Facts" is a great CD! If you like the LIME CELL type of hard punk, go get this fucker!

Mark at GMM Records produced a kickass new CD by PATRIOT called "We The People." This fucker starts out smoking with "New World Order," then goes into a ska number that might remind one of the 4 SKINS with its singalong harmonies. Next up you have a good street punk number "The Chains Have Been Broken" with a rockin' SWINGIN' UTTERS feel to it. "We Ain't Going Anywhere" tells you that "Oi! is for the working class and that will never change." This is melodic street punk. "One for the Road" has a nice BELTONES sound going all over the map. Some of the more refined songs sound a little bit like THOSE UNKNOWN. Lead guitar playing is featured prominently on "Red Light Night." The background vocals display perfect harmony. The song "We're All Living in the DMZ" illustrates the perils of living in certain neighborhoods in some cities of the United States. The singing, guitar, playing and background vocals in "The Pub-Heros" have a resemblance to the DROPKICK MURPHYS and FORCED REALITY. Good stuff. In "You're Nowhere" PATRIOT asks: "Do you gotta die to be a hero or does that just make you somebody's fool?/ Why try so hard to be cool?" "We the People" has great songs and well-thought lyrics. Look for the final version of this beauty soon on GMM or affiliated labels.

Mad Skull Records from Amsterdam, Holland, have the fucking hardest punk on the face of the planet for you! The BLOODY SODS from down in Georgia have a brutal punk CD available called "Don't Give Up the Fight!" This fucker starts out absolutely full force with the incisive song "From the Projects to the Trailer Park." Check out these lyrics: "You depend on the government/Now you're weak and they've made you a slave/Ignorance holds you in chains/You don't know any other way/ From the projects of the city to suburban trailer parks/ The poor and downtrodden are gonna get what you've got/ Will drugs and lotto tickets end their suffering/ When a job application is what they really need/ I'm supporting their kids because you know they don't/ I gotta pay my own rent because the government won't/ It's not exactly what I'd call a life of liberty/ Awarding the lazy by taking away from me/ Where the hell's the mail!!/Go and see if you got your check/ You just got paid/ For being a fat fucking piece of shit!" The BLOODY SODS rock like crazy and they write some intelligent lyrics, too! The SODS plow through "Beer Junkie" and "Media Scare" and then we arrive at the song "Authority." This is a scathing indictment of bad cops and greed in a system that is inherently flawed. Read on: "Here comes a cop with a gun in his hand/ Punk rocker armed with a spray paint can/ An iron fist teaches him about the law/ While a billy club smashes right through his jaw/ All he wanted was people to remember his name/ So he put it on a wall that had already decayed/ You won't read it in the paper or see a headline/ But it happens everyday and it's covered up with (??got cut off??)/I've got no respect for authority!/Skinhead drinkin in an alley by the bar/When he's blinded by the lights of a police car/ They put cuffs on his wrists so he can't fight back/ Then they throw him on the ground and continue to attack/ All he wanted was a place to be alone/ He shouldn't have been there now he's never going home/ You won't read it in the paper or see no headlines/ But it happens everyday and it's covered up with lies/ I've got no respect for authority/ Good cop in the city out walking his beat/ When he ran across something that he shouldn't have seen/ Bagpipes played and took away no tears/ While the uniformed killers they stood right there/ All he wanted was the kids to respect the law/ He protected the streets but now he's gone/ You won't read it in the papers or see no headlines/ But it happens everyday and it's covered up with lies/ I've got no respect for authority." This CD sends your ass into next week! Listen to "Loaded Gun", "Target Practice", "No Safety", "In My Sight", and "Win or Lose". Fast, tough, hard punk rock delivered with a vengeance!

POSITIVELY NEGATIVE from Seattle have new CD number two out on Mad Skull Records. This fucker is called appropriately *New American Hardcore* and it takes no prisoners! This is fast and furiously shouted hardcore with passionate guitar playing. There are metal influences in the guitar leads which work well for POSITIVELY NEGATIVE with this musical approach. The band plays scorching fast punk with cynical lyrics. Listen to "Burning Bridges", "Inhumane," "Point Blank" and "In Time,". POSITIVELY NEGATIVE do a good cover of "Plastic Bomb" by POISON IDEA. This kicks ass! A harsh, hard-rocking hardcore CD!

Josh at Upstart Production in New Jersey presents two new punk rock releases for you this month.

First up is FOREIGN LEGION with their seven inch EP of slower melodic punk called "The Years Gone By." This is tastefully done punk rock filled with hooks and hearkens back to the bygone years of artistic European punk rock with a message circa 1983. FOREIGN LEGION questions "What Are We Doing Now" and on the fastest tune, "Jump", FOREIGN LEGION sings: "The boss says jump, why should I?" This slow to mid-tempo music has a CLASH feel to it.

Number two in the Upstart Production selection this month is the ASSAILANTS new CD called "Modern Technology." This is good punk rock with youthful enthusiasm leaking out all over the place. The guitars are fast, the background vocals are tight and the lyrics are smart. Check out the words to "We Are Not Impressed:" "Why do you come here to start your shit?/We never liked you but tough shit, get used to it/ What makes you do this, is it something your trying to prove?/You're not any cooler cause of all the stunts you pull/ We're not impressed - with your macho stance/ We're not impressed - with the way you dance/ We're not impressed - get the fuck out of here/ We're not impressed - with how you instill fear/ You run about choosing people to push to the ground/ But I'm sorry this doesn't make you the toughest guy around/ You're just an ignorant loser, so go home you stupid prick/ Your immature behavior just makes me fucking sick."

Have you been listening to the NIBLICK HENBANE retrospective "...And We Fall..." on Upstart Records? Give "Hoodlum" another spin — one of the best Oi songs of that decade or any other. Read these words: "He wears leather still with pride/Age old tough guys can't take him for a ride/ Can still see him now with his boys/ Ready to fight making all that noise/ Pride's still there he won't take no shit/ Dinosaur wise-guy lucky-strike in his lips/ Memories of glory still linger on/ From an era years gone/ Still a hoodlum after all these years/ Age old tough guy no tears/ He used to be a bad man he used to run amok/ Now he's just a dirty old fuck/ His days are gone be he won't forget/ Doesn't five a fuck about this or that/ Doesn't want to hear what you have to say/ Won't live the life of today/ Found his niche he's happy old prick/ Knows a thing or two about being a dick/ Doesn't care if he's wrong or right/ Stuck in the fifties for life."

The fucking BUMP-N-UGLIES from Detroit have a rowdy no-holds-barred wrestling extravaganza prepared for you cretins. This new CD on Transparent Records is called "The Finer Things In Life" and the CD carries on a vile tradition started by the BUMP-N-UGLIES many seasons ago. These beautiful He-Men barge through fifteen ass-thumpin' tunes like "First Pig to the Trough," "Diary of a Madman," "I Smell a Rat," "Walkin' the Plank," "Fat, Loud and Drunk" and "Interspecies Swinger." For a dramatic finale, the BUMP-N-UGLIES do their cranked up version of Mr. John Fogarty's "Proud Mary." Great!

The GC-5 came from Ohio all the way to California to play punk rock for the kids and boy did they play hard! This is fast, impassioned punk the way the CLASH or SHAM 69 played it when they were twenty years old. GC-5 threw in a great COCK SPARRER cover as well. Go see GC-5 when they come to your town. Order GC-5 product from Transparent Records and Outsider Records. Best of luck to GC-5 in all future endeavors. Come back to California soon.

Fucking HAMMERLOCK — veterans of many a CONFEDERACY OF SCUM Supershow back east — played for their local fans at the Mad Dog in the Fog pub in San Francisco recently. Travis, Liz and the Mad Drummer delivered a set of wild Southern-style punk with country roots sticking out all raw and exposed. Travis did a mean cover of "Big City" by MERLE HAGGARD. The skin heads sang along with every song — originals and covers — they knew all the words. It was mayhem and great fun. Catch HAMMERLOCK when they come out your way!

Until next month -
See you in hell!!

Chuck from the CUTZ told me one day that he had heard that the UC Theatre in Berkeley was going to close at the end of the month. I wanted to know his source, because I never in a million years could believe that the people of Berkeley would ever allow such an institution to disappear so quietly. This was the home of the first punk movie nights, and it is a seminal landmark for every hippy, freak, artist, and punk to ever find their way to the East Bay. Chuck had a pretty good source since his band rehearses in the UC's basement, and if that wasn't enough, the local free weekly newspaper just ran a cover story that confirmed all my fears. Landmark, the corporation that owns the UC and that started in Berkeley with the old Rialto theatre on Gilman, claims that they can't afford to keep the UC open in these days of the multiplex, which actually means that they'd rather ream the very same people who made Landmark what it is today with more of those tiny theatres that make you feel like you're watching films in a studio apartment on a blurry large screen television. Berkeley is so apathetic, especially when compared to the Berkeley of my youth, that I doubt that there's much to stand in the way of such a closure. I'm almost scared of what will happen if there is an organized response to the UC's closure, because last time there was such a response to save KPFA, two more Starsucks coffees and an Eddie Baur's opened downtown.

I was working on an underground film zine, and I was hoping that it would be ready by this column but the cheap printer, the Small Publishers Co-op in Florida, that I used for my last zine basically butchered the job so badly that I have to find another printer. If you have any suggestions, then please drop me a line. You can write and send me anything to be included in this column to: Jay Dead, PMB 419, 1442A Walnut Street, Berkeley, CA 94709. If you would like to read any past Punk Movie Night columns, then you can find those at my web site— www.wethepunx.com. Now, let's go to the movies!

The Edge of Quarrel • A film By David Larson

Jason is a straight edge, rockabilly looking kid who used to be a forty guzzling, black clad punk kid before striking out with Rachel. Rachel was Brian's girlfriend back when he was a boozy punk, but Brian went away to college. While away, Brian became a straight edge emo boy. Rachel was heartbroken that Brian left, and so she turned to Chance, who is still as punk as she is. The labels fly fast and furious in *The Edge of Quarrel*, which is no doubt the point, if not just a bit disconcerting at moments.

Jason has some of his straight edge friends rough up a punk one night at the club, and when Chance responds by jumping a staright edger, the war is on. It's straight edgers versus punks in this completely ludicrous, yet very entertaining full length D.I.Y. film. Jason seems to have no redeeming qualities whatsoever, except when compared to his enforcer Rolo, who is played by Aaron Edge, because he's just a sociopath. Jason wears an ENSIGN t-shirt, while Rolo wears an UNDERTOW tee. Just as the war is in full swing, Brian returns home from college and decides that it's up to him to unite both sides. Chance and Jason each try to pull Brian over to their side while protecting him as much as they can. Nobody is listening except Rachel, who is played by the beautiful Mahdis Keshavarz. I don't want to ruin the ending, except to say that there are a couple of far fetched twists that can only be called copouts. Perhaps *SLC Punk* wasn't as far fetched as I first thought?

Suburban punk scenes look so foreign to someone who has spent most of his or her life in or very near punk scenes based in major metropolitan areas. Not that the scenes in this film are based in some track housing development, miles and miles away from the nearest big city. It's just that it looks and feels like the straight edgers and punks in Chris Larson's film aren't that far removed from the kind of characters you might encounter in some ill conceived Fox series. I liked it more for that reason. It is still an escapist form of entertainment, and a welcome piece of filmaking for any punk who enjoys such endeavors. ($12.00 ppd c/o Excursion, PO BOX 20224, Seattle, WA 98102).

What About Me • A film By Rachel Amodeo

What About Me is the story of Lisa Napolitano (Rachel Amodeo), who after the death of her aunt, descends into a life of desperation on the streets of New York's Tompkin's Square Park, and the Lower East Side. After she is forced to sell her prized doll collection, and after the cheap hotel managers no longer allow her to sleep it off for a while, Lisa quickly becomes a sick and lonely bag lady. She is given little bits of hope by the various characters she encounters on her way down. Characters like the sympathetic Vietnam vet who quickly turns into the obsessive and at times abusive boyfriend she falls in love with, or the Lower East Side artist who turns Lisa on to crack cocaine and squatting, and who can forget the paranoid lesbian couple who try to keep Lisa from reporting an accident they actually caused, while subtly attempting to get Lisa into their bed? These short moments are never enough to fully distract either Lisa or the viewer from the reality of her situation. It is a situation that is only getting worse. Her only true, long term hope is that her brother the musician will come home to New York and save her. It's a question of pride for Lisa, but she is either too proud or too stupid to tell him about her current plight. One thing is for sure, Lisa is too sensitive for the harsh realities of life on the New York streets.

What About Me was first released in 1993, and it features some suprisingly good acting by a handful of New York underground legends. Strong performances by Richard Hell, Gregory Corso, Nick Zedd, Rockets Redglare, and—maybe most impressive of all—Johnny Thunders, help to elevate this piece of work, but it's writer, director, and lead actress Rachel Amodeo that keeps *What About Me* from the obscure abyss where the works of lesser filmmakers reside. Amodeo, and her primary male lead Richard Edson (*Stranger Than Paradise, Do the Right Thing*) are mesmerizing in their portrayals of two down and out, lost souls on the streets of New York. For some ridiculous reason,*What About Me* languishes in the cult sections of a select few video stores, instead of playing the art house theater circuit, where it belongs. (Provisional Distribution)

Mike White's Underground Top Five

(Mike White is the editor of Cashiers Du Cinemart)

Wow, underground films, that's a tempestuous category. I'm not going to pretend that I'm entirely learned in this subject and start throwing out Kenneth Anger, Maya Deren, Chris Marker, Bruce Connor or Stan Brakowitz titles willy nilly. I'll stick with what I know (to an extent) and list five flicks that have made an impact on me since I've been aware of "underground films."

1. *Tribulation 99*—without a doubt the strongest use of found footage to create an alternate narrative—and one whose truth resounds.
2. *Troops*—it wasn't the first cross-genre parody, but it triggered a strong of follow-ups and wannabes. Some of them were even better than *Troops* (*Swing Blade*) while many, many others just sucked. I feel that Troops even helped kick off the desire/gumption to parody the *Blair Witch Project*—and that's an entire chapter of indie/underground tribute/parody films.
3. *The Robert Tilton Video*—so popular that I've seen no less than two separate cuts of this video. It involves televangelist Robert Tilton feeling "the power of the Lord" through flatulence that's been cleverly dubbed in.
4. *Fruit Cake*—Is it real or is it fake? Either way this video by Huck Botko is the best out of a string of mean-spirited revenge documentaries in which Botko taints food for someone he feels "done him wrong." A must-see for the squirm factor alone.
5. *Frog Baseball*—No matter how you slice it, Mike Judge's Beavis & Butthead characters have changed the face of television and pop culture. Starting with this crudely animated piece that toured around with animation festivals (most notedly Spike & Mike's), "Frog Baseball" was immsensely popular on this circuit and it's a wonder it managed to cross-over and stake a claim. Between this and *The Spirit of Chrismas* by Trey Parker and Matt Stone, animation and youth culture would never be the same.

Mike's Advice On Getting your Film Shown

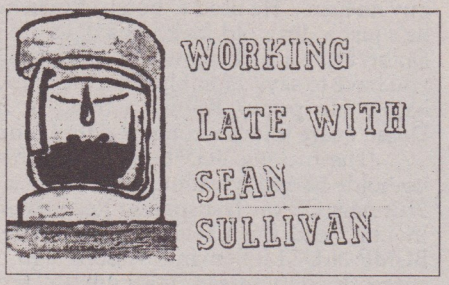
As for distribution, I'm clueless. As for getting your stuff seen, this may sound dumb but *make it available*. Don't be afraid to dub your work for folks who want it and to allow others to do the same. I've gotten many a good underground film to review, but the filmmaker has no clue/plan on getting copies out to other folks who want to see it.

That said, send your tapes to film festivals—there's more than enough to go around. Look for fests with nominal/no entry fees. If you get refused, keep trying. Even if your film sucks there's a slot out there at some film festival somewhere. Same goes for underground press—look up movie zines or zines that do movie reviews (a lot of punk zines do, I've found) and send your tape in. Package it attractively and send a picture or some "press material." Reporters dig that shit.

Exit • An Experimental Film Short By Paul Timer

Exit is an avant garde film shot in Baltimore, Atlantic City, Washington DC, and Elliot City, Maryland. That's a fairly well traveled shoot for such a short film. The Atlantc City scenes are key, as are the scenes shot at a train station, which gave me hope for a moment that *Exit* might be informed by the legendary avant garde film *Castro Street*. This was not to be however, and *Exit* soon turned out to be more on the abstract side of filmaking. The inclusion of a soundtrack featuring the filmmakers own noise band, MY AREA CODE IS 410, turns out to be key in helping to reveal what the message in *Exit* might actually be. That is that escapism in all its forms will never help one avoid the inevitable. Eventually we all die, and eventually the human race will be extinct. To take it even further, the planet is destined to die, and that will be the biggest exit of them all.
($10 ppd, Paul Timer Films, 5210 Windmill Lane, Columbia, MD 21044)

I also wanted to mention that Jon Moritsugo's great film *Fame Whore*, that crosses *Short Cuts* with John Waters, is now available on video. It is available from: Apathy Productions, PO Box 210535, San Francisco, CA 94121. Don't miss this film, folks, or else.



• VOTING •

The Anarchist argument against voting goes something like this: if you bother to show up and vote for anybody in a capitalist representational democracy you have narrowed your options for political involvement to voting for a Republican or a Democrat, Green or Reform. You are playing by the rules of a game you cannot possibly win.

No one is going to represent you, none of the candidates are going to do what they say they're going to do, so you might as well riot instead, and keep what little bit of personal dignity you may have left at the end of the working day. As the slogan goes, "voting for the lesser of two evils is still voting for an evil."

The anti-electoral theory is a bit shakier when faced with referendums, I must add, since some anti-electoral Anarchists will vote for referendums under the theory that it is close enough to participatory democracy to count as being OK. Others stay true to the principle and refuse to vote all together since with referendums you're playing the Man's game. You're still locked out of the decision-making process, because regardless of what you vote on in a referendum, if it is in the least bit controversial, the other side will certainly bring it to court and some judge will decide whether or not you voted the right way. Not you.

There's the logic, in a nutshell. Don't vote 'cause it only encourages them. Sensible theory, I suppose, but excuse my quasi-liberal tendencies and explain to me what it really accomplishes?

Taking the theory further, do we suppose that if enough people refuse to vote, the government will give up and say "geesh, sorry, looks like we're not really representing the people. What should we do instead?" No, of course not. Or do we think that if people become disenfranchised with voting they'll turn to more radical means of accomplishing their political goals? Does voter apathy lead to larger rebellions? I doubt it. Seems to me that when people are knocked down, they stay that way. Voter apathy is merely a symptom of general political apathy. Besides a small group of Anarchists and other leftoids, most of the people who don't vote in the United States aren't out fighting in the streets or organizing their communities. They're at home, watching TV and feeling left out.

What I propose is the idea of strategic voting. Voting not so much for a candidate, (since all candidates suck—I don't want any of the people in the upcoming presidential elections to be president) but against a system. I'm going to vote for Nader (not because I think he'd make a good president—I don't, and if I thought he had a chance at winning I wouldn't be voting for him) but with the hope that if the pathetic old man gets enough votes, the issues that are discussed on the evening news might change, just a little bit. Locally, I'm going to vote Matt Gonzales, a local far left public defender, for supervisor (by absentee ballot, see end of column), he doesn't have a chance in hell of winning, but if he gets five or ten percent of the vote that will force the newspaper to discuss him at least in passing, while if I just stay home, all that will be said is that not a lot of people turned out; guess they don't care.

Not voting is unproductive. All it does is allow you to feel

The anti-electoral theory is a bit shakier when faced with referendums, I must add, since some anti-electoral Anarchists will vote for referendums under the theory that it is close enough to participatory democracy to count as being OK. Others stay true to the principle and refuse to vote all together since with referendums you're playing the Man's game. You're still locked out of the decision-making process, because regardless of what you vote on in a referendum, if it is in the least bit controversial, the other side will certainly bring it to court and some judge will decide whether or not you voted the right way. Not you.

There's the logic, in a nutshell. Don't vote 'cause it only encourages them. Sensible theory, I suppose, but excuse my quasi-liberal tendencies and explain to me what it really accomplishes?

Taking the theory further, do we suppose that if enough people refuse to vote, the government will give up and say "geesh, sorry, looks like we're not really representing the people. What should we do instead?" No, of course not. Or do we think that if people become disenfranchised with voting they'll turn to more radical means of accomplishing their political goals? Does voter apathy lead to larger rebellions? I doubt it. Seems to me that when people are knocked down, they stay that way. Voter apathy is merely a symptom of general political apathy. Besides a small group of Anarchists and other leftoids, most people who don't vote in the United States aren't out fighting in the streets or organizing their communities. They're at home, watching TV and feeling left out.

What I propose is the idea of strategic voting. Voting not so much for a candidate, (since all candidates suck—I don't want any of the people in the upcoming presidential elections to be president) but against a system. I'm going to vote for Nader (not because I think he'd make a good president—I don't, and if I thought he had a chance at winning I wouldn't be voting for him) but with the hope that if the pathetic old man gets enough votes, the issues that are discussed on the evening news might change, just a little bit. Locally, I'm going to vote Matt Gonzales, a local far left public defender, for supervisor (by absentee ballot, see end of column), he doesn't have a chance in hell of winning, but if he gets five or ten percent of the vote that will force the newspaper to discuss him at least in passing, while if I just stay home, all that will be said is that not a lot of people turned out; guess they don't care.

Not voting is unproductive. All it does is allow you to feel good about yourself for not getting down in the mud with the morons, and in my neverending battle against feelgood politics I declare the argument hooey. I'm voting for Nader, you should vote for someone who doesn't have a chance too.

• The End Of The Line •

This is my last issue as a coordinator here at *MRR*. ("What? This guy's a coordinator? Who the fuck is he? What'd they do with Tim?") My lover is going to graduate school on the East Coast, I am done with San Francisco and it's dot-com millionaires and lack of alternative spaces, and I am sick of being the meanest person in the room. By the time you read this I'll be living in New York and you will be addressing your letters of angry protest and glowing admiration to Arwen and the new guy, Mike Thorn. Mike brings years of experience helping to run the Legion Of Doom and the legendary/infamous Columbus More Than Music fest. He also likes The Dicks a whole awful lot, so you'll like him, I'm sure.

Spending almost every day of the last 22 months working on *Maximum* has been the most challenging and rewarding thing I have ever done in my life. It has both inspired me, and deeply depressed me. I am amazed and envious of all the dedicated kids who put in countless hours on fanzines, record labels and show bookings for little or no thanks and am deeply frustrated with the amount of petty inter-personal politics that goes on in the punk scene.

Maximum has often been criticized for talking too much shit, for picking fights, and dictating the scene, but the fact of the matter is, if we didn't say that Lookout was selling out the kids or that Jeff Bale has become a bitter resentful old man with nothing worthwhile to say, then we would be negligent in our responsibility to ourselves and to our readers to say what we think, and to call people on their bullshit. I have no regrets about the silly battles we've started here, I just wish we didn't have to fight them, and quite honestly, I'm bored by the bickering at this point. Luckily for you, and unluckily for all those out to perpetrate bullshit against the scene, Arwen and Mike are chomping at the bit to call people sellouts and say things that no one else has the guts to say.

In the future I will continue to write a column, and do the occasional interview, but I plan on putting most of my energies into prison-related issues in New York. With more people in jail per capita in America than in almost any developed country, I think it is one of the most pressing issues of our time.

Thanks, it's been real, I now leave you with my top five things I will won'
t miss about being a coordinator at *Maximum Rock N Roll*.

I will not miss

1. Having people ask me if I read what blankity blank wrote about us in blah blah.
2. Phone calls from drunk punks in the middle of the night asking for Tim.
3. Punk ass labels calling up "just to see if you got our CD."
4. Friends coming up to me at shows and saying that what so and so said in *MRR* wasn't very nice.
5. Getting the magazine back from the printer to find they've fucked it all up.

I will miss

1. All the fucking amazing, insane people who work here and all the awesome free stuff they steal from their jobs.
2. Hearing just about every record that comes out every month.
3. The hookers and cocaine.
4. Making fun of Tom Hopkins for being so goddamn skinny, and crazy to boot.
5. The ego boosting effects of people writing how much they hate me/*MRR*.

• OK Listen Up •

1. I am now homeless, yet my loving parents are willing to accept my mail. Their address is: 548 Bolton Rd / Vernon, CT 06066, email: seanthomassullivan@hotmail.com
2. *Punk Planet* has got no business championing the "New Left" when they run columns by that reactionary jackass Larry Livermore.
3. I will miss burritos and the nice people at Mordam records. I will not miss yuppies taking over my corner cafe and waiting forty five minutes for a fucking bus. Most of all I will miss you. Really, I will.

This issue, as you may have noticed, is our first with a new, more uniform layout. The various section headers, master pages, and so forth created by shitworkers in *MRR*'s illustrious history were overlapping and eventually clashing, we decided, like clothes on culture-hungry teenagers or laws in the California state legislature. Our intent is to de-emphasize design, so that you can absorb contents and interview spreads more easily, and find your way around without a guide. The new section headers were lovingly drawn by Jeff Heerman, above and beyond his average (and substantial) shitwork quota. Mark Murrman designed the templates and tirelessly screwed around with them. Generously, patiently, Winni Wintermeyer prepared most of us for our transition to Quark and helped on the new designs. Tobia Jean helped implement the templates and fixed glitches. Serious thanks to all of these good people, and to the rest of the layout staff for not being dummies and for tolerating my attempts to "train" them.

We who publish monthly live weeks into the future. I know you'll be reading this in November, probably, but it's just late September as I write it. September has been a hell of a month here. Come to think of it, why call it a month? Publishing a monthly magazine is cyclical, also, and like the cycle of the moon and the menstrual cycle, there tend to be about three weeks of waxing and waning action and one of relative silence. One thing the cycle doesn't ever do is stop.

Sometimes, though, people jump on or off of it. I'm excited to start training our new coordinator, Mike Thorn. I'm not so excited that Sean is leaving. He has been working hard to the end to help prepare for this issue, as is his way. Sean, good luck—I'm going to miss you very much, more than I can fit in this box. Now get the hell out of here, already. *Contact: arwenc@mindspring.com.*

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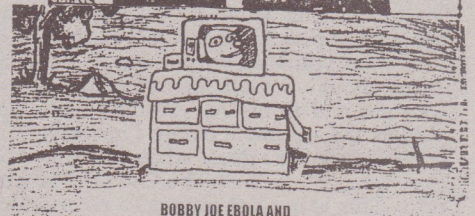

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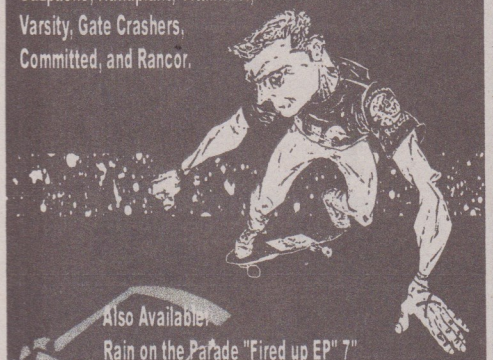

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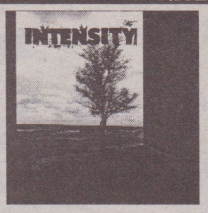

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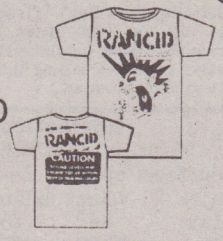

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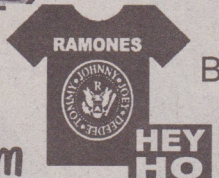

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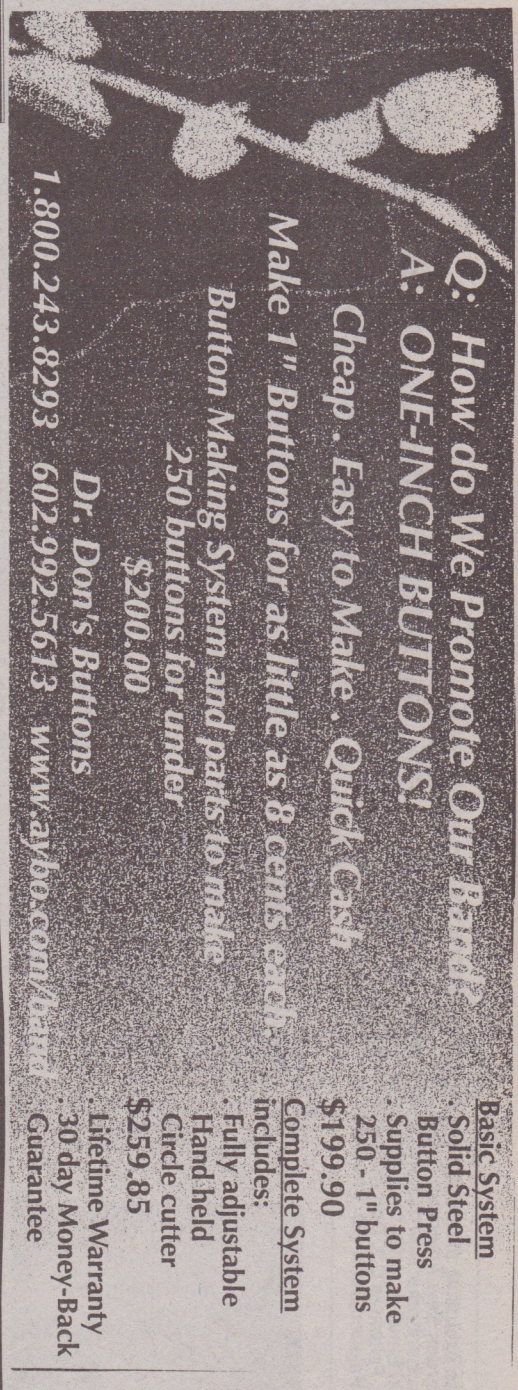

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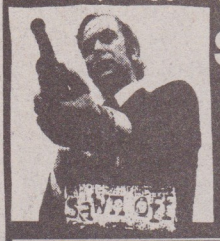

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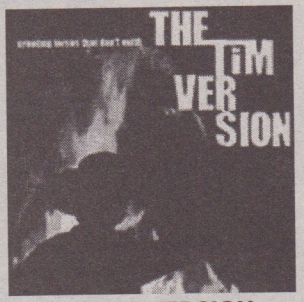

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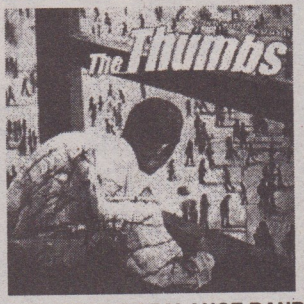

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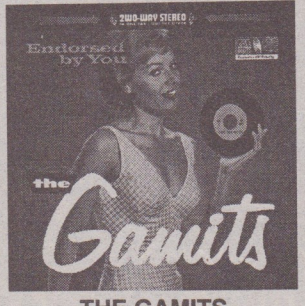

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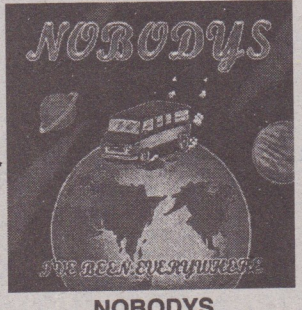

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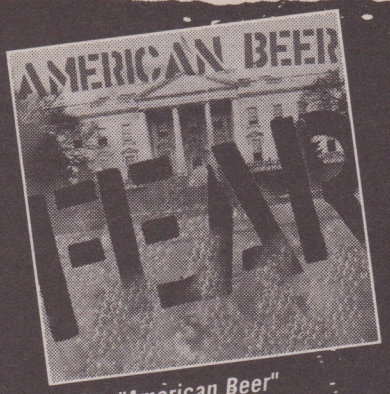

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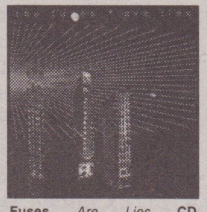

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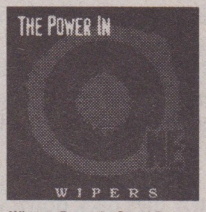

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SCENES

This is Cincinnati Punk Rock...but you may call it CPR for short YOU FUCK! Here comes 6,721 pieces of shit RIGHT AT YOU! So, Cincinnati Ohio is the city in question and I, Shawn Abnoxious have the answers. Before I begin I must say that my knowledge of Cincinnati and its scene is not absolute–especially concerning the local ska and crusty/grindcore/power violence (or whatever the kids are calling it these days) scenes or this whole new "emo" thing that's just gaining steam even as we speak. I'm bound to miss some things here and there, but to error is human so fucking deal with it, and remember, at least I did something! Actually, feel free to direct all misinformation and complaints to Mark Murrmann since this was his fucking idea. Since I talk about most of these bands every month or month and a half within the confines of The Neus Subjex (local zine I'm co-editor of that deals exclusively with the local "scene") and play in The Socials as a bassist, many of the areas bands, zines, stores and people are known to me in one form or another and what I don't know I can always make up. Yeah, I have included addresses and all that shit where I could, but I'm only fucking human so get the fuck off my back. Moments away from e-mailing this to MRR HQ I realize I didn't include any pictures. Oh well. Our city and everything about it is fucking ugly. We have a better chance attracting attention if you use yer imagination anyways. Here goes nothing...

Da' Bands

Here, in the '90s, punk in Cincinnati seems to come in waves and slowly dies back down with the cycle of good scene/bad scene playing itself out every two years or so. Many new bands, including those from the onslaught of the pop-punk movement, the 80s UK hardcore/ street punk **Tsunami**, punk '77 revivalist (or "Re-Punk" as I like to call it) and the "emo" movement now all call the CPR scene their own.

Let's chat about...**The Slobs** which are the band that epitomizes Cincinnati if ever there was one! They have been playing their own brand of self-styled drunk punk-rock (no, not that drunk-punk Oi,Oi, Oi crap, but punk rock played by while real drunk) since around 1991. They have a LP/CD, "Down The Tubes" and several 7"s available on their bassist label called Centsless Productions (5945 Monticello Ave. Cinti. OH. 45224). **SS-20** are a political hardcore band that was influenced by what Toxic Reasons and DOA was doing back in the 1800s. They began their career after a name/format change in 1984 from a surf band called AK-47. They have several 7"s out plus a great LP called "More Government Now!". SS-20 have played out more frequently than in previous years, so I suppose we haven't heard the last from these boys.

Saturday Supercade will have their debut CD out on Whitehouse Records by time you read this and will have went gone their first tour. They have been pretty successful with their pop-punk thing... Some will remember **Snotboy** 77 (or just plain ol' Snotboy to you newer fans) but after releasing two 7"s on VML, they broke up and amazingly enough, haven't reformed yet... If you like Stiff Little Fingers then you will love Cincinnati's equivalent: **The No Good Heroes**. I read about **Last In Line** in a local zine called *SlutWhoreBitch*, they seemed like a all-right bunch of kids that described themselves as "power slop with an edge"... **The Vladmirs** are a band that has been playing pretty frequent lately, but I have yet to sample their own brand of horror punk ala The Misfits. One day I suppose I will be able to alleviate my love for comic books and see them.

One thing Cincinnati is good for is great bands that can't quite get it together. **The Syphilitics** is one of those bands. They have been around for quite a while and have a couple of songs on compilations with the last one being a song on a 7" from Rotten House Records called "Contents Under Pressure" (PO Box 12705 Reading PA. 19612).write them:The Syphilitics: PO Box 5260 Cinti. OH. 45205.

When **Pincushion** aren't doing maintenance on their Dungeons and Dragons characters, this three piece can belt out some unbelievable pop-punk. Fueled by their love of The Cincinnati Bengals, (and D&D of course) they founded Gun In Mouth Records (2074 Townhill Drive Cinti. OH. 45238) and released a CD called "Maggot". Their latest release is a split 7" with **Spodie** where they do three songs. Pincushion and Spodie both shared the throne of Cincinnati Pop-punk kings up until recently when Spodie were killed speeding thru a tunnel in France somewhere with a rich Egyptian.

There has been no short supply of bands looking to take the title of premiere CP pop punk band from Pincushion, but I don't see it happening... Like we said above, Spodie are no more. They only recently decided to call it quits after a great 7" EP and split w/ Pincushion on Spodie vocalist, Dave label, Cult Of Teen Records (PO Box 54122 Cinti OH. 45254). Some in the city still speculate that Spodie will one day get back together, but Dave has already moved on so to say, by joining Ashland Kentucky's **The Connie Dungs**.

Some have been talking about **The Scrubs** a awful lot lately. Some lame-ass local zine started a vicious rumor about this band signing to Lookout Records and they actually got spit on and got accused of being sellouts by some street punks in a local mall in front of Starbucks. The Scrubs can best be described as a straight up pop-punk band that has just released a new CD called "Makin' A Mess" on their own label, Nice Guy Records (9648 Ash Court Cinti., OH. 45242). **Captain Destiny and The Motor Medics**; this band plays a healthy mix of self-described Celtic oi-punk with a reggae back beat that remind me of something you would have heard in the burgeoning UK post-punk era where many bands like New Model Army and Gang of Four were doing some pretty incredible off the wall shit. They have released two tapes that are no longer available, and recently released a full-length CD, "Destination 2049" on their own label, Rockalachian Records. Unfortunately, they have decided to take most of the 1999 summer off to regroup into a new line-up which will include a fiddle player. See, I told you...

Short Millie, which some would consider a band in transition since they started out as a ska-punk band on their first CD, but have matured into a more emo sounding one on their second released by Whitehouse Records called "An Attempt to Document". They may not be punk in most eyes, but **The Lil' Billy Catfish Trio** (AKA LBC3) are worth a mention here because I say so. This trio kick out some self-styled blues rockin tunes. At times it even brought to mind a lot of Estrus Records sounding stuff. . They are planning on releasing their debut CD (no title yet) on Eerie Records. **Goatscrew** are a newer punk band that's just beginning their journey thru the CPR channels. They have plans for material to be released soon.

Have you ever seen a group of individuals who are cursed with the ability to weaken structures and cause cracks in walls just by entering a room? No? Then you haven't met the incredible **Waco A Go Go** yet! They are a five piece raw rock and roll punk band with heavy rockabilly influences. Released material almost seems imminent from these fuckers.

Just as **The Danger Mice** were getting out there and making a name for themselves, they broke up after releasing their second EP, "The Pythagorean Theorem". They were a band that came into reverence during the great pop-punk explosion of the mid 90s. You can write them Rodent Records 7803 Shadowhill Way Cincinnati Ohio 45242 for their stuff.

While we're on the subject of broken up pop-punk bands ,let me also tell you of **The Dastardlys**. Their debut EP, "Not Again" on Formula 47 Records was recently released to compliment their debut cassette "Don't Hate Us Cause Were Beautiful". The Dastardlys recently decided to call it quits, but members are already showing up in new bands. You can write them at 1507 Reid Ave. Cinti OH 45224

The Sarcastix "...and god said let there be pop-punk inspired by early 80s UK punk, so it multiplied and was done". No released material yet from this band. You can catch this band live from time to time...**The Riff Randalls** play Devil Dogs sounding punk with a pop-punk touch that dresses up in ties, cut off shirts, sunglasses etc. They have been talking about releasing a 7" sometime also. This band has came under fire recently concerning one of their members and a certain act of possible violence towards another that never really was ever cleared up. Maybe now it will be...

The Socials are the band I'm in. We are a four piece punk band with female vocals and keyboards. We have played 51 shows, but due to member changes have not released vinyl yet. A six song cassette, "Pana-Phobic" was recently released featuring our new line-up and recorded on a hand-held panasonic tape recorder. Unfortunately, the lineup only lasted one show, and the search for a new drummer is underway write us: The Socials PO Box 18051 Fairfield, Ohio 45018. **The Geriatrix** started out as a three piece, but only recently solidified as a five piece! They're lewd, and rude, they're the Geriatrix! They have one split EP with an old local called **The Muzzies** (9V!) available on Formula 47 Records, and were recently featured with some other bands on a Dwarves tribute record. Rumor has it these guys are into pornography featuring old people. Sick!

Restraint (not to be confused with Bloomington Indiana's The Restraints) are the guys who taught all the young kids about 80s UK Oi/hardcore. They have inspired as many local bands to play such music as Spodie and Pincushion paved the way for the pop-punk ones. They have released two Cassettes; "Hail to the Beast" and a self-titled one so far. I really want to tell this band that they should cover The Circle Jerks classic "Making the Bombs", but I don't quite know how to tell them. Wait. I just did... I want to mention **Zyklon-B** cause they kicked up some local controversy with their name from the local Jewish punk community. They were seen as insensitive when approached about what Zyklon-B was and did. It even led to one of their shows getting smoke-bombed by a secretive hooded group! I suspected that they named themselves from the [SUB][HUM][ANS] song "Zyklon-B Movie", but that still doesn't smooth everything over. They broke up recently without releasing material. They were yet another 80s UK punk type band that liked to smoke reefer and put two Ois in front of their name on the computer so it looked like this "OiOiZyklon-BOiOi" cool huh?

Rip, Rock and Raunch is a local rockabilly/punk band. They had plans to release a CD, but it never got done. Some say the future of this band is in question but I'm not putting money on their demise just yet. One band that has been getting a lot of attention lately is **The Chemo-Kids**. They wear make-up, play bouncy 77 punk with nods to The NY Dolls and other glam punk, and get compared to The TKOs and The Stitches. They have two "7s out on Pelado Records with their first one already reportedly out of print. They told me not so long ago that after releasing their LP (sometime this winter) they are all going to quit punk rock and get jobs at Sears. **The Shams** are a new garage punk band just entering the scene. They may pick up where **The Long Gones** left off... Oh yeah, The Long Gones are broken-up by the way. After one EP and a LP on local label, Shake It! Records, they all decided to call it quits. A couple members went on to form **The Dixie Trash** which are hoping to get some material released on Black Lung Records in the future. **The Throwbacks** are a newer band that has just began playing shows around the area. **Koan**, a band who plays "screamo" music as its called, have released their debut CD on a local label called Halo Of Merchants. Their popularity is growing by leaps and bounds and along with several other local bands have shown Louisville that Cincinnati can contest in the emo genre too... In my personal opinion, **Archie and The Pukes** are one, if not the, best band in this fucking city but are also one of the laziest! Their debut EP (released in 1996) of raw Randoms (DangerHouse) meets Dickies meets the Lewd and sounding very much like The Insults that was released on Centsless Productions turned quite a few eyes, and since then the only thing this band has accomplished was replacing their bassist, Jeff The Amish. He was replaced by Andy who runs Centsless Productions and also doubles in The Slobs.

The Throbs are a three piece band that hasn't even been around for a year, but already has a CD called "Far From Perfect" available. They remind me of a more pop-punk sounding early Statics line-up, and last I heard they were working on another CD. (The Throbs 1196 Far Hills Dr. #3 park Hills, KY 41011.) Many will have heard of local legends, **Hellnation**. I don't get into this band very much, but those of you who do will be pleased to know that they have a new LP available. It was recorded by Andy Centsless who runs a home DIY studio in his basement besides being a banker and tutor. **Praparation-H** is another band I don't get into but I'm sure many do, so I will say a word about them. They have lots of material out there and tour around and such. I would like to mention a band called **Zaxxon** who played around for a bit and broke up. I liked them. Representing The Crass Federation (a secretive alliance of bands who continue similar CRASS doctrine) in Cincinnati is **Counterpoise**. So far they have used their political anarcho-punk rock sounds to release a few tapes, a 7" and a split 7" with A//Political.

The Pariahs play 60ish sounding garage punk but are already rumored to be breaking up due to jail or something. **The Greenhornes** play similar sounding stuff and have a organ player. They just released their first full-length CD and play out pretty frequently. Resurrected from the dead, **Bloody Discharge** is a all-women band that broke up for a couple of years and only recently got back into the mix of things. **Crestfallen** is a emo/punk band that use to call itself the PU Stinkers. Is it a natural transition for pop-punk bands to become emo? Is this happening everywhere or just in Cincinnati?.**Nerd Squared** are partly a Cincy band and also partly a Dayton Ohio one. I will mention them to be on the safe side. They play punk rock from the ashes that reminds me a lot of The Crucifucks. **Dropkickmejesus** is a pop-punk band from Northern Kentucky that seems to have a new band member every time you talk to them. They play out pretty often but haven't released any material (yet). Some more bands that I know even less about, but those I'm going to try and mention so they don't kick my ass, include: **Suburban Massacre, Force-Fed. Oxboard Drain** (hardcore), **TBOS, Doppelganger, UNX, The Prize, The Richards** (ska-punk), **11th Symphony** (sreamo), **Low L Relay** (emo), **Kit kat Club** (indy-pop?), **The Rebellious Band** (plain old punk rock), **Grimace,** and **PRU Unit** (more all girl punk?) really wish I could tell you more, but then again, maybe you don't deserve to know more, so all is forgotten eh? Now lets talk about..

Thee Venues

Lets start with **Bogarts** and get it out of the way. Bogarts is all ages, but also the local 1/2 rock star venue. They are also part of that ticketmaster racket. One step up from Sudsys, one step below coliseums. 2621 Vine St. Cinti. OH (513)281-8400. **Top Cats** is a 21+ bar. that has sporadically interesting shows. About the same size if not a lil bigger than Sudsys. 2820 Vine St. Cinti. OH. (513)281-2005. Finally, **Sudsy Malone's Rock and Roll Laundry** is a 18+ venue that comfortably holds about 100-200 people. Its a laundromat and a bar. It's where most touring punk bands end up playing. 2626 Vine St. Cinti. OH (513)751-9011, (513) 751-2300. **The Buzz Coffee Shop and CD-o-rama** is a all ages Coffee shop/ CD store that has shows every now and then. Better hope your band makes the cut cause they will know if you don't! 2900 Jefferson Ave. Cinti OH. 221-DISC. Just across the river, **The Southgate House** is a large all-ages venue converted from the mansion of the inventor of the Tommygun!. For some reason it doesn't have tons of shows... 24 E. 3rd St. Newport KY (606)431-2201. **Ripleys** is mainly a reggae type venue but does have punk shows from time to time. 2507 W. Clifton Cinti. OH (513)861-6800. There is always the occasional VFW show, group of kids renting out any

available space and/or several houses at any given moment that support basement shows and stuff but I'm not going to list those since they come and go with the seasons it seems.

Labels,Labels,Labels

I had already touched on this in the bands area so what you don't see here you can find back there maybe. **Centsless Productions** was formed with the first intention to release The Slobs own material but has branched off to support many other bands locally and regionally. Write Centsless Productions for a current list of available music at 5945 Monticello Ave. Cinti. OH. 45224. **Rockalachin Records** is the ever growing puppy created by William Williams III, or Bill-Bill as I like to call him. Recent plans include more material from Captain Destiny and The Motor Medics plus more local acts.... **Nice Guy Records** is an up and coming CPR label that has really surprised quite a few scenesters lately. Nice Guy Records 9648 Ash Court Cinti., OH. 45242... **Shake It Records** is the pioneer label for Cincinnati Punk Rock. In 1978 Shake It! Records released what many call the first punk band/record in Cincinnati, The Ed Davis Band "Keith Richards is Dead b/w Your An Asshole". Shake It! Records 4136 Florida Ave. Cincinnati OH. 45223. **Halo Of Merchants** (1145 Herschel Ave. Cinti. OH 45208) is run by a hard workin fella named Jimi Kirby. He seems to really like that emo thing and will be a unwavering voice for the Cincy emo movement in the years to come. Of course **Sound Pollution** is still around, but unfortunately I cannot include much information more than a simple its still alive and kicking. **Cult of Teen Records** has two releases. Both releases show consistency and quality. This label will be around for a while. Cult of Teen Records: PO box 54122 Cincinnati Ohio 45254. **Formula 47 Records** is a small label founded by members of a band called Skeene. So far they have released a Skeene/Little Billy Catfish (local blues group) EP, Geriatrix/Muzzies split EP, The Dastardlys debut EP and have taken to distributing Rodent Records material too.

Stores

Something that only recently began to improve.... **Moles Records** has Used LPs, CDs, and cassettes. 2622 Vine St. Cinti. OH. 45219 (513)861-6291 **Shake It! Records** is also a store which has new and used material. It's become a favorite of many locals in a short period of time. Lotsa punk records and other stuff too 4183 Hamilton Ave Cinti, OH. 45233 (513)591-0123. **Wizards Records** has a decent selection of new and used with some zines to boot 2612 Vine St. Cinti. OH 46219 (513)961-6196. **Buzz Coffee Shop and CD** store's got new and used CDs. **Everybody's Records** also has a decent selection from time to time along with some zines. Me? I don't go there anymore because they failed to take responsibility for 60 copies of The Neus Subjex being improperly disposed of. 6106 Montgomery Rd. Cinti. OH 45210 (513)531-4500. **Vinyl Assault** is Cincinnati's newest all-punk, all-day record store. Run by volunteers and growing everyday. Call them up, they answer the phone by saying "Hello...Vinyl Assault CPRs all-punk, all-day connection" 4933 Montgomery Ave. Cincinnati, OHIO 45212. 396-PUNK . **Circles Records and CDs** (451-9824) might be isolated in Cincinnati's west side, but Circles accesses punks from the surrounding area and continues to draw on the mainstream Cincinnati crowd bit by bit.

Websites

Cincinnati has a really strong web community. I would guess that there is about 75 local web sites. No way in hell I'm listing them all, but I'm providing a decent starting point. *Cincinnati Punk Rock Webring* is a webring that has close to 60 members (98% local/city sites!) and is always growing http://www.webring.org/cgi-bin/webring?ring=cincypunk;list... *So Far No Good* is also a E-Zine as well as a hard print zine. Lots of stuff to lookat: http://tinpan.fortunecity.com/blondie/195index.html. *The Neus Subjex* website is where you can find the latest info on the Cincinnati scene when its not kicked off a server for being commie loving curse-a-holics. Its everything from the Neus Subjex plus more like columns, extra news and reviews, http://neussubjex.cjb.net

Radio

88.3fm WAIF Local community run radio station with various shows with various taste. Current shows of interest are as follows: Alien Transmissions (10PM-midnight Mondays) plays punk/alternative... Kindrid Sanction (8PM-9PM Thursdays) local music and interviews...Rockn' and Surfn' (6PM-7PM Saturdays) for early 60s/Surf music...The Metal Connection (10PM-11PM Saturdays) for your favorite metal tunes with some punk involved at times.

Cincinnati Zine Maddness!!!

Same with bands, I probably forgot some so don't beat me up. In fact, I know there are more area zines which all have varied subject matter, but I have yet to actually read them. *Hope and Desperation* is no more. *No Police State* faded away... *Excitable Underwear* moved away and ended... Where did *Agitprop* go?... *Union Terminal* moved...*One word* is since nearly forgotten... *Ornery Boy* is smoking paote with native Americans... *Yer Mom!* died ...*Old Goat* mysteriously vanished... these zines are all that's left writing about this thing called a scene...

Well, let me shine the spotlight on my punkness and begin this section talking about *The Neus Subjex!* We have released 28 issues since being founded in 1996. We cover every aspect of the Cincinnati Punk Rock scene: bands, zines, venues, music, gossip, show reviews and more including zine and music (local and non-local) reviews all with a monthly/bimonthly time frame and a fuck off attitude. Send a stamp for the latest issues: The Neus Subjex PO Box 18051 Fairfield, OH.45018. *Damn Opposed* is a newer zine from across the river from Cincinnati in northern Kentucky. Damn Opposed has a personal slant along with the normal zine fare of reviews and more. Issue: $.75 PPD Damn Opposed c/o Josh Blair 9 w. Lakeside Park KY. 41017. *Semen Lice* is the oldest Cincy punk zine still around. They were thought once dead, resurfaced shortly and have since slank back into obscurity. Punk rock is what it is. Issues: send $1 PPD for good measure to Semen Lice 2611 Vine St.#E Cinti. OH 45219. *Exhibit 16* is a personal based zine with stories, reviews, and recently interviews too. Issues: 1$ PPD Ian 3885 Timberridge Dr. Okeanna OH. 45053. *So Far No Good* is done by local punk Katy Action. So Far No Good has recently focused more on the web version, be it E-Zine version, of SFNG but Katy still insists that her personal zine will be published again. Issues: $1 PPD to So Far No Good PO Box 9306 Cinti. OH 45209). *Sweet Amerika* is perhaps the newest zine in the city. It has some varied interest but heavy roots in good ol' punk rock. Reviews, writings... you get the point. 1$ ppd 2021 Shepherd Rd.Cincti. OH. 45223.

Fit Shaced is a newer politically minded zine of sorts. You can get in on this zine from the start by sending $1 to Phillip Schneeman PO Box 12206 Cincinnati Ohio. 45212. *Urban Arms* has reviews, personal writings, interviews and more each issue. Urban Arms is showing a strong consistent nature and is growing in popularity. Issues: 2$ PPD Urban Arms PO Box 19275 Cinti. OH. 45219... *Slutwhorebitch* is a zine that features punk rock from someone who goes by the name of Jess Stardust done from a feminist standpoint. This zine is becoming one of the areas more frequent zines. SWB PO Box 428602 Cinti, OH. 45242. *Point Blank* covers the Grindcore/hardcore scene with political slants at times. Interviews, reviews, articles and more. Issues: send $2 PPD to Point Blank c/o Doug PO Box 5206 Cinti. OH 45205. *Shakeface* had a great first couple of issues, but I have yet to see a follow up. Open to a lot of different punk genres. Issue: $1 Ppd for good measure to Shakeface 15 W. Mc Millian Ave. APT#2 Cinti. OH. 45219. *DooWrong* this zine has really become something with just two issues. With a varied coverage of indie/punk bands and such with interviews, reviews, and hilarious writings. Issues: $1 PPD from DooWrong 2194 Glenside Ave. Norwood, OH. 45212. *Gnap* already has several issues out and since they list the further promotion of the areas underground DIY scene in their parameters they get a OK by me Send them a SASE for their latest issue (Gnap PO Box 19812 Cincinnati Ohio 45219) *Body Count/Femuhnist* is two separate zines which have released nothing but split issues so far. They both deal in womyn or grrrl issues. They have become a staple zine in the CPR scene. *Wet Dreams* is also a newer CPR zine. It contains whatever the staff feel like talking about, which is sure to change with each issue. Copies are available for$1 ppd from Wet Dreams Zine 704 Avon Fields Cinti. Ohio 45229. Not dealing in "punk", but very punk/DIY in its own right, *Screed* recently resurfaced in the area as a one-page zine focusing on the editors radio show on WAIF 88.3 FM

Other Stuff

The O.I. Project is the brain fart of Craig, a Celina Ohio native who hopes to take Book Your Own Fucking Life one step further for Ohio and Indiana. Its a city to city listing linking Ohio and Indiana scenes into a stronger unit. Write Craig c/o WestSide Zine 310 Jill Ave. #109 Celina OH. 45822 for more info. I recently took some slack from certain area punks for listing Short Vine Street in past BYOFLs as a hang out because it seemed funny to them. All's fair in love and war, but these same certain punks (who will remain nameless) got in a lil' scuffle with about 30 jocks on the same street while hanging out at local bars and I didn't laugh one bit. Short Vine is a hang out spot for many punks and has been for years. Lots of mentioned businesses in this report are located mere miles from this street. Due to its close proximity to the University of Cincinnati and it having a big reputation with youths city-wide as a party place, it also has a very strong police presence and all the problems that brings along. Like it or not, this place is a focal point for the CPR scene. Northside is a Cincinnati community located just miles from Short Vine. Many think that this area will be a new focal point for CPR in the next several years. Its slowly getting everything Short Vine has except with less jocks and police but with more rednecks in their place.... The End !? Well, that's all my friends. You can contact me via The Neus Subjex PO Box 18051 Fairfield Ohio 45018 [e-mail AXS77@aol.com] if you want. One more thing, EAT SHIT AND DIE! See you the next time somethings worth writing about round here...I'M GONE!!!!!!!!

Believe it or not kiddies, Rapid City is back on the punk rock map. After a few years on hiatus, with very little local talent, we have returned to overcome. It's been a hard road, with many lessons learned, but we finally got it through our thick, South Dakota heads, "Hey let's actually put some effort into making a punk scene work." Lo and behold, Arise ye punk rock behemoth. So, without further adieu, meet Rapid City's finest:

The Bands

ANN SATURN is a group of three kids who have formed to add a twinge of Tool influenced punk rock into our scene. I, personally, think these kids are great, even if they do break a guitar string once in a while. They gave me no contact info at the local show we had recently, so feel free to contact Mullets for any questions you might have.

HELLBOY has burst onto the scene like a raging flood. With their mixed up instruments coming together in an organized, mixed up way. Everyone's new favorites, especially their cover of "Mr Roboto". Hellboy is available at Giovanni535@juno.com.

THE PIPECLEANERS are next with their girl influenced pop-punk. They'll get your heads bobbin', but they wanna see you dance. Grab 'em by the neck at: midwestpunksd@yahoo.com.

RED CHAMPION has the nerve to bring a rock 'n roll attitude into the scene. Brutal, cheezy guitar licks and posturing. It's what you're hungry for. Contact them at 442 E Idaho St Rapid City, SD 57701-7221 or e-mail at rodan666@hotmail.com.

Rapid City's favorite local sons, THE REDDMEN are as strong as ever. With their constant line-up changes, they still get the kids to feel great and dance, dance, dance. Yep, they're pop-punk, but they don't suck in that pop-punk kinda way. They just finished recording, and they should have something headed your way soon. Look for them on a mini-tour sometime soon. Their lead singer, and all around sexy man, will be on tour with Scared of Chaka all summer long, so be on the lookout for them also. Contact Mullets for more Reddmen info.

SLEIGHT OF HAND is amazing! they've been described as Slayer doing June of 44 covers. A heavy NoMeansNo influence with complicated parts. It's abso-fucking-lutely beautiful. They'll be on tour in March. Contact them at 609 St Cloud St. Rapid City, SD 57701 (605)341-2g71 or e-mail Patrick.Fleming@sdsmt.edu.

Rapid City's most hated come up with the acoustic stuff. STOP THE PRESSES is RC's longest running local band. they are described as anar-crusti-core. They are currently on the Romeg Record's ''Acoustic Revolution" comp and are soon to be on another comp from somewhere out of California. They've never toured, and probably never will, but you can contact them at rodan666@hotmail.com or 442 E Idaho St
Rapid City, SD 57701-7221 (605)394-9085.

And, last but not least is the ever loved, yet hated, RESIN. Powerviolence to make your ass bleed. They have a 7" and a split 7" coming out soon. They've been hiatus for a while, and who knows when they'll return, but you know you love 'em. Contact Jason Wade P.O.Box 5781 Rapid City, SD 57709 or call him at (605) 341-9262. Jason also does a majority of booking for Rapid City. Feel free to call him for that also.

We've also got our share of promoters... Jason Wade is always willing to do a show. Contact him at P.O. Box 5781 Rapid City, SD 57709 or call him at (605) 341-9262. Kevin Dorsman is also available. He's done many, many shows in Rapid City. Get a hold of him at (605) 341-8789 or e-mail him at dorsman@rapidnet.com. And, Rapid City's newest punk run venue, MULLETS, will be doing booking. e-mail them at camarocutl @yahoo.com.

When you're in town, and you're sick of listening to the backstreetboys on the radio, tune that dial to 91.3 fm. KTEQ is South Dakota's only free-format radio station. Based out of the South Dakota School of Mines campus, there's usually at least one punk show a day. If you're hear on a Friday, you're in luck...it's punk and metal from 9 until at least 6. They'll also be willing to do live interviews etc. Let whoever's booking you know that you'd like to get up there. With the bands listed above, you might think we're as tough as ever, but at this very moment there are other bands in the works. Keep your eye on our sleepy little city. We're a great in-between point for Denver and Minneapolis. So, if you're touring, stop on by.

Pipecleaners

Red Champion

MRR NEWS

No. 210
Nov. 2000
compiled by:
Mimi Nguyen

Washington State Republican Party Resolution Threatens Tribal Sovereignty

Editorial by Eric DeArment

The United States government is notorious for violating countless treaties signed with Native American tribes. People have said that if we're going to celebrate Christopher Columbus Day, we might as well celebrate Adolf Hitler Day as well, given Columbus' treatment of the people he encountered when he "discovered the New World." I remember one day in my seventh grade Spanish class, we had a guest speaker who was a Native American from Guatemala tell us about how the Guatemalan army once came into his village, forced several children into a gymnasium, and shot them all to death with machine guns.

I'm sure we'd like to think that the colonialism imposed on Native Americans for more than 500 years will not be advancing any further than it already has, but whether we'd like to think that or not, it is unfortunately untrue. Do you find this hard to believe? What if I told you that as far as the Olympic Peninsula of Washington is concerned, I don't feel I'm exaggerating when I say that approximately 3 out of every 10 people who were opposed to the Makah Tribe's renewal of its whaling traditions were only using it as an excuse to openly their racist hatred for Native Americans.

For example: late in the spring of this year, an English professor at the local community college who is of Klamath ancestry (the Klamath are native to S. Oregon and N. California and are not related to the Makah) walked to his office to find that somebody had written "WHALE KILLER" on the small whiteboard attached to the door. Most people interpret that kind of rhetoric as being detestable and threatening. Nevertheless, it is only rhetoric. However, it looks like some people in the Washington State Republican Party would like to make that rhetoric a reality.

A while back, at the Washington State Republican Party Convention, a Skagit County resident named John Fleming submitted a resolution calling for the termination of tribal governments deemed "non-Republican" in form. By "Republican," he meant governments that function as republic, much as the US government does. A republican government is seen as consisting of a body of elected officials and a voting public. Fleming lives on an Indian reservation, and although he is required to pay tribal taxes, he isn't allowed to vote in tribal elections or hold public office because he isn't a tribal member. This, many non-tribal members living on Indian reservations feel, is "taxation without representation." Because tribal members on the reservation do have the right to vote and hold office, this reservation is, in Fleming's mind, "non-Republican."

What Fleming and his cohorts seem to realize but not respect is that Native American tribes are sovereign nations, and he is a person not of that nation who is living on their land. If he doesn't like the laws of the reservation on which he lives, then despite the fact that he lacks the rights to vote or hold office, he still has the inalienable and God-given right to pack up his shit and move somewhere else. In addition, sovereignty can't be bought, sold, given or received - it can only be recognized.

To quote Washington State Sen. Harold Hochstatter (R): "The whole concept of tribal government has run its course. We ought to treat everybody the same. I'm not for hyphenated Americans." Well, excuse me Senator, but letting a group of people have their own countries and governments on land that is rightfully theirs doesn't constitute "special treatment." How do you think people in this country would feel if the Taliban somehow took over and said, "We feel that American women have special rights because they don't have to wear burqas like women in Afghanistan do, so we're going to force American women to wear burqas too."

Most disturbing of all is John Fleming's suggestion (not included in the resolution) that the National Guard, the Army, the Marines and even the Air Force be sent in to "battle back" if the tribes attempt to resist the termination of their governments. The Air Force? Is that supposed to be some kind of sick joke? Isn't this reminiscent of the 19th century US cavalry being sent in to forcibly remove Native Americans from their homelands to reservations?

The information used for this article was taken from two sources. One is an article published in The Sun (Bremerton, WA) on July 10, 2000 entitled "Republican Party: Many Surprised By Resolution to End Tribal Government." The other source is Washington State Senator Don Benton's half-assed and self-contradictory attempt to rationalize John Fleming's resolution. The latter can be seen on the Washington State Republican Party's Website at: http://www.wsrp.org/news/Chairman2.htm

Forced deportations continue, commercial airlines refuse to participate

After a four-year struggle for asylum in six European Union countries and a seven-month battle in the UK, Kurdish asylum seeker Amanj Gafor was removed to Germany by boat. Tired of the endless cycle of removal, confusion and inhumane treatment, the final decision to go was his. "I will not beg those who do not want me anymore, the solicitors, the governments. I know it is not people's wish, but I want to go back and fight," he said. The removal of Amanj by boat came after airlines refused to take part in his deportation, fearing for their public image after successful actions against British Airways and Lufthansa halted previous attempts to remove him by plane. Heis currently being held in a refugee camp in rural Germany pending removal back to Kurdistan, from which he fled in 1996.

On July 31, the government spent over £30,000 deporting Patience Sapani-Awnobi to Ghana on a private jet after commercial airlines refused to leave when she became too distressed. When commercial airlines refuse to take part in enforced deportations there are other options open to officials. These include military flights, group deportation flights and ultimately the drugging of asylum seekers.

National Coalition of Anti-Deportation Campaigns, 110 Hamstead Road, Birmingham, B20 2QS 0121 554 6947 www.ncadc.demon.co.uk/

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Protests flare across Australia against internment of asylum seekers and undocumented migrants

(AUSTRALIA - Monday, August 28, 2000) Water-cannons and tear gas have been used against prisoners in the refugee internment camp at Woomera in Western Australia in an attempt to put down protests that began early in the morning.

Reports indicate that a number of buildings in the internment camp were set alight and Federal Immigration Minister Philip Ruddock has claimed that stones were thrown at security staff. According to the Minister, "The fences have been breached, they have taken pickets from the fences and using them as weapons. They have been stoning the administration building."

Local service station operator David Kirby says the protest has been building for a couple of days. "They've been building a secondary fence to keep them all in, and they've been pulling that down every time the workers have been putting it up," he said.

On Saturday, August 26th, protests were held outside the Perth, Villawood (in Sydney) and Maribyrnong (in Melbourne) internment camps calling for the camps to be shut down and the internees to be released.

This follows a series of mass escapes from three remote internment camps (Woomera, Port Hedland and Curtin) in mid-June this year when over 700 internees escaped to make their way to town centres to stage protests in order to break out of their political and geographic isolation.

Prisoners in Woomera–as in the other refugee internment camps–have been incarcerated without charge, without trial, without any ability to access the courts to review the length or merit of their incarceration. Most of those held at Woomera have been there for over seven months, most of whom face the prospect of being forcibly returned to Iran, Afghanistan and Iraq.

This is Australia's system of "mandatory and non-reviewable detention," where anyone who arrives by boat without papers seeking asylum is automatically imprisoned. Since January, and after increasing restrictions on who may eventually qualify for a visa, the small proportion of those who are granted visas can only, at best, look forward to a 3-year "temporary protection visa," with limited access to welfare and health care.

Australia's is the only western government that practices a system of automatic and non-reviewable incarceration. It also receives and grants fewer applications for asylum, both on and offshore, than any other western country.

(Press release from X Border, www.antimedia.net/xborder/)

FBI finds scientist Albert Einstein to be "dangerous" alien!

The FBI has been forced to release hundreds of documents on Albert Einstein under the Freedom of Information Act. These can be found as PDF files at http://foia.fbi.gov/einstein.htm. The opening document includes a letter arguing that Einstein should be excluded from the USA because of his affiliation with the War Resisters League which the document describes as "anarcho-communist." It further argues that Einstein's own beliefs are anarchist although the writers seem more then a little confused in writing that, "Not even Stalin himself is affiliated with so many anarcho-communist international groups...as ALBERT EINSTEIN."

Abortion Provider Harassed After Winning National Supreme Court Case

Although abortion provider, Dr. LeRoy Carhart, has just won one of the most significant abortion rights cases to ever go before the U.S. Supreme Court, anti-choice advocates are still determined to obstruct his medical practice. Once again, they're going about it underhandedly.

Several anti-choice foes, including Nebraska state Senator Paul Hartnett, have purchased the building in Bellevue, Nebraska that houses Carhart's reproductive health clinic, as well as the surrounding property, with the intention of evicting him.

"I think we're going to beat Carhart anyway," Hartnett was quoted as saying in a July World-Herald news story, shortly after the Supreme Court struck down Nebraska's so-called "partial-birth abortion" ban. With the support of CRLP litigators, Carhart had challenged the Nebraska statute after realizing that it banned virtually all abortion procedures and prevented him from providing the best possible care for his patients.

Unable to infringe on Carhart's constitutional rights, anti-choice advocates are now trying to force him out of business through another common back door approach: terminating his clinic lease. Throughout the U.S., abortion opponents have managed to close down clinics, sometimes by pressuring or threatening landlords or by making such a nuisance of themselves that the owners claim they must terminate a clinic's lease for the sake of other nearby businesses.

For instance, the WomenCare Center in Melbourne, Florida learned in June that its lease would not be renewed. While the owners would not discuss the matter, other tenants and a property manager indicated that the incessant, harassing ploys of anti-choice protestors were keeping shoppers away.

But there's a new twist to Carhart's situation. Vicki Saporta, executive director of the National Abortion Federation, says, "We have never seen a case like this one, where a group has purchased a property just to evict a clinic. And the fact that a state senator put together this group, to do what he couldn't do as a legislator, is particularly reprehensible."

The three-buyer partnership (Bert Murphy L.L.C.) also includes Bellevue real estate developer, Bill Rotert, and Ken Wessling, the owner of an autobody shop adjacent to Carhart's clinic. All three are avowed abortion opponents. In fact, Wessling has allowed anti-choice demonstrators to stage protests from the prime vantage of his adjacent property.

Last spring the three men pooled their assets and paid $325,000 for the clinic property, the surrounding parking lots and another adjacent property. Under the terms of the current lease, they figured they could terminate Carhart's clinic lease in six months, and take over the parking lot even sooner. But Carhart quickly sought and obtained a temporary injunction from Sarpy County Judge Larry Fugit. Carhart argues that he should have been granted a "right of first refusal" by the original owner, who sold the property for $31,000 less than its assessed value. As a result, Carhart is suing the original owner and Bert Murphy L.L.C.

Carhart's lawsuit reads: "Bert Murphy L.L.C. intends to interfere ... for reasons not motivated by their interest neither in the subject real estate, nor as property owners or prospective property owners. They intend to harass, impede and interfere with (Carhart's) medical practice."

The mayor of Bellevue has also jumped into the fray. Showing utter disregard for Carhart's right to operate a legal business and ignoring the critical need for abortion providers in Nebraska, Mayor Jerry Ryan has reportedly said that getting Carhart to leave town "would be one of my greatest accomplishments."

Whereas Mayor Ryan sees nothing wrong with flouting his responsibility to certain of his constituents, Sioux Falls Mayor Gary Hanson chose to handle a similar situation evenhandedly. This year, when a Planned Parenthood clinic relocated in that South Dakota town, Hanson immediately received calls from anti-choice advocates protesting the location. But Hanson refused to allow city government interference, saying, "You can't tell them, 'You can't have this property.' That wouldn't be proper for us, whether we like or dislike the business."

Carhart has weathered years of clinic protests, an arson attack and, most recently, a protracted legal battle that ended in a Supreme Court victory. After all that, Carhart has no intentions of turning his back on the women of his state.

"I will fight this to the end," says 58-year-old Carhart. "This clinic serves both my abortion practice and my family practice, and we have no intention of giving up this building to the detriment of any of my patients."

(Ann Farmer, Center for Reproductive Law and Policy, September 2000 Newsletter, http://www.crlp.org)

Post-Carhart: Abortion Bans Struck Down Across U.S.

In light of the U.S. Supreme Court decision in Stenberg v. Carhart declaring Nebraska's "partial-birth abortion" ban unconstitutional, the following states' laws have been struck down: Alaska, Florida, Louisiana, Virginia and West Virginia. The lower courts based their rulings on the Supreme Court's decision, which held that the Nebraska law imposed an undue burden on a woman's right to an abortion and failed to contain the necessary exception for a woman's health. Other states with similar laws are expected to follow suit.

On June 29, 2000, the State of Alaska dismissed its appeal to the Alaska Supreme Court following the Carhart decision. The law had been blocked since March 1998 by Alaska Superior Court.

Florida's second "partial-birth abortion" ban was signed into law on May 25, 2000 but blocked by a temporary restraining order on June 2. Both sides agreed to delay further action on the case until the Supreme Court's ruling on the Nebraska ban. On July 6, 2000, the State agreed to entry of a permanent injunction.

On August 17, a three-judge panel of the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Fifth Circuit declared Louisiana's "partial-birth abortion" ban unconstitutional and, in doing so, denied the State of Louisiana's request to have the statute interpreted by the Supreme Court of Louisiana. This decision affirmed the March 4, 1999 decision of U.S. District Court Judge G. Thomas Porteous, Jr., which permanently enjoined the Louisiana statute. Plaintiffs in Causeway v. Foster (No. 99-30324) include Causeway Medical Suite; Bossier City Medical Center; Hope Medical Group for Women; Delta Women's Clinic; Women's Health Clinic; James De Gueurce, M.D.; and A. James Whitmore, III, M.D.

On August 9, 2000, a three-judge panel of the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Fourth Circuit affirmed a district court judgement ruling unconstitutional Virginia's 1998 statute banning so-called "partial-birth abortion." The opinion follows the Fourth Circuit's decision on July 28, 2000 to dissolve a stay of the permanent injunction against enforcement of the law, pending the outcome of the Commonwealth appeal. In doing so, the Fourth Circuit affirmed U.S. District Court Judge Robert Payne's July 1999 ruling that the Virginia statute imposed an undue burden on women seeking abortions before viability.

Ann Farmer, Center for Reproductive Law and Policy, September 2000 Newsletter, http://www.crlp.org

CALLS TO ACTION/EVENTS

Encuentro for Popular Education/Days of Action
October 13-15, 2000 (EPE13); Austin, Texas.
EPE13 will provide a space for people to engage in a critical dialogue in the hopes of building new relationships, sharing experiences, resources, and developing collective strategies for creative activism against privatization and for autonomy.

We will converge to assess the current situation of economic restructuring that is transforming schools into corporations and ignoring dissenting voices, restructuring that fundamentally alters the relationship between education, social and economic justice, and communities. We will gather to discuss culture and difference, to join student forces with labor and activists working to further our common goals of liberty, justice and democracy, building the ties between schools and the community to combat the ties that so many schools are creating with multinational corporations.

We will gather to share our experiences, strategies and victories through our work in local communities and national networks, finding ways to continue to communicate and organize our networks of resistance. We will gather to participate in protests organized against the Fortune 500 Annual Forum, to march in solidarity with the Immigrants Rights March, and with the Campaign to End the Death Penalty's Millennium March on the Mansion (MCubed) in the death penalty capitol of the world. This gathering October will coincide with mobilizations in over twenty countries occurring during the same week, providing an opportunity for solidarity not yet seen in this very eventful year.

EPE13 has many interconnected origins: the numerous Zapatista Encuentros against Neoliberalism and for Humanity that have taken place since 1994; the International Student Encuentro convened by students at the National Autonomous University (UNAM) in Mexico in last April; recent activism at the high school level to gain direct their curricullum; recent mobilizations in Seattle, D.C., Philly and L.A.; the recent national meeting of United Students Against Sweatshops and 180 Movement for Democracy and Education (180 MDE) in Eugene, Oregon; the growth of Independent Media Centers (IMC) worldwide that have inspired us through their commitment to community access to information.

Please submit your specific proposals for workshops and discussion tables to Alan Gomez at a.eladio@mail.utexas.edu. These will be listed on the EPE13 website ccwf.cc.utexas.edu/~munjak/encuentro.html as they become available. The final schedule will be available before the Encuentro through email only.

All meals posted will be provided, from one to two meals Friday–Sunday, but please bring your own plate, cup and utensils. There is some housing and campgrounds available. Public transportation in Austin is good and we will be centrally located for all activities. For any other logistical question contact: Andre Lancaster 512-419-0160 and andrezra@yahoo.com.

For all other questions contact Esperanza Garza at 210-432-7924 and zapatista999@yahoo.com.

Summit of the Americas
20-22 April 2001, Quebec City, Canada
Quebec City has the dubious honor of hosting the Summit of the Americas, which brings together the 34 heads of state of North, South and Central America, as well as the Caribbean (except Cuba). Besides the usual scare-mongering about security and terrorism, and empty rhetoric about democracy and human rights, the stated purpose of the Summit will be to put the final touches on the Free Trade Area of the Americas (FTAA) agreement. The Summit of the Americas meeting will be largest police and security operation in Canadian history.

The FTAA extends the NAFTA (North American Free Trade Agreement) to the entire hemisphere, and is to be implemented by no later than 2005. The FTAA is also an extension of the reach of capitalist globalization, aiming to submit health care, education, as well as environmental and labor standards to the so-called logic of the free-market. Negotiated behind closed doors, and imposed unilaterally, the FTAA process is yet another example of the kind of economic violence that aims to suppress the gains of popular struggles of the past, and reinforce the power of cash and cops over our lives.

The demonstrations against the WTO in Seattle announced to the world the existence of an anti-capitalist resistance movement in Canada and the United States. The same spirit prevailed last April in Washington during the IMF and World Bank meetings, and in Windsor last June during the general assembly of the Organization of American States (which initiated the FTAA process). On each occasion, thousands took to the streets to refuse the free market fundamentalism of governments and business.

Next April in Quebec City, the Anti-Capitalist Convergence (La Convergence des luttes anti-capitalistes, or CLAC, in French) will participate in a large-scale grassroots mobilization against the FTAA. The CLAC, which is based in Montreal, is organizing a Carnival Against Capitalism (which will include teach-ins, conferences, workshops, concerts, cabarets, street theatre, direct actions, protests and more) as well as helping to convene a North American conference in conjunction with Peoples' Global Action against "Free" Trade (PGA). We are hoping to facilitate a convergence in Quebec City of a vast array of people who aim to create a world free of oppression.

The CLAC believes it is possible to radically and creatively oppose imperialism and the capitalist system while at the same time maintaining the spirit of openness that is necessary to develop a diverse and pluralistic resistance movement. The mobilization against the Summit of the Americas is being organized within the framework of a long-term struggle, in the North and South, against capitalist globalization. For its part, the CLAC is committed to participating in the globalization of genuine solidarity between peoples, with the goal of collectively resisting the same root causes of exploitation.

No matter where you live, there are several ways to get involved with the CLAC as we struggle against the FTAA and mobilize against the Summit of the Americas. If you want more information about the CLAC, the FTAA or the Summit of the Americas, get in touch. We can provide you with detailed information. As well, don't hesitate to pass on information about your local struggles, and your perspectives on the FTAA.

If you want to organize an information session on the FTAA or the CLAC, send us your requests. We can help prepare workshops, discussions and debates. However you want to be involved, you can contact the CLAC by e-mail (clac@tao.ca), by phone (514-526-8946 - temporary number) or by post (La CLAC, 2035 St-Laurent Boulevard, 2nd floor, Montreal (Quebec) CANADA, H2X 2T3).

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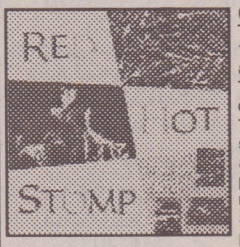
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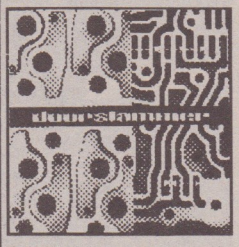

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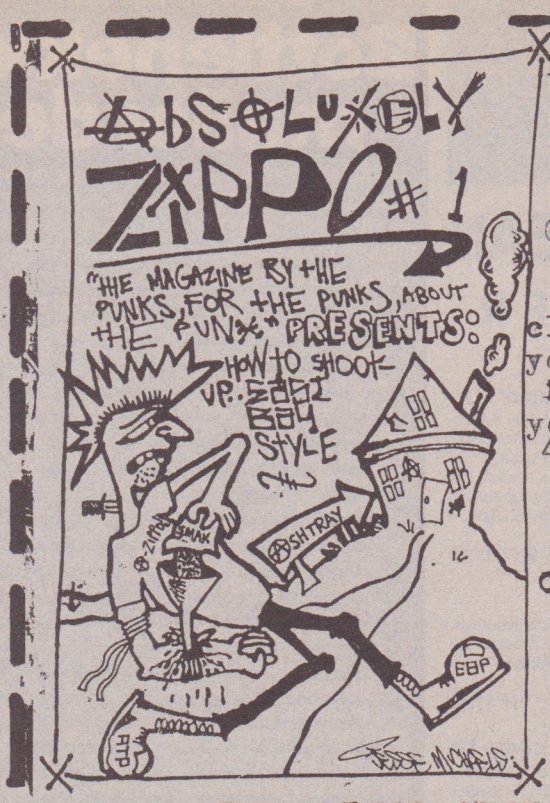

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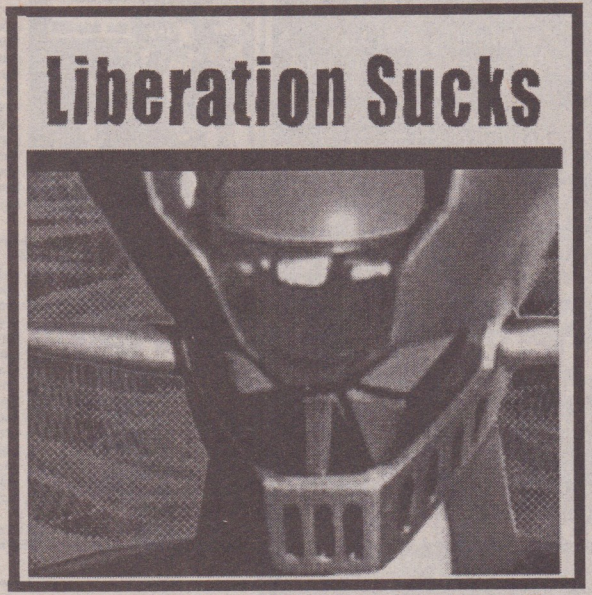

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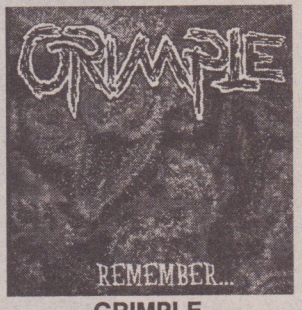

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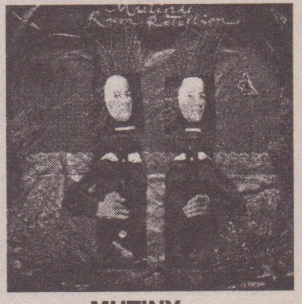

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This interview took place in Memphis, Tennessee, in the parking lot of the Last Place on Earth, in the Pezz tour van after the band's 10th Anniversary show. If you haven't seen Pezz, it would be a fair question to ask "what cave have you been living in?" They have toured a lot in the last three years with everyone from At the Drive-In to Wesley Willis; Hot Water Music to the Bouncing Souls and 7 Seconds. Hell, songs off their last record, Warmth and Sincerity, have even turned up on ESPN's Tony Hawk show much to the surprise of Pezz, who swear they have no idea how it happened. Currently, Pezz has taken a break from writing songs for its next album to tour the US with the UK's legendary Leatherface. Interview by Richard and Ginger.

Pezz is: Marvin Stockwell: guitar, vocals; Ceylon Mooney: guitar, vocals; Christian Walker: bass, backing vocals; Chad Martin: drums.

MRR: Why do you have only three seats in this van when there are four members?

Ceylon: Sometimes we have five members.

Marv: If you're in the van, you're in the band, you know.

MRR (Ginger): Is that a loft back there?

Ceylon: Yeah, there's a back area. It's great; it's just got a bunch of medical texts books on it right now. Physicians Desk Reference and whatnot.

Chad: We're doctors.

MRR (Richard): What are you keeping those for?

Ceylon: Me and some people sent several hundred pounds of medicine to be delivered to Iraq. And those are the leftover textbooks. Textbooks take so much fucking weight, the Dominican sisters we were sending them to didn't need any more. In fact, they split some of the medical supplies up and gave them to another delegation that was gonna be going over there. I still got all these textbooks. I gotta find someone who could take them over there.

MRR (Ginger): Gross!

Christian: Cey's eating garlic.

Chad: Did you eat that? Good lord.

MRR (Richard): What's up with eating raw garlic?

Christian: It's good for you.

MRR (Richard): Yeah, but they make it in nicer forms that are small.

Chad: It's for maximum offensiveness.

Christian: Yeah, but Ceylon is all about being uncomfortable and doing things that are gross and painful.

Chad: He would eat rocks and glass if there were something beneficial to it.

MRR (Ginger): So it's kinda like Fight Club? You've gotta shock the crap out of yourself just to wake up?

Chad: exactly.

Christian: Cey's in training.

(talk turns to the Memphis scene)

Ceylon: This town has always been crusty since 1992. You know, it's always been crusty. And the funny thing is, some of those bands were really good and had good songs and good things to say, but it also means that you start to pull in some just generic awful...just as bad as hearing a generic ska band is hearing a generic (crusty) band say the exact same formula.

MRR (Ginger): It's like when anything gets really big in a certain area or city and everybody latches onto it like Chicago and the whole emo scene or whatever.

Ceylon: We've (Memphis) had less of the recycled shit than most places because for a long time none of the popular bands...the big bands, especially the California ones came through Memphis, so you didn't have this town following the same trends as everywhere else. Same case as with the small towns.

MRR (Ginger): Memphis has what, a million people?

Ceylon: If you count the whole metro area.

MRR (Ginger): It's real expansive with all the suburbs

Christian: Yeah, it's real divided, you know

Ceylon: The people who run this city are all into annexation, so people keep moving out and the city keeps annexing to get that tax revenue. It's funny. But it's weird because this area of downtown here just started being built up recently. They got the ballpark down there and that bring a lot of people and it brings a lot of money back into the city. You go into other cities this size. Like Minneapolis is the size of Memphis—population too. You go there, you go downtown and there are places to go, there's people out. Shit you go to downtown Chapel Hill, NC and the place is just packed with young people walking around, doing this, doing that. You go to our downtown and it's completely empty. But that's changing.

MRR (Richard): It seems weird, 'cause Memphis has multiple colleges. You'd think it'd be more like a college town.

Ceylon: But they're commuter schools. There's not enough people coming from out of state for it to have like a college town atmosphere.

Christian: Fuck college

MRR (Richard): What's wrong with college?

Christian: I couldn't go. I was actually on my way to orientation for college and I couldn't do it, I said "Fuck that." (Laughter) I was on my way and I just thought "I really don't want to do this." But ever since I got out of high school I've been busy playing music and doing everything I want to do.

Chad: Enrolled full-time in the school of life.

Christian: Yeah.

MRR (Richard): What other bands have you been in?

Christian: I was in a band called Greaseland for seven years and it was more like thrash / hardcore stuff.

MRR (Ginger): This is your 10th anniversary show tonight. It's kinda like once you get involved in the punk scene, you're supposed to immerse yourself completely and then the idea that once you hit 30, it's almost like (snaps her fingers) okay

you're out. It's an unspoken rule. Do you know what I mean?

Marv: Someone forgot to tell everyone in Fugazi then. I'm 30 and sure, punk is certainly a youth movement. By today's standards I got into punk a little late. My first show was Suicidal Tendencies in '87 at the old Antenna club. A lot of people really freak out when they turn 30 (or even earlier). Popular culture like TV shows and ads subtly suggest that the only times in our lives when we are truly free is when we are young and once we retire. Like all that time in the middle we just have to tough it out—grin and bear it. I reject that notion. Societal expectations of someone in his 30s is different for sure. Some of that isn't even necessarily bad and some of it is by design, but the whole notion that you suddenly have to stop following your heart, accept some mundane existence and go work for the XYZ corporation is crap. But hey, I love being 30. With all the lessons I'd have to relearn I wouldn't want to do my 20s again. Some of those lessons, necessary as they were, were no fun, believe me.

Chad: I think a lot of it has to do with your willingness to put up with, uh, stupid shit. I'm almost 30 . . . I'll be 29 this year, and I've been into punk since like the mid '80s and I've seen a lot of changes. A lot of it's good and some of it's bad, and the more I'm in the music business, the more I realize how fucked up it is and how stupid it is, how you've gotta suck the right person's cock to get anywhere. It doesn't really have anything to do with your talent much. If that were the case, there'd be a lot of people a lot more well known than they are. I noticed a lot of people here today, and I think maybe they were the Trusty guys, that were like older guys with girlfriends or wives that just kinda stood in the back and drank their beer and enjoyed the music and they were there to see the band. Which is cool. I'm finding myself more that person, like standing in the back and there for the music, you know check out the band and then go home. There's no fucking going crazy in the pit and stagediving and you know. There's none of that anymore and I think you just kind of calm down a bit and it's a little more tame. And like Marv is...an old guy. But he's been in it forever and he'll be in it forever because he's so fucking into the music and so into the scene in general. I think that it's something that's always alive inside you. I guess as you get older, you focus more on career, marriage and house and your dog. When your younger you have a lot less responsibility. You don't have to be at work at seven in the morning. You don't have to worry about where you're gonna live or that kinda shit. There's always exceptions to the rule...you know, Dick from the Subhumans is—what is he 89 now or something?—114 years old and he still lives like I'm sure he did when he was 20. He still fucking stinks. He's the smelliest guy you'll ever meet. He still doesn't shower, still doesn't change his clothes. Still lives like he's a teenager in the punk rock scene and loving it. And that's his choice.

Christian: In a way...it can keep you young.

Chad: Definitely.

Christian: If I didn't know Marv, I'd never think he was 30. I'm only 22 and it just seems like...we seem the same. I think the music and the energy of it can keep you young.

Ceylon: The lifestyle definitely breaks down a lot of barriers that, outside of this community, are fucking adhered to strictly. I mean even taking it back to high school and junior high. All the guys you skated with in 8th grade, well, you didn't have anything to do with the people a year older or a year younger, and you didn't cross those lines. And here, one of the most obvious things to me when I first got into it is the shattering of those boundaries which are pretty ridiculous. There's plenty of people who are 14 who are grown up and thoughtful and mature and there's plenty of people who are 34 who just have shit for brains and have nothing going on in their lives and never will. They can't think for themselves or whatever. But there's something that everybody is seeking out regardless of their age and it certainly has something to do with youth energy.

MRR (Ginger):Well do you think there comes a point where you just realize like there are some things that you think when you're youthful that seem idealistic—take for instance, you get older and you start worrying about things like health care, if you're going to have some place to live, if you're going to have something to eat. I heard Jeff Ott say once in an interview that if he made minimum wage for all the hours he put into music, he'd be living the good life. So when you're idealistic and you're young and you're going to see bands, you don't think about these things. And that's great, but you know...

Chad: Well that's something that stuck with me I know, personally. I have a 15-month-old daughter back home and that's a real grounding experience, because I can't travel as much as I'd like to. I love spending time with my daughter. She's the best things that ever happened to me as far as I'm concerned. But I still love music more than anything and I still love traveling, playing music, meeting new people, playing places I've never been. I mean, this last tour with Pezz brought me to 49 out of 50 states that I've been to. And I don't know anybody back home that has traveled as much as I have or who've seen as many places. A lot of people don't really put any worth to that but, as far as I'm concerned, that's more living and more education than a lot of people I know that have spent however many years in

college studying and that have $200,000 a year jobs have. And here I am living in a van, a lot happier than they are, not knowing maybe where I'm going to eat or where I'm gonna live when I get home because I had to sell all my shit and sublease my apartment, but I wouldn't have it any other way. And that's what I've been doing for so long. It seems ridiculous to hang it up at this point cause it's what I've always done.

Ceylon: The travel, the sense of community you gain by going to places over and over again. You start getting to know people. You start seeing familiar faces. You are at all times living outside of your own cocoon. You never know what circumstances are gonna do to you. Everything from a flat tire to somebody trying to rip you off. Things going wrong and things going right unexpectedly. There is a certain amount of control over your own life you surrender and you have to learn to cope with everything that could be thrown your way. You don't learn to deal with life as it's forced upon you or as you sit swimming in it, by listening to someone talk in a classroom, who got their knowledge by listening to someone talk in a classroom.

Chad: You learn it by getting thrown out on your ass when you least expect it and having to deal with it. Somebody that's got all that education and money and everything, if the same situation were to come across for them, they'd be dead in the water.

MRR (Ginger): I think that's part of the problem with the education system. It's like they give you this information and they want you to regurgitate it and tell them back exactly what they just told you, and that means...you've learned. That's the entire experience in high school. College is perhaps a little bit better. You have a little bit more specialization in what you want to learn. You get exposed to new people, but, all the same, it's a regurgitation of information. It's still not teaching you how to learn or teaching you what life is. When you're growing up, you go to high school to learn how to add five and five, but they never tell you how to be happy.

Christian: They want you to sit down, shut up, look nice and move when the bell

PEZZ

rings. That's it.

Marv: I've got a college degree in journalism. And yeah, I had some great experiences. I had some interesting classes, sure, but what stands out most to me are the people I met and the things that I did. I won't say a college degree is without value, but society way oversells it. It's like the cure all. In terms of becoming a doctor, lawyer or engineer, you're gonna need to go to school, but anything in the liberal arts, go because you want to learn, because you really start learning any job once you start it. Having the college degree is at best a foot in the door in some instances, but you still have to learn how to produce. Someone looking to hire you would much rather see that you've been out in the world actually doing something that relates to the job they're hiring for. One of the coolest lyrics in punk rock that I think speaks to exactly what we're talking about comes from my buddies in Assfactor 4. There's a line out of one of their songs that says, "this piece of paper won't burn. It's not what you know, it's how much you can earn."

Ceylon: You're not gonna learn how to adapt to circumstances because the circumstances don't change day in day out. To me that's completely inhuman and the funny thing is the people who are ambitious and can stand to learn something as they grow up and have these experiences, well that learning is going to be stifled by something so controlled as institutional education. I mean, if you're the type of person who can stand to learn from experience, there is no value in the lack of change in that environment, there's no value there at all. And it's very disheartening to a degree. You're not given any relevance to what you're learning. Yeah, you can learn to add five and five.

Chad: Other than a piece of paper that said you did good.

Ceylon: Yeah, you were there and you obeyed, but did you really learn shit? Well you learned that you go to school for four more years. Then you learn that you maybe get a masters. Then you learn that you join the work force. Then you learn that you don't operate outside the confines of that lifestyle you've had for 20 something years. It's stupid.

MRR (Ginger): Well it's just training for when you're 70, and then, once you're 70, you get to do what you really want to do with your life. If you want to go sailing, you can go sailing once you retire.

MRR (Richard) - Everything between one and 20, you're free. In between 20 and 70 you're chained to a brick. And after 70, it's over with.

Christian: You can do what you want at the age when most people die.

MRR (Ginger): Have you heard about Napster, where you can download MP3s off the internet? How do you guys feel about that, people getting music free?

Ceylon: Personally I don't care. If someone wants to listen to our music, that's fine. If someone wants to dub off the cd for ten of their friends, that's fine. Really, the bottom line is communication. The bottom line is expression and communication you know...or if that music is connected to big business, then the bottom line is big profits. It comes down to free distribution cutting into corporate profits, and those folks are greedier and more powerful than folks who just want free CDs. plus, there's probably a few people getting band's music off Napster and selling it...isn't it theft to profit from another's creation (the band), against their wishes?

MRR (Richard): I remember buying CDs for $13 or $14, and now they're $20.

Ceylon: And those $20 CDs, they wholesale at $5, "fuck you!" That's so obnoxious.

Chad: Distributors and retailers are the ones who get the money.

Ceylon: Along the way, every person involved gets a cut. If you're talking about a major label release, it passes through too many hands to count to get to yours, and that's ridiculous. The cool thing about burning their owns CDs and dubbing off tapes, it puts the music right in your hands and cuts out so many middle people. I think maybe the long term effect would be bands dealing more direct with people that want their music. And it should be that way. It should be person to person. If your aim is to play shows to people, why are there all these buffer zones?

Chad: More people get to hear it, more people are familiar with the music. More people theoretically will show up for the shows and then buy your stuff or...

MRR (Richard): and they will wind up supporting you because if it's not a CD, it'll be a t-shirt, it'll be the buttons and the stickers.

Chad: I wouldn't feel comfortable sitting at home getting a check for a bunch of money for music I made if I'm not out playing it. I mean it doesn't make any sense. I mean, what am I doing here, I'm not doing anything, I'm sitting here.

Ceylon: Where's the humanity in it? There's no human contact there. It's just product. And that's what's the fucking threat to the major labels, because they have no interest in the music itself and human interaction at all. It's pushing product. I mean there's really no fucking difference between Britney Spears and Faith Hill or whoever or NSYNC and Limp Bizkit. It's all the same.

MRR (Ginger): The same person probably wrote all their songs.

Ceylon: That's very possible. Yeah, I mean what's the difference. If you really give a shit about the people who are coming to see you, deal with them direct. It's so funny Pearl Jam taking Ticket Master to court. Fuck Ticket Master. They have enough money to hire their own security, rent out an outdoor venue that holds 15 to 20 thousand people you know. If Paul Simon can play in Central Park for a million people, I doubt that went through Ticket Master, you know.

Chad: It was free.

Ceylon: It was free. Of course it didn't.

Chad: I'm sure Ticket Master still made money on it somehow.

Ceylon: Yeah, somehow.

Chad: "You're gonna have to pay us to not do tickets."

Ceylon: People are starting to take control of their own interests.

MRR (Ginger): You've always got advertising banners and can make money off of advertising.

Ceylon: You do have corporate sponsors to cover all that stuff too. Like the deal with Napster. Now Napster is sponsoring some big major label band tour coming up recently and their the ones NOT suing. They're not gonna sue, they're making a profit off their very presence.

MRR (Ginger): If you embrace what's gonna come in the future, I think you're gonna have a lot better time because Dre and Metallica can't fight kids having MP3s. If you destroy that program (Napster), there's going to be another one come along. You can't fight evolution of the way things are distributed.

MRR (Richard): There are nine different ones that do the same thing.

Chad: And eventually computers are going to take over the world anyway.

(Talk turns to graffiti on the outside wall of the club)

MRR (Ginger): That's the thing. I wish the United States were more art-based, such as all the European countries. You know, you're just walking around Italy, there's art everywhere you turn. You come to the United States and somebody paints a mural on a building and everybody's like "Oh my god, what did you do that for?!?"

Ceylon: Well, in Chicago, there are all those funny painted up cows that are all over the place. That's really cool. And there's a guy, this kinda mad genius kinda artist in Emerald, TX. He has a Cadillac graveyard, like Cadillacs that are half buried in the ground or something like that.

Chad: There's a guy who made a monster truck out of a school bus. And he had like a truck with a boat engine welded onto it—it was like big hunks of metal welded together. Airplane wings welded onto like the tops of trucks and shit with like a giant cow scoop from a train on front.

Ceylon: Sounds like Survival Research Laboratories.

Chad: It was awesome. You could pay to sit in the monster bus when it went over and crushed cars and shit.

MRR (Ginger): Damn. Now that's straight fun.

Chad: We've been by it four or five times and it was never open.

MRR (Richard): I think the best things we have around here, I don't know about Memphis itself, but right outside of Cleveland (Cleveland, MS is about three hours south of Memphis) there's somebody who's house is made of an airplane fuselage. That's pretty much it. It's like a 747.

MRR (Ginger): She was on Oprah.

Ceylon: A 747 is a two story house. It's amazing something that big flies in the air.

(Talk turns to air travel and in flight meals)

Ceylon: You can request special meals if you have any special dietary needs: vegan, Hindu, vegetarian—just call them ahead of time.

Chad: What were those Muslim meals you had?

Ceylon: I chose Hindu.

Chad: Was it a greasy pork sandwich? Was it beans?

Ceylon: I don't even remember.

Chad: Did you get a special meal?

Ceylon: No. None of the flights I was on served a meal. I got peanuts. I ate a lot of peanuts.

Chad: Are those Hindu?

Ceylon: Sure. The Mahatma was very fond of peanuts and dried fruit. I tell you what, I sure like the Mahatma.

MRR (Ginger): Mahatma rice?

Ceylon: No the Mahatma Mohandas Gandhi.

MRR (Richard): Is there anybody else that's a big influence on your life, because I know you've mentioned Gandhi a lot.

Ceylon: Oh Gandhi was brilliant. Gandhi's absolutely brilliant.

MRR (Ginger): I read an article about that the other day about what they thought Gandhi's most important words were. They asked Gandhi "What's the secret to your happiness?" and Gandhi smiled and said "renounce and enjoy."

Ceylon: Sure. He spent a lot of his life taking progressively stricter vows. By the time he died he had taken the ahimsa vow, which is a constructive nonviolence vow, and wasn't doing violence to animals by eating them. He also had taken a vow of celibacy. For someone who was married (questioning tone of voice)...

Chad: I bet his wife was stoked.

Ceylon: I'm a big fan of Malcolm X. I read his autobiography a couple of times. It's brilliant. It's really good. It tells an excellent story. A lot of truth there. But everyday people are the most important. The everyday people you know that inspire you and they got all these great qualities you wish you had. You know maybe you do, you just gotta learn to use them. People every day have a profound affect on your life and sometimes you don't even notice it until you stop and think. But that's what thanks and praises are for.

MRR (Ginger): Well it's important to get away from idols, you know, people that you consider to be perfect. "I need to be like him one day. One day I'll be exactly like him," and realize you're not going be exactly like him. You're not going to be exactly like anybody, but you see the people around you every day that might have some quality you admire and you're a conglomeration of everything. You have to be your own person and, most of the time, idols are unrealistic.

Ceylon: It's putting a ridiculous expectation on someone who is human.

MRR (Ginger): You strive for perfection your whole life. The television tells you "you can be perfect one day," and no one is perfect. You need to find some idols that aren't perfect. You'll make yourself a lot happier when you realize you don't have to be (perfect).

Ceylon: Correct. You should take an example of what people do, not necessarily what your perception is of them. You can't judge somebody by assumption, but you could see in plain view what they're doing and what they are doing may set a great example, and what they're doing may set a great example for you to not follow.

MRR (Richard): Whether you realize it or not, everybody is a product of everyone around them.

Ceylon: Sure.

MRR (Richard): You always take a piece of something from everybody if you realize it or not.

Ceylon: That's the great thing about the hardcore/punk scene. Everywhere you go, you are participating in something and you take something with you and you leave something behind everywhere you go and there's worthwhile experience every day you live your life. You just need to be willing to look at it and learn from it.

MRR (Ginger): Anything else you'd like to add?

Marv: Write us—Pezz is all about communication.

Our e-mail address is pezz1@aol.com and we try our best to keep up with mail to the PO box. It's PO Box 42185, Memphis, TN 38104.

PROFANE

Interview with Dan and Joe from ***Profane Existence*** *conducted by Adrienne Droogas*

layout by Stickerguy Pete

MRR: So, of course, you have to start off with the history of *Profane Existence*, because a lot of kids may not know it.
Dan: *Profane Existence* didn't just start up out of the blue. I was doing another zine before called *Minneapolis Alternative Scene*. I was 17. I was in high school so I used all of my high school's computers. The teacher let me stay after class, which I guess could have gotten her in a lot of trouble too. It was a small magazine and just covered local politics and punk, but only on a local scale. There was a point where we said, let's do something internationally and a zine called *Minneapolis Alternative Scene* is pretty narrow, so we changed the name. *Profane Existence* was a name that had been around while I was doing this other magazine. I kicked around the idea of doing a band called Profane Existence, but that never happened because I was just too busy doing the zine. The summer of '89 was when we quit the other magazine. The first issue of *Profane Existence* came out on my 19th birthday. November of 1989.

MRR: What was the first issue like?
Dan: Very small. It was 32 pages and it was the first one we did on newsprint. We did a thousand copies which was the biggest press run of anything I'd ever done. We went international and there was enough people that wanted it that the first thousand went before the next one even came out.

MRR: When the first issue came out, was it geared towards music or towards politics? What was the focus?
Dan: It was definitely split. Some contributors were involved with politics, some were involved in punk, but we wanted to have a 50-50 split. We kind of started to ignore the local stuff. It wasn't until the Gulf War started and Sadam Hussein invaded Kuwait and we started getting local protests. Then we started covering local stuff again. When the war kicked into full swing, that's when we started giving *Profane* away for free in Minneapolis. We focused on what was going on both internationally and nationally and we had a local section of news. We've kept a somewhat local focus every issue since then to try to cover local events because we have such a big readership here. During the Gulf War and then the Rodney King incident, we were giving out about 4,000 copies locally. We'd go all over. Not just punk stores, but anything even remotely alternative. We were trying to build bridges with different communities.

DAN WITH ATHENA

MRR: You've been doing this for 11 years. What's been your motivation?
Dan: I don't know. That's something I've been thinking about. Just the idea of keeping politics alive in the punk scene. Keeping that an issue. To not let it die, because there's a lot of people in this scene that just see it as a music scene.

MRR: Do you think it's becoming more of a music scene then a political movement?
Dan: I think that it's definitely split into two different branches. At one point, it was all just one big scene, and it was definitely a political scene. Now, I wouldn't say it's apolitical, but some people are against politicizing the punk scene. In the '80s, a lot of bands went into the metal scene and got really dumb, and started singing about ghouls and goblins. It as really bad for awhile and that was what started the whole *Profane Existence* thing. At the time, there was really no other publication that was political. There were a couple of zines at the time, but they were all pretty small.

MRR: So you were doing this for eleven years and then you just stopped. Why did that happen?
Dan: Well, there's a lot of reasons why we stopped. A lot of it was because everybody was getting burned out. Doing *Profane Existence* was really stressful for people. A lot of outside people don't realize this. You look at *Profane Existence* and you see all of these contributors, but really, it comes down to just a really small handful of people doing almost all the work. Doing the magazine would only be a two week interruption of our regular schedule of doing catalogs, filling orders for *Profane Existence* record label and distribution. We had a print shop and silk screening. You name it, we did it. Everybody kind of just got burnt out and there were issues with money and you could never relax. We never got paid very well for what we did. People had to start getting part time jobs on the side. For the people who stayed, it was just like you're doing this day after day after day and just feeling beat down.

MRR: It's very rare that you can find a group of people who are willing to give their time and their energy day after day and still find it rewarding.
Dan: There were also issues about being stuck doing it. All your friends are going out traveling and they can take off and quit their jobs and go away for six months. We couldn't do that. We couldn't quit *Profane Existence*. Someone always had to be running it. On occasion, people involved would go away on tours, but then we had to have people to cover that. But usually, it was me and Mandy being stuck in Minneapolis keeping it going while other people got to travel. Basically, Mandy, John, and I did *Profane* for the last three or four years. John moved out here from Connecticut, and Mandy started at *Profane* around issue #13 or 14 and so she'd been basically with it for almost the entire modern *Profane Existence* history. John was going to quit cuz he wanted to go to school, Mandy wanted to quit because

EXISTENCE

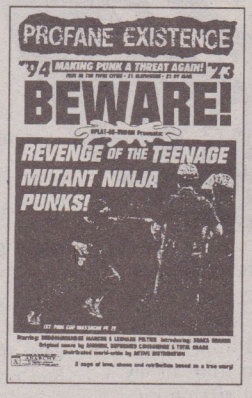
she'd basically spent six years of her life doing nothing but *Profane Existence*. She wanted to do something different. I just said, man, this is not going to be the same. If you're quitting then fuck it, I'm going to quit too.

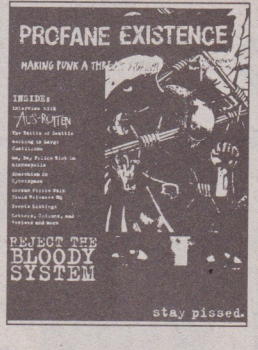
MRR: What were people's reactions when you said that it was over?
Dan: It was really mixed. Some people were happy about it, and some people were pissed. There were some people that *Profane* still owed money to and of course they were all up in arms thinking that they'd never get paid. Understandably, I would be the same way. There were some people who said we were being selfish.
Joe: That it should be passed along to someone else so's that they could do it:..
Dan: But this is something that the people who worked on it made. You can't just hand it off to the next person. Plus, nobody volunteered. Nobody said they'd come and do it.

MRR: So what was your motivation to start up again?
Dan: The Aus Rotten show. I think we were inspired. The atmosphere was cool and I felt as if I used to be so much more involved. Doing Blackened Distribution is almost exactly like doing *Profane*, we just haven't been doing the magazine. We were putting a news section in the catalog
Joe: An events page
Dan: Everything but interviews and reviews!

MRR: Does *Profane Existence* have something unique that it offers that other fanzines aren't offering?
D. Definitely. It's been said that without *Profane*, there's a big part of the scene missing. I think that what *Profane Existence* did was validated in print the political side of the scene. Justified it morally, and it was kind of like a cheer leading squad. It said that what the punk scene is doing is right. When all the other zines just have a token political article, *Profane* was all political. Writing about actions and what you do and how you do it. Basically, it should never have stopped. We should have never quit. We can look around and it wasn't like the scene was dying, but there was a real myopia and everybody was kind of moaning and groaning. The political punk scene turned into the walking wounded. I wrote something in the zine saying that somebody should step forward and take *Profane*'s place. That it wouldn't be *Profane Existence*, but there are certainly other zines out there. Even zines that I had hoped would take over some of the we played role never really did anything.

MRR: Why do you think that is?
Dan: Maybe because it's hard to change.





MRR: But don't you see that as something lacking in the punk scene? There are so many people that are young and inspired. Why aren't they coming forward and doing something?
Dan: It takes a lot of motivation, and when we started *Profane*, we knew it was going to be big. We wanted it to be a big zine. As big as *MRR* or *Flipside*. We didn't want to be the same, we wanted to be totally political, that would be our focus. Justify the political views of the scene. Review political records, if it's not political, then we ignore it.

MRR: I worry that the political aspect of the punk scene is dying. I feel that there's a group of people who are still very political, but I don't feel that there's younger kids coming forward.
Dan: But there is. There's just a very big gap between us and them. We look at these young, crusty, train hopping kids as being total dumb ass crusties causing fights. These kids may all look the same, but there's actually a lot of young political people. It's hard for us to connect to them because in our minds, we have this older generation mentality that all of those people are fucking useless train hopping squatters with dogs on a string. But there's actually a big contingent of political punks, and we just don't really have a way to connect with them. I think that a medium like *Profane Existence* can help. You're not really seeing somebody face to face, but at least having the magazine is a first step to bridging some of these gaps. We try to put the zine in neutral places, so you don't have to see us or talk to us if you don't want to, and you don't have to think that you're getting judged. You can go to your local coffee shop or wherever and pick it up and it's not like you have to feel that you fit into the scene. It's out there, and it's an object called Profane Existence and we can connect through that object.

MRR: It just seems that magazines like *Maximum* or *Slug & Lettuce* or *HeartAttaCk* have been going on for years, but I don't see any new fanzines coming along.
Dan: If those magazines weren't there, there wouldn't be a punk community. People would be isolated all over the place, and the scene would be dead. The whole magazine thing... something in print, anything in print validates in everybody's mind what everybody is thinking about their scene. There is something for them to hold and say this is our scene and this is what it produced. And fifteen thousand copies of it are going out and it gives you the feeling that there are actually a lot of people out there that are interested in this stuff. It's definitely the best way to network. Without zines, there would be such a lack of communication.

MAKING PUNK A THREAT AGAIN!

MRR: So what does doing *Profane Existence* give to you? What does this satisfy in you?

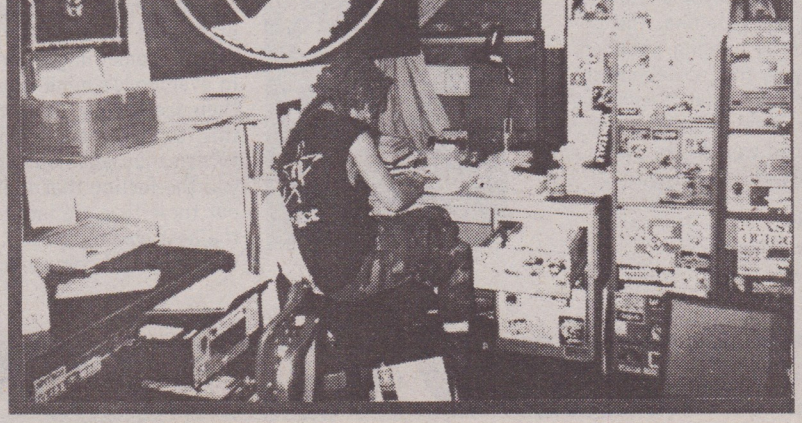
D. It's all about ego (laughter). Seriously, you know what it is? If I'm not doing it, then there's something missing. I can tell you that. It's part of my life. Part of my every day activity. When we stopped doing *Profane Existence*, my life changed. There was something missing. I kept saying to myself, "Shouldn't I be doing something?" But I still didn't know what I was missing. Maybe feeling that I was a part of this whole big community. When you're doing *Profane Existence*, you are so well connected and in touch with people all over the world. When I stopped doing it, I was suddenly disconnected from everything. And it was bad for me because we quit, and my daughter wasn't even a year old, and so I was home a lot, and when we moved out of the warehouse, I was home even more. Working at home doing Blackened Distribution out of my house, I felt so isolated from the whole scene. I was always in the basement, and always in front of my computer and I just felt so isolated. I spent many a night sitting by myself drinking beer.

MRR: What would you say is the goal of *Profane Existence*?

Dan: We're very specific about highlighting the politics of the scene. It's not that we downplay anything else, but that is what we do. If there was a riot going on, we'd be there with our pom poms cheering it on. That's basically what we do. Hurray for our side! The whole political punk scene gets cut to pieces everywhere else. You're battling the mainstream, you're battling the right wing, you're battling the establishment, you're battling parents, it's really an us against the world type of situation, and nobody is going to give us a hand.

MRR: But do you really think that there is a united "us" against them? There just seems to be so much shit talking and back stabbing in the scene. I'm sure that you guys have suffered through more then your fair share of gossip.

Dan: The funny thing is that nobody ever comes to us. It's almost as if we find out these rumors by accident. Somebody spills the beans cuz they don't know who they're talking to. A lot of people don't know who I am because I was out of the scene for awhile, being home a lot, and people will talk to me about *Profane Existence* without even realizing that it's me they're talking to. I don't clue them in!



Joe: And most people don't know what they're talking about. They sit around their houses and talk about everybody and pick everybody apart and don't do anything for themselves or anybody else.

Dan: Or even try to substantiate what they're saying.

Joe: But talking shit is their life, and it makes them feel important. Sitting around ripping everybody else to shreds while doing nothing else.

MRR: Plus you guys are a target.

Dan: The more extreme you are about your opinion, the more you leave yourself open. I don't think that *Profane Existence* is extremist in any way. We're pretty tame. We're not advocating violent overthrow of the government or anything like that. You may take a look at it, and on the surface, it looks like we're advocating that, but if you take a deeper look, we're about organizing and building a community not just going out and being rash. So we get a fair amount of stuff talked about us. I actually find it amusing. At this point, what else can you do? If you get all fired up, it just ruins your whole day.

Joe: A lot of times, it just starts a pointless argument because these people aren't going to change their opinions and you're not going to change their opinion by arguing with them. That's one of the aspects of the punk scene; that everything is so close and everyone knows each other so that rumors get spread fast and blown out of proportion.

MRR: Dan, you also used to be in the band Destroy.

Dan: And Pissed.

MRR: But you're not doing music now?

Dan: I would love to, but it's just a matter of time. I don't think that a lot of people know this, but I'm always in the background getting things organized for different projects. For awhile, I was involved with AYF, Anarchist Youth Federation, and it got to the point where I had no free time for myself, so I got uninvolved with that. Then I committed to doing the Twin City Anarchist Federation, opening the Emma Center, and then I got uninvolved in that because it was too much. Then again, like a dummy, I started Extreme Noise (a record store) and got really involved in that, and finally, when my daughter was born, I had to get uninvolved. Plus being in a band is expensive. It's not cheap!

ANARCHIST YOUTH A.Y.F. FEDERATION

MRR: When it comes to communicating or expressing an idea, how do you feel about a band versus something like a fanzine?

Dan: It's totally different. When you're in a band, you've got your one hour on stage where you can communicate. It's really hard to feel all that connected when you're just playing an instrument. Some people are just up on stage being a rock star. Sometimes, I felt that was really discouraging. I kept asking myself, what am I doing here? It's always been a thing for me. There's not that much interaction. You're just playing in front of a mosh pit or something like that.

Joe: That's what a show is. A bunch of people together to just have a good time.

Dan: A show is like a community activity. It's an excuse for the punk scene to get together. I wouldn't say that shows are dumb, but you can't really get what you have to say across in that one hour.

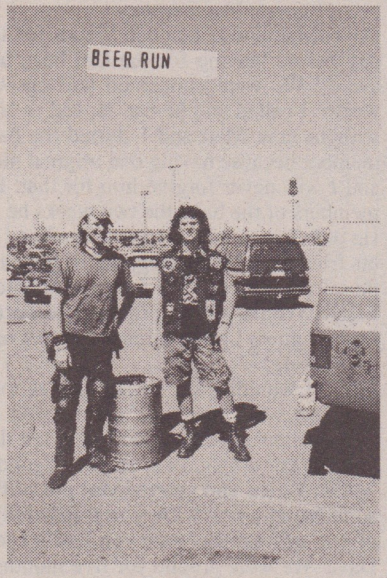
MRR: It seems like a band gets put up on such a pedestal. People's

FROM A PROFANE EXISTENCE TO A UNIFIED RESISTANCE

perceptions of a band, versus their perception of people who work on a fanzine, people put such a higher value on a band.
Dan: Being in a band is definitely a glamorous thing. If you look throughout history, people doing music or doing arts have been elevated. And rightly so, because they're doing something that people appreciate. But there's a certain point where it becomes ridiculous. Where a band gets elevated to such a level. The fucking rock stars are the people that eat it up. And they have no place in the scene. There are people who are only in bands because they like the attention. I think they miss the point. They should go be in a mainstream band.

MRR: Totally. If your ego gets involved with your band then you should stop.
Dan: Ego and money are two things that will kill a band.

MRR: There's someone I know back in New York who wants to do a segment for MTV about punk bands. For me, that gets kind of scary. I feel as if I need a huge buffer zone between me and mainstream.
Dan: But somebody has to be the person that makes that bridge.



MRR: You think there needs to be a bridge?
Dan: Yes, there has to be. There has to be the Green Days, there has to be the Total Chaoses. Otherwise, we'll just sit in isolation and get smaller and smaller. We hang out in our own little social scene. You've got your friends, and you don't really meet new people unless you travel a lot. But still, it's the same people. It's not like you're reaching out to some punk kids on the street and saying "hey, can I stay at your house?" There has to be that bridge or otherwise, the scene will die. Just the act of coming up to some kid wearing an Epitaph Records band shirt and saying hello makes them feel better. They can see somebody who's been around a long time that is accepting them into the scene. You don't even have to talk to them about politics or anything. Just go up and say hi. It gives them that sense of getting their foot in the door. Don't sneer at them and give them shit. There's a lot of people with attitudes that think "Oh, that kid's not punk enough!".
Joe: That attitude fucking sucks because it goes absolutely nowhere and damages the punk scene.
Dan: It makes it more isolated and more unapproachable. There's a lot of people that don't want new people in the scene, and they're

happy with their cozy little same old scene

MRR: But if that trend continues, it will feed upon itself to the point where...
Dan: ...it will eat itself.

MRR: Like a cancer. The punk scene will consume itself! Now, I just wanted to ask if there was anything in particular with Profane that you wanted to discuss?
Dan: Well, I think the business side should definitely be discussed. It's been a big issue because I'm obviously not into this for the money, but money unfortunately effects the scene. There's a lot of money changing hands all over the scene. Records are being manufactured, and that all takes money. You've got two different sides of the coin. One side wants to be all business, and the other side thinks oh, whatever. At a certain point there has to be accountability. Somebodies' got a loan or somebody worked really hard to put their money into something, and that money needs to come back, otherwise the punk scene will die. A lot of record labels are having a really hard time putting out records. Distributors are having a hard time paying the labels because people aren't being responsible with money. It really needs to be stressed that if you're going to start a distribution, or start a label, you have to be responsible. You can't just take records and then disappear for six months. You can't be casual about it, because that's killing the scene...

And then the tape player ate my tape... the end.

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DEAD NATION

A few hours after I went to my mailbox and got a postcard from MRR asking for a Dead Nation interview, Dave called me at work to say that he had just spoken with Matt Suxx, who had literally been missing for almost two weeks—he was now living in North Carolina—I knew what that meant. A few weeks later D.N. played their last show to a sold out ABC No Rio. It was one of the best times of my life. Hundreds of kids going insane, jumping off of everything, throwing water balloons, bags of flour, cases of toilet paper, tubes of toothpaste, cartons of eggs, whipped cream pies, and smoke bombs. Fast Times came back from tour for the show, Ernie from Life's Halt flew out from L.A., and all of our friends who haven't been all in the same room together for quite some time came out to watch the Nation slit their proverbial wrists and die in front of us. That was over a month ago. I still miss the Nation and I still miss Matt, but it's all over. I only wish more of you could've seen them. Five pissed off, fucked up kids from the suburbs unloading all of their anger and depression and just everything in a way that you could relate to—and they had a blast doing it—something that seems so simple but I think is rarely sincere in punk today. So read on; I think it's pretty interesting. Pick up the records if you can. In my opinion they're a part of hardcore history and I'm proud to say that I had a part in it. On behalf of myself and the fuckin' Nation, thanks for everything, friends.
—Jon / Dead Alive Records Interview with Dead Dave and Matt Times by Peter J.

The final lineup of Dead Nation was: Dave: vocals, Matt Suxx: guitar, Paul: guitar, Doug: bass, Matt Times: drums.

MRR: It's been about a month since Dead Nation played their last show. How are things?

Matt: Things have been going OK, I guess. I'm still really bummed that its all over. With the band ending it has impaired my ability to tour and see a lot of people I miss a lot. Other than that, well, things have been great.

Dave: Since the last Nation show time has really flown by. Once I found out Dead Nation was calling it quits I was really bummed. I kept myself busy and tried not to get myself upset. After all was said and done I felt a weird sense of having something lifted off my shoulders. It was like when a long relationship ends. That feeling of sadness and relief at the same time.

MRR: I hear you've started a new band. How are things going with that?

Dave: I told everyone I wasn't gonna do a new band for a while, but things have already picked up. We are called Tear It Up. It's basically everyone that was on the last Dead Nation 7" except for Matt, and our friend Andy is playing second guitar. It's not Dead Nation but it'll be in the same style.

Matt: The chemistry of all the people who were in the Nation (minus Matt) has improved immensely, not to mention that it feels more like a band with everyone now contributing.

MRR: For the record, why did Dead Nation break up?

Matt: The main reason is that Matt Suxx up and left the band, pissing in the wind. He had started the band and wrote almost all of the songs. This was like his baby, his creation, and to go on without him would have been, I guess, blasphemous.

Dave: Matt and I had been friends for 10+ years up to Dead Nation. The day before leaving for the Chi Fest, he called and said he had to "go away." We were concerned and upset but we still played. After two weeks, I called and he had moved to North Carolina. We can't continue without him. Matt and I started the band, I won't be the only original member because having one original member is lame. He fucked us over and I will never forgive him for that. He didn't even hangout with any members of the band the two weeks he was in town before the last show. He didn't even call anyone in the band besides me. He damaged my and his friendship by moving, but he ended it by not seeing any of us within those two weeks. I will never be able to forgive him for what he did.

MRR: Would you say there is resentment towards Matt?

Dave: I guess I kinda already got that one out. Fuck him. I feel stupid for ever caring.

Matt:. I wouldn't say resentment as much as confusion and hurt. I just can't get why someone, who I loved very much, would just leave the state without saying "goodbye". I felt that we were like family and it just hurts to know I didn't even get a "goodbye" from him.

MRR: When you started you put out your first 7" within a month or so of being a band. Do you think this sort of made people take notice of you quicker because you had a record out already?

Dave: We were around for five months, thank you. It was at our fourth show though. Our plan was to put out a bunch of records and create a buzz as quickly as possible. Well, we put out a bunch of records, but the buzz didn't come nearly as quickly as hoped—but it was fun playing shows and screaming my balls off and next to no one even giving a shit. The record made people notice us but that first 7" is pretty weak and you can tell that we weren't ready for it when we recorded it.

MRR: It seems like most bands in NJ play emo or "mosh metal." How exactly did Dead Nation fit in there?

Matt: There is/was a handful of bands in NJ that do/did a range of interesting things besides the aforementioned genres, just not that many angry thrash punk bands.

MRR: Were there many local bands that were supportive?

Matt: In my opinion, no, not at all.

Dave: DN always had a tough time getting shows.

Matt: I remember promoters and bands bitching and complaining about putting the Nation on bills before I joined. Once I did join it took a long time before anyone wanted to have anything to do with us. This issue has always been sore with me. I mean, no bands gave a fuck about us unless we had something to offer them. Then the *Dead End* LP came out and we went on a successful tour and all of the sudden the bands who always laughed about Dead Nation wanted to be affiliated with us. My response to any such offers was that I would rather us stand on our own and not be

ARE DEAD... FUCK YOU

a part of your scene that didn't want us til we gleaned a bit of punk rock cred.

Dave: We played a good amount of these Jersey Shore spikey punk shows for a while and I give those kids credit for booking us. We never played typical NJHC shows. But Matt's right, once we got more popular, more people wanted to play with us. Fast Times was probably the most supportive band pre-LP. We also played with the Degenerics and Fanshen a bunch. We yelled Meatmen jokes at each other and generally just had fun.

MRR: At most shows it seemed like there were always a bunch of your friends there going nuts. Do you think that that also had an impact in the success of Dead Nation, the support you got from your friends?

Matt: Who would be anything without their friends?

Dave: Friends got us a few shows and got us a few records.

Matt: I was always glad that so many of our friends were inspired enough by Dead Nation to do what they did be it dancing, show booking, artwork they never got credit for, etc. I mean the way a lot of the scene is, is if anyone sees kids going nuts at a show it's gonna make them pay attention and possibly inspire them to do the same.

Dave: Also, there are a good number of people that I didn't know or didn't know well until Dead Nation. I think DN started getting good response because of our friends and the people that soon became our good friends.

MRR: What was your relationship with ABC No Rio? Do you think that their support helped you out as well?

Dave: It is the only DIY place to play in NYC. We played there sixteen times.

Matt: They have always been cool with booking Dead Nation for shows and after a while it started to feel like home.

Dave: It was our home away from home. We usually always had an ABC show coming up. I would book another show after we finished playing so that we ended up playing around every two months. It started as a place to play since it wasn't that hard to get shows and they did reguar shows but soon it was the place we looked forward to playing.

Matt: The scene there was so much more receptive to us and our music. To just feel that we fit somewhere helped out so much for us and to have a cool place to play and develop a great bunch of kids who wanted to come and see us play. They were a tremendous help to Dead Nation as they were to the many bands before us.

Dave: There is no place in the U.S. I would rather play, although the PCH in LA is a close second.

MRR: Dave, you and Matt Suxx started the band and put out two 7"s with the original lineup, but it seems like D.N. didn't really come into its own until after Matt Times took over on drums. Do you think he added that much to the band or it was just a time when the band was starting to mature?

Dave: Well, I think it was a combination of both. We did the other records in a few hours at a shitty studio and with Randy as the drummer—nice kid, not the best drummer. He didn't even want to be the drummer when we started but he was better at it than any of us. We took our time on the LP and had Matt terrorizing the drum kit. The LP was also recorded about a year after the *Cenk* EP.

MRR: You existed for around two years but it wasn't until the last six months or so that things really took off. Do you think this was because you somehow improved as a band or because of the sudden re-interest in '80s style thrash / punk?

Dave: When something is around a long time you eventually will have to take some notice.
Matt: A lot of people all over the place fell in love with our *Dead End* LP. I definitely think it reached a lot of people and is the best put together release Dead Nation has done. I think that the renewed interest in fast punk helped out too. I mean when lots of other bands doing a similar style suddenly become the cool bands to like people who weren't interested before started to look our way.
Dave: The rebirth of thrash definitely helped too. The Cali tour was something that really got the ball rolling—we just got Doug, the LP just came out, and we were playing to a group of kids who liked the first 7" which the LP destroys. The fact that we didn't get real notice till right before we broke up, that's just dumb luck.
MRR: Also, now that thrash seems to be moving in the same direction "powerviolence" did a few years back, where the good bands get the recognition they deserve, but a million watered down copycats turn up, do you think the positives outweigh the negatives?
Matt: I think so. Going around the country helped us develop a little family with other thrash faves such as No Reply, Life's Halt, and What Happens Next?. Anytime you can bond with people over music it's just beautiful. Also, if other bands like what they see and hear and want to do similar music, I'm all for that. The ones that deserve to stand apart will. Even though some may be bandwagon posers you can't over look the kids who really felt inspired and are sincere and want to play this music. Music is for everyone, not just the bands who are the cred ones to like.
Dave: I think every scene has the bands that are cool right away and the ones that have to struggle. I just hope thrash doesn't go the same route as youth crew or powerviolence. I will agree with Matt that it's awesome to have friend bands around the globe. I hope that I can remain close with these individuals though my next band and through our lives in the HC scene.
MRR: How did you hook up with Dead Alive Records? Have they been supportive?
Matt: Dead Alive has been a dream come true. A great friend, Jon Collins, runs the label and has done a wonderful job with us and all of his bands. He helped with touring, layout, and a whole lot more. I'm glad we got to work with a good friend cause then they take you more personally and seriously if they see how dedicated you are.
Dave: The first night Jon took us out to dinner on his yacht we knew he was the label for us. I became friends with Jon because of my ex girlfriend. He was always at DN shows having fun. We weaseled our way onto the ABC No Rio benefit comp, *Solidarity*, he did (I think he still has a few at his house). Once the LP was recorded and we were in the market for a label he offered to do it for us. We were happy with the finished product and the distribution.
MRR: Will the records still be available?
Matt: Both records on Dead Alive will still be available as long as Jon can pay his gambling debts and child support. As for the others, The *Cenk* EP was limited to 500, I don't know about *Face the Nation*....
Dave: I think the records will be available for a long time, but as Matt said, the kids are really bleeding him dry lately.
MRR: What inspired the very dark lyrical content that started with the *Dead End* LP and took over the *Painless* EP? It seems like a sharp contrast from the well-intentioned politics and humor of the first two 7"s.
Dave: Matt had some heavy shit on his mind a lot. We all did. Most of us still do. Most of those songs were written for years. We didn't feel real comfortable singing about that stuff at first, that's why it wasn't very prevalent on the first two EPs. But the humor never left the band. Any band that can play songs like "The Problem" and "Kill Me" while all wearing evening gowns definitely understands humor in a way that many don't.
Matt: I think Matt Suxx just wanted to share what he felt with everyone. When you're hurting you need a way to get your emotions out. Matt did that with his music. Instead of offing gas station attendant he decided to write about what he felt and what he was going through. It was a progression. Maybe we all just got more serious about things and finally took reality on the jaw. The darkness became more tangible and seemed to affect us more everyday than political messages did. I still think we were fun though. I always had fun playing and everyone—well not everyone, who are we, Kiss?—who came to see us seemed to as well. You can be dark and fun, it does happen.
MRR: How did the song "Painless" come about? What made you write a four-minute song after four records of sixty-second blasts?
Dave: Both Matts had the idea to do that kind of song at the same time so we did it. Doug and Paul referred to the song as Painful when we were writing it but I think we all grew to love it.
Matt: In case you didn't know, Matt, Dave and I all really like Black Flag. On the phone one day, I mentioned to Matt that I think what we needed was a really slow song to totally throw off everyone who was expecting the same old thing. It was like, "How about something like later Flag or Bl'ast! etc." Matt Suxx said, "You read my mind."
Dave: It wasn't the new direction for us or anything but I don't think it ruined the record or anything. I love that song. I think one long song doesn't ruin the legacy of our past songs.
MRR: Do you feel that one of the things that made Dead Nation "stand apart" from most other bands that are trying to do the whole '82 shit were your lyrics being that they were more introspective and self loathing?
Matt: Totally! A lot of fast punk bands were all about positivity and stuff like that. Nothing like that ever reached me. I got into punk for the emotion and the anger and frustration. We love fast punk but none of those messages meant shit to us and I think a lot of others felt the same. They needed people to say that feeling like shit is fine and that it was OK to feel that the world sucks. Not punk bands telling them how negativity isn't punk.
Dave: I feel that we were saying what a lot of people were thinking. I love bands like Black Flag and Suicidal and even Amebix for their dark imagery. People everywhere feel bad about their day to day existence. I think that's why so many people were affected by us the way they were. A wise man once said "...Yeah maybe sometimes I do feel like shit, but I'd rather feel like shit than be full of shit."
MRR: Now to put you on the spot... You have a song called "Skate or Die!" but none of you skate. Is this more of a tribute to the early '80s skate punk that seems to have influenced you, or are you just posers?
Matt: Well Life's Halt would say, without a doubt, posers, guilty as charged, even though I did skate back in like fifth grade. I do however know that Matt's intent was to pay homage to how a lot of kids got into the scene.
Dave: What do Lifes Halt know?! DN wrote that song as a tribute to skaters. Its not like we based the band around that song and wrote multiple songs about skating. It's a tribute to bands like the Big Boys, Aggression, JFA, and Bl'ast!. Frank and Randy both skated, if that makes us less posers. In the '80s, skaters and punks went hand in hand. We wanted things to be like that again.
MRR: At one of your last shows, you played a song called "I Hate Girls." Could you explain what that song was about?
Matt: That song was mainly about being fed up with relationships and how when they go bad, they hurt a lot. Its like a horror movie in a song. None of the "hating" is for real. It's like getting mad and saying "fuck you" to your parents. Sometimes you don't really hate them, it's just frustration.
Dave: The song was written in the "Mommy, Can I Go Out and Kill Tonight?" vein. It's the only DN song like it.
MRR: I'm sure it will also be interpreted by most people too concerned to ask, as being sexist based on its title alone. Can you defend that?
Dave: It's not sexist or anything stupid like that. It was just a song written from the perspective of someone that was hurt by the opposite sex so much that he hated them.
Matt: It's fantasy and it's supposed to be offensive. If you really act like that, or think like that you're fucked. And if you don't want to ask, to know what is really going on, and want to cry sexism, fuck you! You're to fucking stupid to understand the purpose of this song and the others like it.
Dave: The song is not about the Nation hating girls at all. It's a song about a killer. It's not me. If my lawyer is reading this, I didn't kill those girls I swear. I'm innocent. I know nothing about it. No further comments.
MRR: Will it ever be released?
Dave: We were supposed to do the "I Hate Girls" EP on Youth Attack Records, but we broke up. I don't know if we'll ever record those songs.
Matt: There were four other songs around the same few concepts and a Bikini Kill cover that comprised it. We'll see if anything ever comes of it, maybe someday.
MRR: You did a short tour of the West Coast with Life's Halt last winter. How did you hook up with those guys?

Dave: We decided we wanted to do a quick Cali tour and Jon emailed Life's Halt. They told us they would book us a few shows so we drove out there.

MRR: Would you say it was worth driving out there just for those few shows?

Dave: It was totally worth the drive.

Matt: Totally. I always have and always will love to play. Anywhere. Anytime. Touring and playing is what makes me feel alive. We played good shows to good people, didn't loose any money, listened to a lot of Motley Crue with Bill Pist / React, and froze in Minneapolis like good little punkers should. Not to mention that I love Life's Halt. They are a great band and some of the best people I have ever met in my life. I would drive anywhere for a chance to be near those guys for an extra minute

Dave: We can't thank Bill enough for taking his van out there with us. He is awesome. I guess Dave Hyde is cool for being the roadie too. Life's Halt, No Reply, Dirty Dirt and the Dirts were all great. I love all those guys.

Matt: This country isn't as big as you think. We made it back from LA to NJ in an hour less than two days.

MRR: Were kids out there more or less receptive to what you were playing than on the East Coast?

Dave: Kids were really receptive. We had never played out there before and none of them had our LP yet since it just came out. We weren't a band that was pretty to look at but they still loved us.

Matt: They might have been a bit more intrigued due to the fact that we were toting around a guy wearing plaid shorts, and a tye-dyed t shirt who really needed to shave.

MRR: Being that Dave is the oldest member of the band and he's 20, what was it like to travel across the country with your band at such a young age?

Dave: It was awesome. I think most of us had done some traveling of our own in the past. It was an awesome experience. Doug had his birthday the first day of the trip too. We were all pretty young and like Crucifix we broke up before any of us reached the legal drinking age. I guess we didn't get to tour Iceland though.

MRR: The song "Dead End" poses a lot of open ended questions towards the current state of hardcore and how it many not be as sincere, honest, creative, etc. as it once was. Being in a band that draws most of its influences from Black Flag and D.R.I., could you argue that being sincere doesn't necessarily have to mean doing something new?

Matt: Being sincere is what it is all about. I would rather see a band that can't play their instruments—but are so about what they're doing and so proud of who they are that despite the fact that they suck, they still keep going because this is what they love—than see the next "new" inventive band that is all about making some fucking money because they're cute and can play well—as long as you're sincere. The only thing new to a lot of bands and people out there would be kids playing with heart again. Who fucking cares if they sound like someone? They'll still be here after your "new " reason is long gone.

Dave: Right; being sincere and new are different things. If we wanted to do something "new" we'd play tech metal with stupid stops and unnecessary tempo changes. "Dead End" does pose a lot of questions about the scene that I can't answer, but I wish more bands would think about what that song is saying before putting out records about the same things a million other bands have said.

MRR: Most of the band is into record collecting and "punk history." You've also covered Black Flag, Agnostic Front, the Dicks and SSD at shows. Do you think that for kids to understand the punk movement and what it's about and what they're doing here that they have to know where it came from, or is that idea the antithesis of punk?

Dave: Every punk kid needs a history lesson once in a while. I love collecting records and finding shit about bands out. I love looking for obscure bands that might rule.

Matt: Yeah, why would you be a part of something you know nothing about? If you want to do that just go to church cause your parents say to and don't ever bother finding out what is behind anything in life. No matter what you get into or get behind, you should know, or at least be interested in its roots. I'll be the first to admit that there are people who know a lot more about punk history than me, but then I'll read about it or listen to someone who knows more. Believe it or not there are kids out there who want to turn kids on to good bands that they have never heard of for no other reason but to educate, and share some good music.

Dave: As much as punks shouldn't dwell on the past, people do need history lessons. Also, are we gonna cover new, existing bands? No. Are we gonna cover bands that suck? No. We covered bands that meant something to us. If kids buy records from the bands we covered then that's cred. But the idea behind covers wasn't to make people buy records it was to have a good time and play some classic songs.

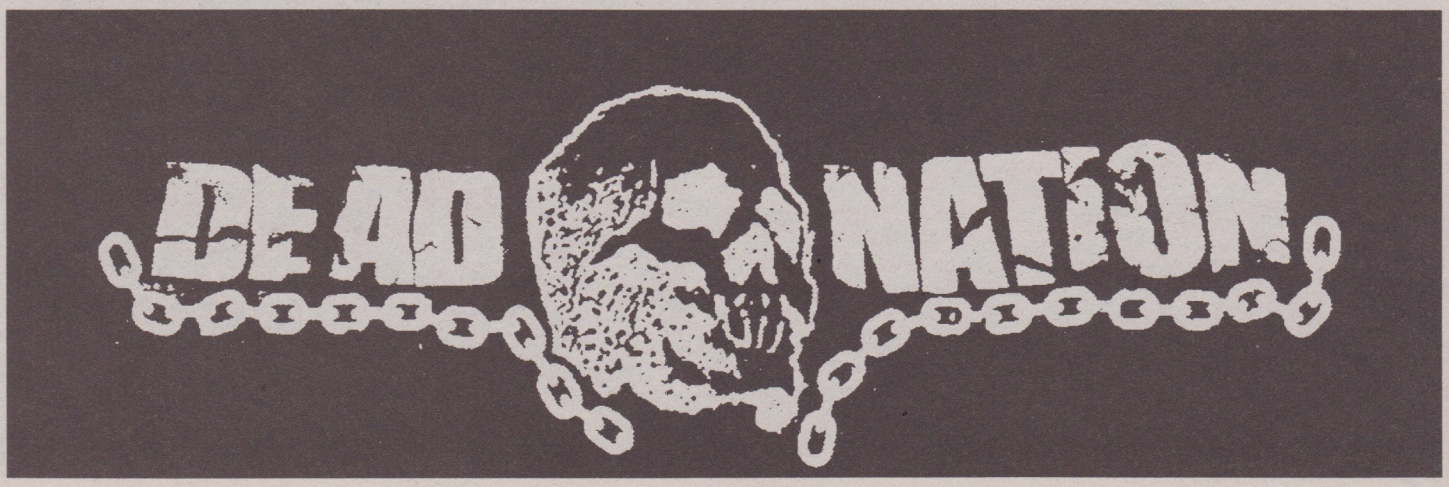
MRR: OK, well now that you've had some time to think about it, do you feel like you accomplished what you started out to do, or anything at all?

Matt: Without a doubt. The music of Dead Nation helped me meet a lot of kids all over the world and helped me see some of those places too. The music reached a lot of people inside in so many ways and it showed that when we played our last show kids came from all over the country to be there. Kids made bootleg merch for us and for others. That day React played a show in Europe and did a eulogy for the band. I wanted nothing more but to show kids how I felt and try to be as honest and sincere about those feelings as I could.

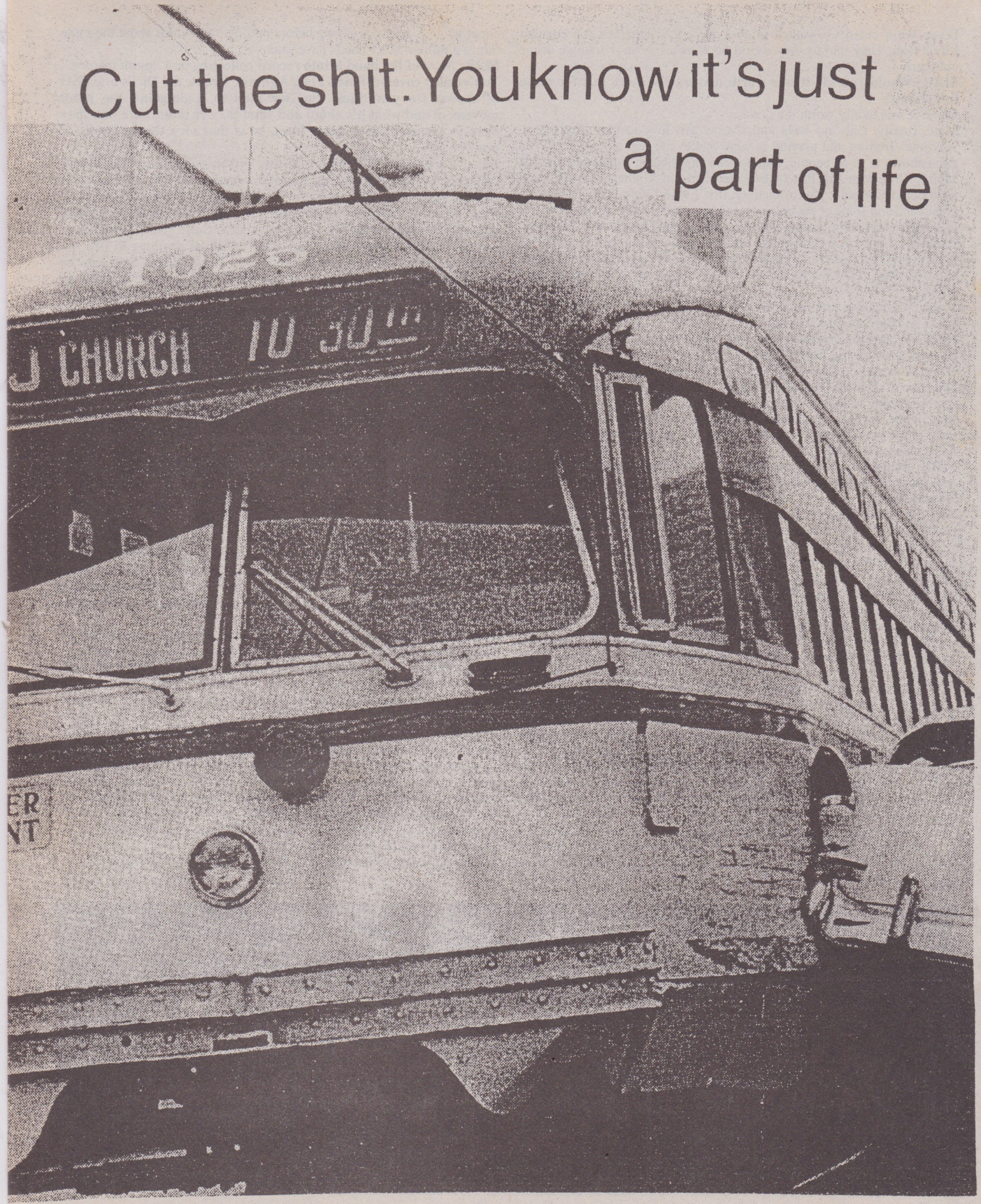
Dave: I feel we did what we intended. I think DN ended prematurely. I think we did most things we intended. We never toured Europe, we never did a full scale US tour, and we didn't put our own How We Rock or In My Head. I am happy with all that we did though. I wouldn't take any of it back. It shaped my life and I hope it affects others the way some bands have affected mine.

Matt: Not a day has gone by since that show that someone hasn't said to me that they missed our band and what we had done for them. We released four records and did three tours. All I have ever wanted was to play my music and express my feelings through that music and look what happened. We may not have been as successful as a lot of bands but to me we did a whole fucking lot and although Dead Nation is no more I don't plan on stopping anytime soon. Music, and if you're lucky, the sincerity everyone should be looking for, is in the blood.

Contact Dead Alive Records: PO Box 97, C-well, NJ 07006.



Cut the shit. You know it's just a part of life



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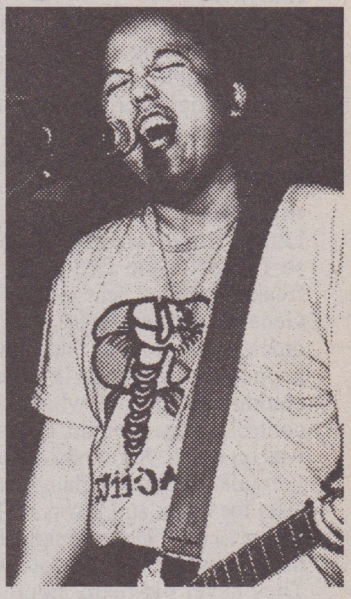


Surely, everyone has a J-CHURCH release by now. They've been called pop-punk, listed as ex-CRINGER and blamed for the scourge of DISCOUNT. This interview took place, mainly, in J-CHURCH's van before they played a show at Frisco's Bottom of the Hill. At this same show MRR's Floyd and Andy Darling were given the boot by the most ill-dressed bouncer in the Bay Area. Floyd of course sweet talked his way back in. Interview by Tom H.

MRR: Is the double LP J-CHURCH's "Sandinista?"

Lance: No, we don't have that dub side. We've been talking a little bit about a remix 12". (laughter) I hope not. I really like that record ("Sandanista") though, I really do like it. Although, it's funny, we were listening to it the other day at the video store and I swear, I don't think I ever heard the last side until that day. I was like, "I don't remember this song." (laughter) But, no, that was them jamming over a year, this (double LP) is us practicing one day and coming up with 26 songs. So, it's totally the other way around.

MRR: A number of the bands on Honest Don's are more career-oriented bands. Do you get any pressure from your label to...

Lance: I think of the bands as more failed career oriented bands. (laughter) I don't think that they're going to read this, so it's OK for me to say that. (laughter)

MRR: So, you don't get pressured to do more touring or...

Lance: No, we don't get pressured to do anything, are you kidding? We have to pressure them to make a photo to send to fanzines. I think it's the other way around. A lot of the bands (on Honest Don's) are ones that were picked up in that huge major label sweep and were gracefully dropped and let go in the last few years. The better ones, in the eyes of Fat Mike, end up on Honest Don's. Amongst a lot of other stuff, obviously we weren't part of that. So, there's no pressure. It's like any other bigger indie, really.

MRR: A lot of the bands on that label and Fat Wreck have done the Warp Tour, would J CHURCH do something like the Warp Tour if it was a possibility?

Lance: Uhhh, well, no. But, that's not as altruistic as you think. It's not like we aren't doing it because of Vans' Central American factories. It's more because they would hate us. (laughter) I mean, a few years ago, before we were on Honest Don's, our booking agent had been solicited to have certain bands apply to the Warp Tour. We were one of the bands that could have applied for it, but it seemed sort of ridiculous. What was the best thing that could happen? We'd get on and then we'd be playing at 12:30 in the afternoon...

MRR: To three people...

Lance: Who are saving a good spot to see NO FX. We'd be stuck touring on a bus with some other band that had a pro snow boarder in it and that's the only reason they're on the tour. It's just really not our scene. We don't go over well with huge athletic crowds. (laughter) I'd like to say it's because of other reasons, it just never really occurred to us to inquire because it would be terrible for us.

MRR: (to Jeff) Was it difficult for you to come into J CHURCH after a number of others came before you?

Jeff: Somewhat. I really liked J CHURCH in high school (laughter)

Lance: Back when I was thirty! (laughter)

Jeff: I was kind of nervous about it, maybe because I liked J CHURCH for so long. But it was really relaxed when I finally got in and played with them. They're a great band.

Lance: But that was what you thought before. We just made him wear a shirt that said "I am Gardner." (laughter)

MRR: So, you feel like a full member of the band? Or more as back up for Lance?

Jeff: I don't know, I just pretty much got in about 6 months ago and we've only practiced like...four times.

Lance: Well, we take this thing very seriously. We practice in the basement for about 15 minutes. "OK we already know this song, let's go on." (laughter) "You've heard this record right? Well, just play that, and we'll go on to the next one."

MRR: As far as the songs that were there before you came in, are there songs that you wouldn't feel comfortable playing, or that y'all don't play?

Jeff: No.

MRR: You don't disagree with the bomb throwing Anarchism of Lance?

(laughter)

Lance: What's not to like?

MRR: How many songs do you write a day, Lance?

Lance: None, actually. I write them in clumps. It will go for about a month and then all of a sudden there will be like 12 in a day. I used to do that thing where you try to write a song a day and then at the end of the week see what you've got. But, everything sucks when I do that. Everything REALLY sucks. (laughter)

MRR: Has moving out of the Mission District cause you to lose a lot of lyrical subject matter or inspiration?

Jeff: Now you can sing about the BART.

Lance: No, only the first record dealt with a lot of Mission stuff, really. I ran out of ideas ages ago! You just change the name,

they're all the same song really. Fast and Slow, those are our songs.

MRR: Are there any J CHURCH rumors that you've come across, any particular favorites?

Lance: People thought I was dead, years ago. This was even before the heart stuff. People had thought I died in a car crash. There was all this stuff on the internet about it. Someone we know HAS to have done that. It was ridiculous, it's not like it's hard to find me.

MRR: Nothing other than that one?

Lance: Nothing outrageous, just all the typical band stuff. "This person fought with that person." "This person does drugs, this that and the other." Well, half the times they are true, I just don't know how they found out! Yes, we kicked him out of the band because he was doing heroin in the van.

MRR: What were the recent health problems that you went through?

Lance: I had congestive heart failure. I thought I had bronchitis, so I went to the free clinic to get bronchitis medicine and they freaked out and sent me to the emergency room at San Francisco General, and they were freaking out because my heart beat was so quick.They thought that I had had a heart attack already or it was happening right then. So they did all these tests on me and they couldn't figure out what was wrong, why my heart was out of control. They thought I was on drugs, they kept asking me if I was on crack. Seriously. I was like, man, it's been weeks, what are you talking about? (laughter) So, they were freaking out and did tests for hours and it was really insane, because they thought I was going to die. They thought I had cancer, another possibility they had said was "Maybe you've got full-blown AIDS." I was dying. They never did really figure out was wrong, except that my heart had been enlarged. When you get hypertension sometimes your heart gets large, but that doesn't usually happen until your 70's. But it was fucking up all my other organs. I couldn't sleep because I was coughing. Which was why I thought I had bronchitis. But it turns out that blood was filling my lungs. It also messed with my kidneys. I was in the hospital for a week where they ran tests on me every day, all day long. The rest of the time I was watching TV and basically waiting to die. They thought I was going to die and I thought I was going to die. And then after five days, they were like, "Well, I guess you can go home, just cut down on salt." (laughter) They put me on medication, obviously, but they don't know what caused it. And even if they did know, they couldn't reverse it without giving me a new heart, which isn't really worth the risk. They just put me on medication that slows my heart down to below normal. The heart's too large, so even if it pumps at a normal pace it's still too much blood. So they slow my heart down until it's a little below the normal human rate and that's the only way I can live, basically. So I take medicine every day and three other medications to control body functions that are affected by that.

MRR: Does your health have any impact on playing live or recording?

Lance: I can't play drunk anymore. (laughter) I didn't have to stop drinking...they really don't know what caused it, so there's really nothing I had to cut out. I really couldn't go on a two month tour again. First of all, I only get the medicine in month and a half doses. So, I 'd run out. But also, because of the way you live on tour. I wouldn't be getting enough sleep. I have to sleep eight hours. I can't eat really salty foods, well, I can, but not with any regularity, and on tour your eating fried food all of the time. I don't drink anymore, although they didn't tell me I had to stop. All these little things help, maybe I've added five years to my life.

Jeff: Those are the worst five years.

Lance: I know, it's like fuck it, I don't want to be alive when I'm 90! (laughter)

Jeff: That's what I tell people when they tell me to quit smoking.

MRR: Are there any cover songs that J CHURCH has wanted to do but just didn't work out?

Lance: Yeah, there are lots. Some of them we tried were just so boring.

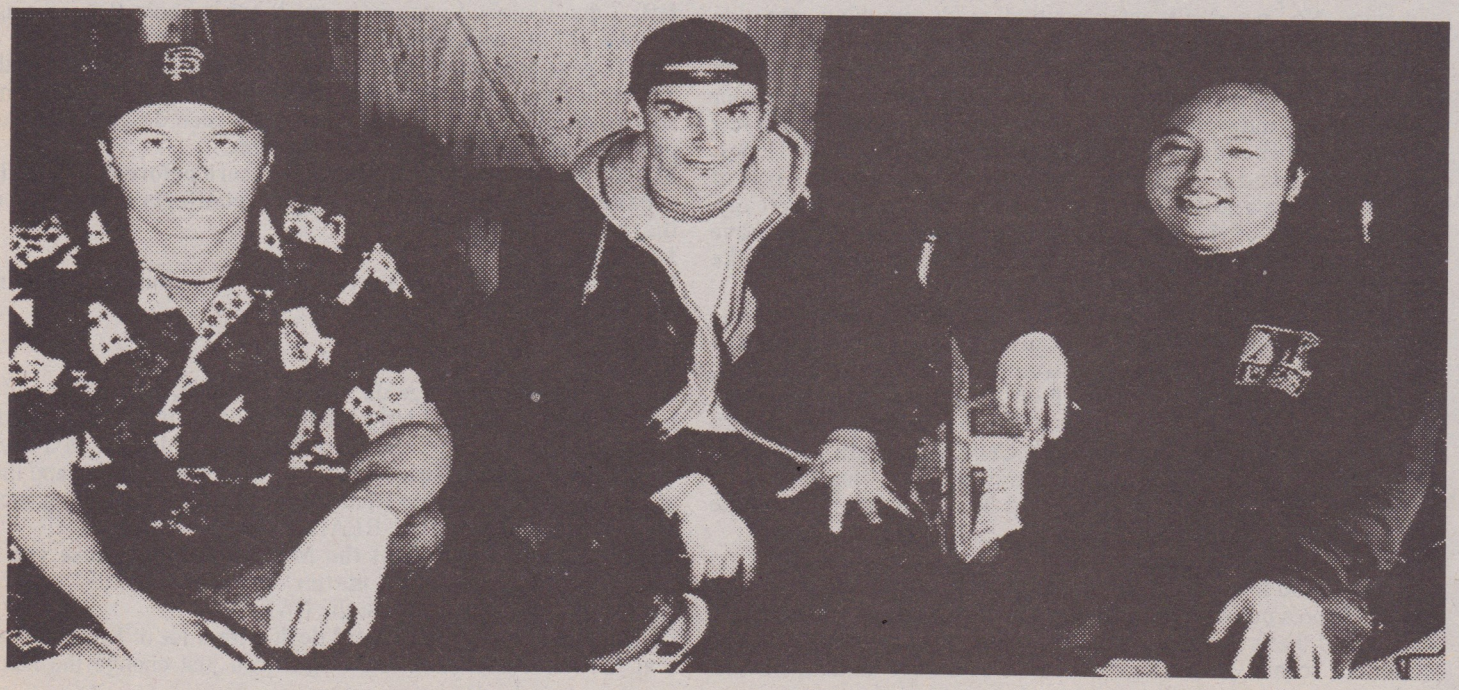
MRR: What were those?

Lance: We used to try and do "Hittsville UK" by the CLASH which is the xylophone song on the record. Just, no way. The only way to make it work is to make it sound like a Motown song, but really sad. I used to want to do "Peg" by STEELY DAN but that's just too hard, there are too many parts and fingers involved for the chords.Songs like that are too hard. If you can't make it into a RAMONES sound song, then it is just out of our league. If you can't reduce it to five bar chords, forget about it.

MRR: Are there any particular political ideologies or belief systems that you align yourselves with? Personally, not as a band.

Lance: The band never totally agrees, ever. There has never been a line up that was a united Anarchist front. There was never a line up like that, so that's why we don't really go with really specific political stuff. It's not really our style.

[At this point the interview is halted so that J CHURCH can go



play. The interview resumes with Lance answering questions that were to be asked of their drummer,, Adam. Why was Adam absent from the interview? I was giving two different reasons: 1) He hates MRR (an admirable stance) 2) He has grown tired of being asked about his previous band JAWBREAKER (which would not have been a problem here because I think that band stunk.)]

MRR: So, now we're going to go over the questions that were scripted for Adam.

Question 1: Are you the owner of a local video store?

Lance: Yes.

MRR: Owner or part owner?

Lance: Part-owner, with two others.

Question 2: Has your involvement in punk affected the way you run a business?

Lance: I'd say it's definitely true for all three of them. The whole ethics of their store was to see how business could be run...well, it's about as collective as you can be and still have employees.

Liberty (long-time Epicenter volunteer): And get things done.

Lance: Exactly. It's just an Epicenter model, but they pay people...

Liberty: (muffled, something about getting to pick the employees)

Jeff: Being able to hire and fire people.

Lance: The three owners were so entrenched in the 80's punk scene and so deeply involved in the early DIY stuff, punk stuff, overseas, here, whatever, it had to have had an effect in a lot of ways. Also, just based on the people they've hired to work there. People like me. I wouldn't work there if it was just any store. The fact that it is a little more...

MRR: And you get to keep your mohawk.

Lance: I don't mind the uniform, the "Lost Weekend" blazers. (laughter)

Question 3: Is the majority of the money made in a video store on late fees?

Lance: Generally, yes, but everyone is such a softie, that no one ever charges the late fees. "Oh, I'll give you a break this time." I've heard that said so many times since I've worked there.

Jeff: I've heard you say that so many times.

(laughter)

Lance: "You have $50 in late fees...just give me $10." "so, let me see, you broke the video tape, there's shit on it, you set it on fire...two bucks is cool." (laughter)

MRR: This is in regards to your health again. With your condition, does this mean that other band members can't sneak up on you and try to scare you?

(laughter)

Lance: They just can't hold me down and make me drink any pork. They scared me tonight. It's always scary when someone says, "Now which song was this?" in front of a large crowd.

MRR: Do you have a message for any of the mail-order customers of Honey Bear Records?

Lance: Oh, my god. I'm really trying to catch up. Ever since I was in the hospital, everything just fell apart. I'm really trying to go through all of the mail-order and catch up. There's probably about 20 people who have been waiting on orders for about a year. And I'm trying to pay everybody off and catch up with stuff. It's totally outrageous. When I was in the hospital I was out for a week. And then for a month afterwards I wasn't able to do anything. For the first two weeks I couldn't even leave my house. And between that, and the fact that things have gotten kind of backed up from touring anyway, there are so many orders that I haven't even gotten around to. So, right now what I'm doing is farming everything out to people. I've only got two items in my ad in *MRR* right now. And that's about all I can really handle. Ebay is hard enough. The last couple of ads that I've ran actually said, if you are owed something get in touch ASAP, because we are trying to clean it all up and get a clean plate. Especially now, that I'm moving out of my apartment, I'm finding letters in every corner. I pull books out to put them away and orders come tumbling down. They're all over the apartment. Some of them are for records that I never even got, and I don't even know why I was selling them in my mail order. Like this CD the "Ecstasy of Communication" that came out of Sweden. I guess I must have thought I was getting copies of it, but I don't even have a copy of it for myself. And I've found 20 orders for this CD. I mean, I still have the money for them too. I'm just going to put the money back in envelopes and send them back to people. The money's just sitting around in jars and stuff. So, if you're a burglar there are jars of cash all over my apartment. Two years of Honey Bear mail-order.

MRR: Do either of you have a top want list record right now?

Lance: Wow, there are a lot of records that I really want. The top one would be the MONKS LP. I really, really want that record.

MRR: Wait, here's another question. When you went through all of your health problems, how did you pay for that?

Lance: I just paid the first bill. It's going back and forth. There a lot of things that are happening a lot of which is caught up in the possibility that I might get Medi-Cal for my heart condition. So, everything is pending. I thought I was home free when I got a bill that was for $5,000.00 Something really low. I was like no way! If I get turned down for Medi-Cal, which more likely than not I will, because even people that really deserve it are turned down.

MRR: You don't deserve it, Lance?

Lance: Well, I sort of deserve it. The hospital cost about $80,000.00 Every test I did apparently cost about $5,000 and I was doing them like ten times a day. Plus the emergency room for an entire day. The medication for almost a year. So, far I've paid a few hundred dollars, and I'm about to get really screwed. I don't really know. I'm putting a little money aside, selling a lot of records on Ebay. A lot of stuff. If I haven't listened to it recently it's gone. I don't care if it's ROCKET FROM THE CRYPT or MISFITS "Evil Live" 12". It's on Ebay right now. I'm putting all that money to the side.

Jeff: I'm shopping next weekend at Lance's.

(laughter)

MRR: Other zines have touched on this before, but...being on a label that is sort of on the bigger side, do you think the bigger indies could provide health care for their bands?

Lance: A lot of labels do. Merge has health care. Sub-Pop...

MRR: Well, Sub-Pop is a bigger label with connections...

Lance: I think Fat is as big as Sub-Pop at this point. I would think so. They never had a NIRVANA or anything but they've had a lot of things that were comparable. They have stuff that is selling equal to SEBADOAH. But, Honest Don's is a much smaller label. They couldn't really give it to us. But money's never been a problem for the basic needs with this label, which is great. I think if they could do that they would. Especially with a label like that, where they have so many bands and a lot of them they only do a one off record with, it would take so much structuring and order...it would be great. We'd have to start selling 10,000 records to warrant it. My health care is more than all of our royalties combined.

MRR: Plus, you have a preexisting condition, Lance.

Jeff: And I'd get turned down for being a smoker.

MRR: I think that's it...

Lance: Last thing to mention. Crucial things not to forget about this interview 1) We do have a new record, that's not an illusion. 2) I am trying to catch up on all of that Honey Bear crap, there is potential litigation that I can't go into at this point, so there's been all sorts of problems health wise and personal wise and financial-wise. If you are one of those people waiting you have every right to be pissed off reading this interview. If you are so angry at the end of this interview you can write me a letter. The last thing is: my label has lost thousands of dollars over the last couple of years, the indie rock recession is in full effect, so stop sending me your demo tapes. That is the most important thing of all.

J-CHURCH *can be reached at PO Box 460346, San Francisco,· CA 94146. Lance's email is honeybearrecords@hotmail.com.*

This Machine Kills is Brian, bass; Jeremy, drums; Brett, guitar; and Steve sings.

MRR: Can you give a brief history of This Machine Kills, leading up to the release of the split 7" with Envy?

Brett: Well, it started in December of '98. Me and the original drummer, Ryan, started practicing together. Steve joined to play bass in January of '99. Originally, me and Steve sang almost equally.

Steve: Before I was singing, Casey from Yaphet Kotto was maybe going to sing, but the distance was a problem.

Brett: So we kept with that, toured with Kill Sadie for part of their West Coast tour in August of '99, and after that, it was decided we'd find another bass player, because Steve gets really into what he's doing—we basically had a singer and no bass player.

Steve: And I was really bad, too.

Brett: When you actually were playing bass, you were good, but the bass would end up on the floor or something. So Steve just started singing and Brian joined on bass. Jeremy's other band Stratego was basically wrapping up, so we started practicing with him, and we've been doing it ever since.

MRR: Stratego, named after the game of skill?

Jeremy: Yeah, which I coincidentally have never played in my life.

MRR: It's all about where you hide the flag. What about the rest of you, as far as former projects?

Steve: I'm in Esperanza, and me and Brian have a band with Mikey Hopscotch...

Brian: Called China Burg.

Steve: It's in theory right now. And I'm in another band called Transmission.

Brett: I have no time to be in more than one band. But in the past, well, in high school, I was in a band called Keebler Nation, which no one should ever hear of again. Then I was in Not For The Lack Of Trying.

MRR: How did this HG Fact release with Envy come out? Were you friends with them?

Steve: Yeah, I went out there (Japan) in September of last year, and I met Envy. I gave them a demo and they asked us to do the record. I was talking with Tadashi from HG Fact already, so he was interested in doing the record.

MRR: Was he already friends with Envy, or familiar with them?

Steve: Yeah, he released two of their LPs. We just went out there to tour about a month ago, with Envy and some other bands.

MRR: This release obviously has a theme. Is that something that you talked about with Envy? I can't read the lyrics to their song, but I assume from their title, "A Red Wound Picture," that it also has to do with the Amadou Diallo shooting in New York.

Steve: I'm almost positive it doesn't, because they never told me it had any connection. We never talked about coordinating songs together.

Brett: Originally, we were supposed to have one more song on there, but we mistimed things and it was too long.

MRR: Why did you select that one?

Brett: It was our favorite song, and it was timely. I wrote it right after the court case with the police officers, but before the verdict came in. We played it at a show at PCH the day after the verdict. It was pretty crazy.

Steve: It was a really emotional show.

MRR: What do you think that event and the outcome of the trial says about this country?

Brett: Institutionally, in our culture, we've decided that it's OK to sacrifice certain people for other people—people of color—in order that other people can feel secure. The Street Crimes unit that those cops were a part of was really about intimidating the people who lived in the lower class neighborhoods, and of course it leads up to something like this. That's what they were supposed to be doing, so of course they get off. They won't admit, officially, that that's what it was about.

Steve: These things happen every day. There's no court cases. When people get killed, there's maybe something in the newspaper, and that's it, nothing more than that. Finally, there's backing behind it as brutal as this, and still the police get off, they don't get a fine or anything. No jail sentence, nothing.

MRR: This is just speculation, but do you think that the police's behavior at the events of the Puerto Rican Day parade in New York is a sort of backlash for them being criticized in public?

Brett: It could be. Bruce Springsteen also has a song about this, and they boycotted his concert, the police. The show we played right after, we joked that you know, the police would be boycotting our show too. It seems like the police are very thin-skinned.

MRR: I've just gotten the sense that they've been like "fine, you're gonna treat us like that, then fuck you, we're not going to help you when you're in trouble." It seems almost unbelievably childish.

Brett: It's such an insular culture. They only deal with people as perpetrators, who have done something bad. They only deal with the public on that level.

Steve: There's the police fraternity organization that was calling Bruce Springsteen a "faggot." They're not even trying to help their situation.

MRR: It seems like there's a kind of sanctity about the value of "cop life" as opposed to the value of other people's lives. And if they perceive this as being violated, then all the rules are gone. Whatever rules there were to begin with.

Steve: What I think about this case is, if you're black and you're hanging out in the streets at night, then you're already a criminal; you're already a rapist, or you're someone that's going to cause problems in the community. These cops came into a black community and drove by a person who was just hanging out in front of his house, and they pull out their guns—"this could be a rapist." That already is a violation of human rights. Should we expect a gun in our faces if we're in front of our houses at one in the morning? Sometimes I read in the newspaper that something like this has happened—"Black man shot by two police officers"—and I clip the stories out and I keep them, because we can never forget those people who have been killed for no reason. They're already forgotten. The police and the state and the system want to forget all those mistakes because if we add 'em up, we might realize how wrong the system already is. They already know that.

MRR: How do you add them up and put them back in people's faces?

Steve: For one, communicating, talking about it. That's why we wrote a song about it, our new record that's coming out soon is very racially motivated. It focuses on people of color's issues that aren't just about resistance and communicating about resistance, but also about empowering ourselves, and empowering the community, and looking at each other for a search for answers, for energy to create something bigger than what they're trying to destroy. They're trying to hide those killings and beatings.

MRR: Can an effective change be made within the punk scene, communicating about these issues? Or is it too exclusive?

Brett: It's definitely too exclusive.

Steve: I think one of the big problems with the punk scene is that, for me growing up in the punk scene, I had no Asian-American role models. I had hardly any Asian-American friends or peers that were punks. It's difficult for me to see any change within at least my people's communities—from the get-go, when an Asian or Latino or a black kid comes into a punk community and sees how it centers mainly around the white middle class youth, why do they want to jump in? What do they see other than the fact that it's underground? I can see why they would go toward underground cultures, but punk seems to be problematic in that it's strongly white. Within punk music there's a lot of expression against that, to provide more outlets for all peoples, but until that changes, I think it's going to be exclusive, and it's not going to create that much change.

Brett: And even on another level, just the fact that we wrote a song about this, most people who are seeing this—half of the people at the show last night were friends of ours from here, who already know about all of this stuff—so partly, writing the song was more of a vent of anger about this, for me at least. I didn't see this song as going out and changing everyone's perception in mainstream culture. Today there's a big march for Mumia as part of the DNC actions. Things like that are more for mass media attention. That's another way that these things can be kept in people's minds.

MRR: Something you said at the show last night, Steve, was that we should never be ashamed of our anger. Obviously, there are right and wrong ways to vent that anger. I think of it as an '80s popular understanding that it's good to let your anger out. But if it's let out in the wrong way, it can hurt people who don't deserve to be hurt. So what is the best way to do it?

Steve: Maybe I should have phrased it better.

What I was trying to say is that if you educate yourself about your own struggles, then don't let someone else suppress that rage, because rage is what makes your identity that much more of you.

Brett: When Steve says "don't be ashamed of your anger," he doesn't mean if you're pissed off, just go break windows. It's more like, use that anger to energize yourself to do something positive.

Steve: That song specifically is called "Anger Lined with Cement," and it's a personal song, but it can be interpreted in many ways. Growing up being yellow-skinned, being Asian, people always belittled me, like "don't be so racially mad at white people, because it'll only cause problems and they won't listen to you. Your community will alienate you." I learned that process of hiding behind this facade that I don't want to hide behind. After a while, I started trying to educate myself about not just my own, but other people of color's struggles, and the queer movement, and others that have grown because of rage and politics and feeling and education. Without that rage and harsh emotion, that abrasiveness, where would I be as a person? I definitely would not be where I am today and be speaking out.

MRR: Did you all grow up in a similar area in Southern California?

Brett: I grew up in the East Bay. Pleasant Hill, Walnut Creek area. It was pretty sheltered, although I'd come to the City to skateboard all the time, and for shows.

Steve: I grew up in a really white, affluent area, where these issues, if they emerged at all, would never, ever, be accepted. It'll kill people, inside. People that are going through some serious struggles, it'll kill them, or kill their rage or who they are. I definitely almost became a victim of that, until I moved. A lot of Asian communities live in white-centered areas, and they lose either cultural values and their history because of the assimilation of how to be Western, how to be American, and how to live in the status quo of whiteness.

MRR: Do you still find that difficult when you go back there?

Steve: Yeah, definitely. That's why I don't leave my house. I just stay with my family. I live in Santa Barbara, we all live there, except for Brian, and I think that's where the politicization of my racial identity became really strong, because I saw a lot of people of color there, a lot of Asian people, and a lot of awesome white allies who helped me carve out my identity, research, and go back into who I am, pull that shit out, and say, "don't be ashamed of who you are, your skin, your history, your race."

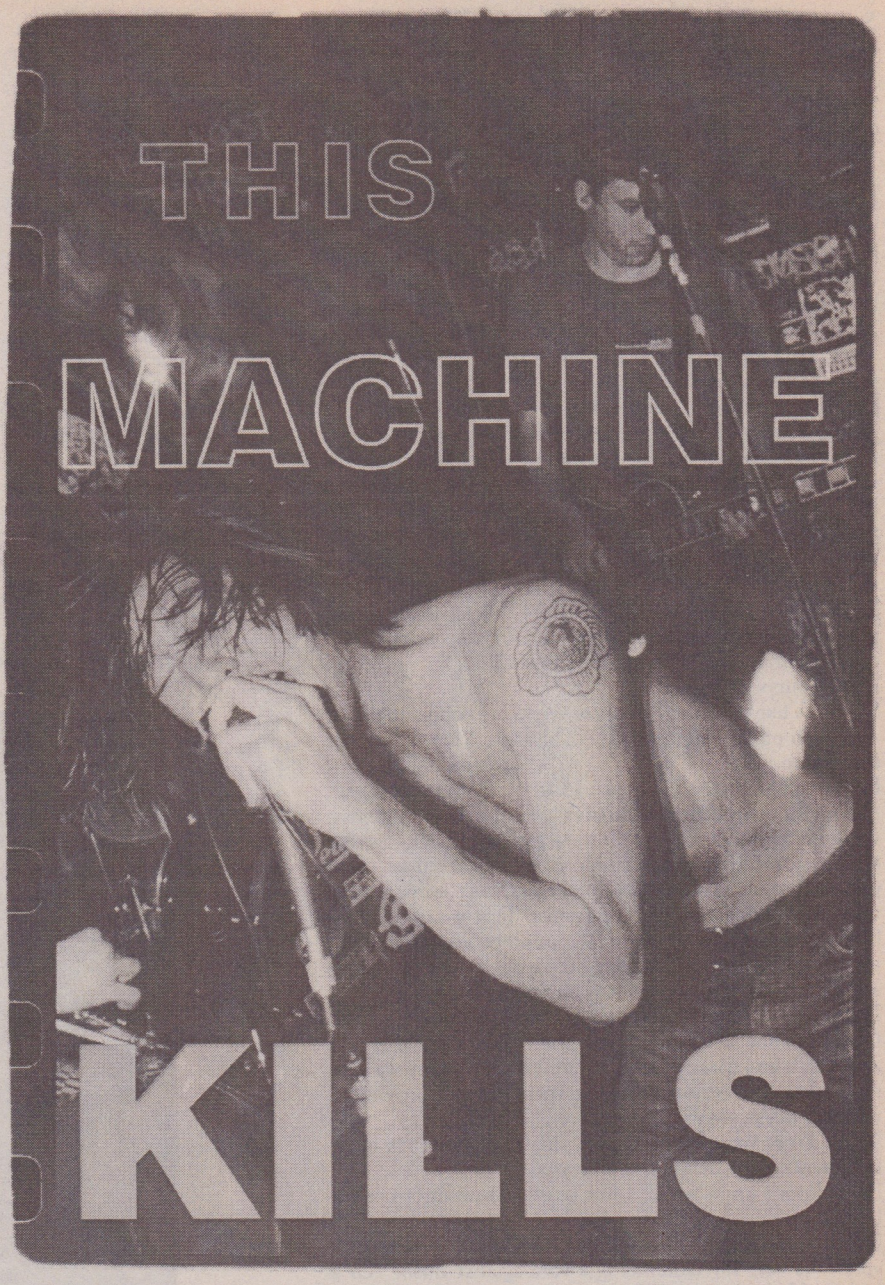
MRR: Did you see Martin's video *Beyond the Screams*, about the history of Latinos in the punk scene?

Brett: Yes.

MRR: Up here, that was played at Gilman St., and at Mission Records, and it was a different thing. A lot of people came just to see the video. It was a main event. I don't know if it was the same where you were, but do you think that the video might be an impetus for future stuff like that?

Brian: I hope so. Martin, as an individual, is probably on of the most inspiring people—just having a conversation with him.

Steve: I think that's necessary, more that anything, beyond just music. I want This Machine Kills not to be just like this punk/hc band, but a vehicle for expression on different levels. The music is really important to me, but the fact that we're coming together and becoming something beyond hardcore/punk is why I'm in this band. Or why it's so important to me and I make it such an important part of my life. Connecting that with Martin and his video, I haven't seen it, but I hope that more people of color come out and express themselves and show how their communities are connected to punk and everyday life.



INTERVIEW by ARWEN CURRY PHOTOS by JOSHUA PEACH

MRR: Are there times that you've felt alienated from the punk scene?

Steve: Oh yeah. Now I feel stronger about how I say things, I'm not scared to say the things I've said. Before, I would feel like when I'd talk about racial issues, that I would scare white people away and they would think that we'd have a racist agenda or something. But if they don't understand, they should go educate themselves, or they should ask us questions about what race means. At least for me, I'm sick and tired of being quiet, my history being erased. I'm not just going to sit aside and make sure things are OK first. If I have something to say, I'm just going to say it. If you can't handle it, please come talk to me. If we can communicate openly, then we can get through so many problems, and get the kind of understanding that will defeat a lot of underlying racism or sexism or homophobia or whatever.

MRR: Not only do you need music, but you need a vehicle, a place to play or show the film or whatever the case may be. Are we doing OK, or is there a model, in Japan or somewhere else that you see, that we should be trying to emulate?

Brett: In a lot of ways, in Japan, it felt like a Gilman show, but way more organized, and that may just be a part of Japanese culture, I don't know, but in general, things seem to be going OK.

Steve: The underground is fucking big, and punk is just one part of the underground. So a space that first and foremost was subversive in its politics and had an agenda that was based on politics and supported all forms of underground music would be a rad space. I know there are spaces out there that have hip hop shows and punk shows and folk shows.

Brian: We tried to do that, but...

MRR: But the punks are too elitist! In a similar vein, you're saying that what should or does already connect people is ideological, rather than the particular subculture you might find yourself in. It seems like a lot of activist punks I know are connecting more with other groups and collectives who are politically aligned with them. This activism we've been seeing the last few years, is it a new surge in activism, or has it been there all along?

Brett: I think all of these people have been out there, they're just connecting. I think the Internet has become a big organizing tool, as a clearinghouse of information and ways groups can contact each other.

MRR: You don't want to put too much information on there...

Brett: You kind of filter things out 'til you get to the right stuff.

Steve: These big events definitely are crucial to the punk movement. It's been there, I think, but it's like...what do you call those things, you hit one, and they all fall...?

All: Dominoes.

Steve: It's like dominoes, all these events are happening right after each other, and Seattle, DC, all these Mumia marches coming up...

Brett: And globalization is such a big, overarching issue that touches so many different people's lives in so many different ways. It's been this impetus for these groups to work together and get together, like labor unions, groups based on racial politics, it touches all people so much as this common thing we're all working towards and against. That was probably a big part of it. I'll be in LA for the summer, and listening to the news on the radio, already businesses are losing money and closing down, so It's already having an impact.

Brian: I was just in LA at a show, and we were down the street from the show just hanging out, and the cops drove by and stopped us and harassed us, and didn't question why we were there, they just assumed we were there for the convention, which is weeks away.

MRR: From what I understand, they're planning to bring in federal troops before it even starts.

Brett: I don't know which I fear more, federal troops or the LAPD.

MRR: What do you think about the idea of a "resistance vote?" "A vote for Gore being a vote against Bush?" Or a vote for Nader being for third party potential—but no one's vote actually going to who they would choose as president?

Brett: Electoral politics has just been the lesser of two evils. If Nader was elected, by some crazy longshot, that would definitely be the least of all evils, but it's not going to happen. My feeling is, there's not much of a difference, probably the abortion issue is the only real difference between Gore and Bush.

MRR: Gore was actually vocally anti-choice.

Brett: And he's got Leiberman, who's a total religious fanatic. And even on one level, I think Bush is probably just paying lip service to being pro-life. Who knows. I don't think he believes in anything. I'm going to vote for Nader. I would love to see Nader in an actual televised debate. I think he would kick ass, and obviously he would bring a lot of issues to light that neither of the other two will bring up. It would be cool to see some tax money actually going to the Green Party.

MRR: As a band or as individuals, do you feel musically aligned with other bands? Do you have a connection with an international group of people who play music?

Steve: I definitely do.

Brett: All the bands we toured Japan with. Nine Days Wonder, the Exploder, from Richmond.

Steve: Bread and Circuits, Former Members of Alfonsin, Seein' Red, Yaphet Kotto. Musically, I think John Henry West is a huge factor.

Brett: Yeah, and the bands that influenced them. I'm kind of stuck back in early '90s hardcore, myself. John Henry West, Heroin, Born Against, obviously, early Gravity stuff. Those are kind of our influences. Everyone seems to compare us to Bread and Circuits, which I don't really see.

Brian: All of us pretty much have different styles and tastes.

Brett: I'm the only one who's stuck back in '91. Not all our songs are fast, though the songs we consider mid-tempo might be considered fast to a lot of people.

MRR: You have a record coming out.

Steve: It's a split release with El Grito Records and Coalition Records, and it should be out by the time anyone is reading this. We were selling test pressings in Japan. It'll be called *On the MOVE*. It's dedicated to the MOVE Organization in Philadelphia. We have a song which is more of less about the prison system and how, for example, the police bombed the MOVE house, and a bunch of people, children were killed. They bombed a whole block and put all these people in jail for basically being in a political group.

Brian: There a song called "360 degrees." It's about a politicized street organization, called the Almighty Latin Kings and Queens Nation. I watched this video called *Black and Gold*, which is a documentary on them, and it really inspired me on how street gangs can turn political and really change their communities, and be a vanguard for a community against police brutality. But the video was centered mainly around the New York Kings and Queens, and from what I understand from what Martin said, the Latin Kings in Chicago do worse things to the community than the police.

Brett: They're pretty much like the Crips and Bloods of LA. It's almost like two separate worlds.

Steve: I just want to make a differentiation between the two groups, because when we sing about the Latin Kings in that song, we sing about politicized street gangs that are there for the community.

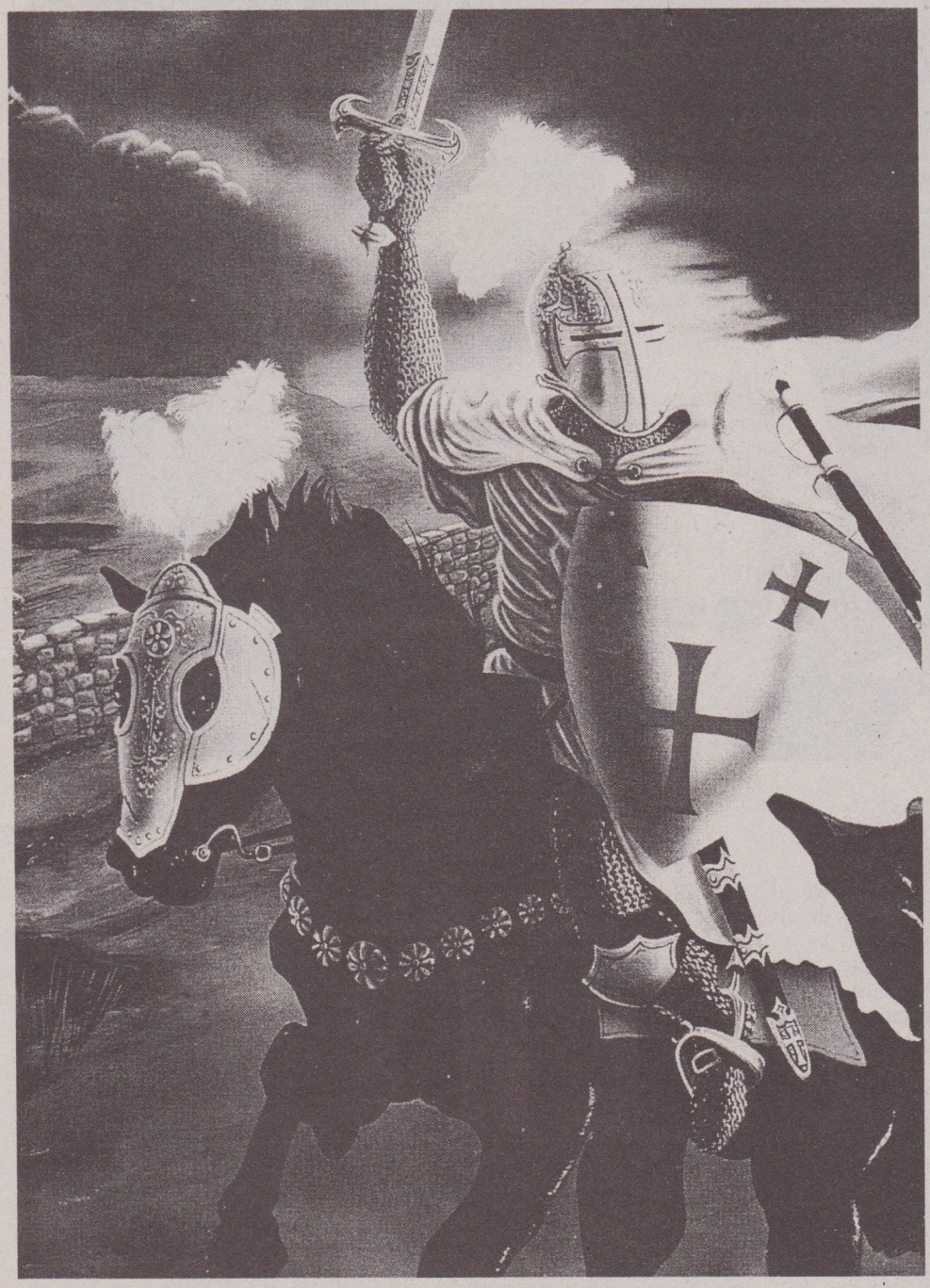
Brett: While we're on the subject of disclaimers, there are some elements to the MOVE philosophy that we're not OK with. I know they're somewhat homophobic.

MRR: I assume the song is a protest of the police action, regardless of the philosophy of the political group.

Brett: That's right. It's a song of support for political groups who have been persecuted by the state.

Contact This Machine Kills, PO Box 14041, Santa Barbara, CA 93107, or thismachinekills@dimmak.com

The Templars

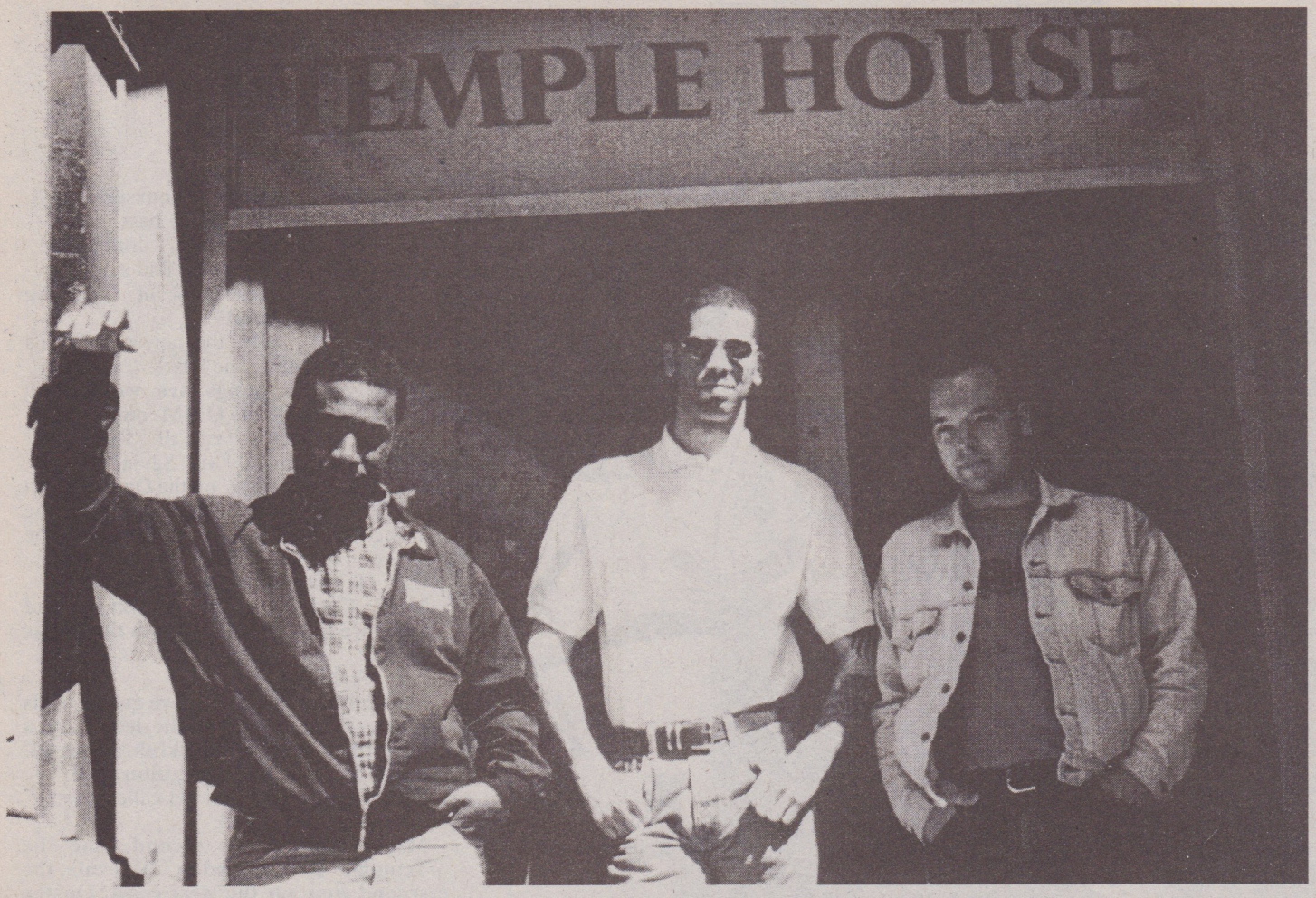


"You have only one life to lose-why fuck it up with stupid territorial bullshit? Fighting each other just helps the Nazis take over." – *Phil Templar-American Upstart-2000*

The Templars have been playing their own brand of tough Oi! for almost ten years and are presently one of the most popular skinhead bands in the world. MRR sat down with the Templars between two sold-out shows in San Francisco.

Interview by Bruce Roehrs.

MRR: Please introduce yourselves.
Perry: I'm Perry and I play bass.
Phil: Phil, "The Infamous" - drums.
Carl: Carl - playing guitar and sing.
MRR: Who does most of the song writing in this band?
Carl: Me. Actually, the newer stuff, it's been Perry writing the lyrics.
MRR: Which songs are we talking about? Some of the GMM ones?
Perry: I wrote the lyrics of "These Four Walls", "Coward", "My Saving Grace", and "Straight to Hell" on the Omne Datum record. I wrote both the words and the music too on 1118-1312 and about half the lyrics on the new GMM LP.
Carl: He's been busy writing.
MRR: Carl, does that give you more of a chance to play around with the guitar leads?
Carl: Yeah.
MRR: I have noticed more guitar leads in the band now and the leads are a little bit longer. Some skinhead or Oi! bands are terrified of a guitar lead.
Carl: They're afraid to get called "metal" instead of rock n' roll.
MRR: This is the second time the Templars have played in California, the second time on the west coast. On the first tour both shows were good musically but last night you seemed to be having a little more fun. It seemed that your playing was more animated. You guys were enjoying playing, and the audience feeds off of your energy.
Carl: That's true.
Phil: It was all the beautiful girls at the show.
MRR: Was that it? The universal ingredient whether you are in New York or California.
Phil: That was my excuse.
Carl: Sometimes you play shows, and by the time you get to wherever the shows are you're tired of traveling and all that kind of crap. Sometimes, you just want to get the shit over with so you can relax.
MRR: For this show you were reasonably fresh, because you flew out the day before.
Carl : Right
MRR: There was trouble with fights at the show last night, and to your credit you stopped the show twice and attempted to reason with the crowd. Is fighting at your shows a common problem for the Templars?
Phil: No. We haven't had a problem like last night for two or three years in New York.
Perry: In New York they won't let you into the bar unless you're at least 24 years old - some bars require age 26- because they realize that most of the trouble is being caused by the guys who



are between 21 and 24.

MRR: That's only for skinhead music?

Perry: No clubs in general.

Carl: Yeah, 21 for girls and 24 for guys.

Perry: There's always some kind of trouble when we play in Europe. Usually with gangs and the different politics involved.

Phil: Politics are more important in Europe than they are here.

Perry: You have to be clearly on one side or the other.

Carl: That's definitely true in Germany. It depends what country you go to. In places like France and in Germany they are more into politics.

Perry: Italy also.

Phil: Yeah, you definitely have to choose your side.

MRR: Was there ever a time when you saw the two factions at the same show?

Perry: We've had people from the extreme right come to shows.

Phil: But they stay all the way in the back.

Perry: Yeah they stay in the back, minding their own business, not talking to anybody.

Phil: They leave well before the show has ended.

Carl: They know that there will be trouble later if they stick around.

Perry: They are real inconspicuous, but you know who they are.

Phil: There is always a patch, a little pin, or something on their shoulder.

MRR: At the Cock Sparrer show in Berlin I expected all kinds of problems. There were very few incidents.

Carl: That's different than the Cock Sparrer show that I went to, which was their first reunion show in the Astoria, in London. Half the audience was boneheads. I was there with Max from Oxblood, and I think that he was the only black guy in the whole place.

MRR: Were there problems?

Carl: We received messages through other people, that, you know, everyone was planning to kill us.

MRR: That always makes you feel good during a show, when you get a death threat.

Carl: We stayed for the whole Cock Sparrer set, and The Adicts were the last band. We stayed for four or five songs, and said "let's get the fuck out of here." Of course, after we left, the Adicts got chased off of the stage and big fights broke out everywhere.

MRR: In Europe being a punk or a skinhead is a 100% commitment.

Perry: It's definitely more of a way of life over in Europe, with these young kids totally living the day to day skinhead or punk way of life

MRR: They are very sincere and there seemed to be a sense of camaraderie.

Carl: They get out on their own a lot younger. By eighteen, most of the people are out on their own, living in their own apartment.

MRR: Do you think that is because of the social system over there, where, if you don't have a job, they provide for you?

Carl: Yes.

Phil: Yeah.

Carl: If you do want to go to college, it's easier to get into an education program in some of those countries.

Phil : It's free.

MRR: If you're studying in Sweden, Norway, or Finland, you have opportunities for socialized education.

Carl: If you qualify to go to school, you're in. You don't have to pay. Maybe pay a small fee, a couple of hundred dollars.

MRR: Do you think that would improve the quality of education here if more kids in the U.S. had that opportunity?

Perry: Fuck yes.

Phil: Get the kids out of the ghettos.

Carl: Absolutely.

Perry: I think the difference here too, is that people who aren't

really qualified to go to school can still get in. Over there, you really have to demonstrate some aptitude.

MRR: If you make the grades, you should be able to go for free, It would improve the whole education system in this country. We would have more school teachers, more nurses, more doctors, and more people who could make a difference.

Perry: It's all about money over here. If you are from a well-to-do middle-class family and have the money to go to school over here, the possibilities are limitless. But if your poor, even if you're real bright, you can't afford to go . That's not right.

Phil: It's wrong.

Carl: In Europe they are much more progressive than the U.S. They have socialized education and medical care in many places.

MRR: The working class is getting fucked in this country. The middle class families are struggling to make their rent or their mortgage. Some of the Templars' lyrics are about everyday life and are thought provoking. Every single song isn't about fighting and drinking.

Perry: I try to stay away from those topics on purpose now.

MRR: Are you both still in school?

Phil: I graduated.

MRR: You're a doctor?

Phil: Yeah.

MRR: Congratulations. Are you going to start practicing?

Phil: Right now I'm doing a residency. Three years or as much as four years.

MRR: And you {to Perry}?

Perry: Yeah, I'm still in school. I work full-time during the regular working day, but I go to school at night.

MRR: What kind of job are you doing in the daytime?

Perry: I work shipping/receiving for a publishing company in Chicago. It's a blue collar job. I go to school at night where I major in geography with an emphasis on urban studies.

MRR: How about you Carl? Are you in graduate school?

Carl: Not yet.

MRR: Is that on hold?

Carl: I brought my paper with me so I can finish it and get my degree. I should have it soon. It's pretty much done. I just need to clean it up and send it out.

MRR: This will be in Scandinavian studies?

Carl: I'm getting two degrees actually - one in Scandinavian studies and one in Swedish language and literature.

MRR: Do you need an advanced degree if you want to teach on a college level ?

Carl: I would say that you need a masters. I'm going to see if I can get into the state department to work in the foreign service. I figure I could be a specialist with Scandinavia.

MRR: Do you listen to the Swedish and Finnish hardcore records?

Carl: I got to see all those old hardcore bands when I was living in Finland.

MRR You must have studied some of those old guitar players along the way.

Carl: I taught myself.

MRR: You are playing more leads and seem to be enjoying it.

Carl: Playing live kills me. I have to remember all of the words, and I've got to play the rhythm and then switch from the rhythm to the lead, and remember the solo.

MRR: You guys probably practice less than any other working band in America, but pull it off with style.

Perry: Yeah, there's no margin for error. You just get up and do it.

MRR: Last night we got to hear a Clash cover.

Perry: I love the Clash, they are one of my all-time favorite bands.

MRR: There were so many good European bands in that era. Lots of bands had only one hit record, and until you become a record collector and start searching that shit out....

Carl: Then you realize they've got all these other great songs.

MRR: You guys probably get to hear some of the interesting young bands playing out in Europe currently.

Carl: I just produced The Righteous "And the Saga Begins" CD. It's a really good CD by a great young band from Sweden that is on Building Thirteen Records.

MRR: It's good. They actually do more guitar work then most skinhead bands. I think that might be your influence.

Carl: They're eighteen years old.

MRR: Do they sing entirely in English?

Carl: They have one song in Swedish that will be on a 7".

MRR: In Europe they all seem to speak several languages. The education system is superior.

Carl: If you live in France, Germany, or Switzerland, you're probably going to speak three languages .

MRR: We are making a mistake in this country. We are not paying teachers a decent wage. That's the future of our country.

Phil: Exactly.

MRR: If we don't teach the kids the basics, what is going to happen in 20 years?

Phil: That's why they have to import all the skilled workers.

Carl: I think America has too large a population. Europe is getting pretty tight too.

MRR: Were you guys old enough to see the Bruisers and Patriot, and all those guys, when they came down?

Perry: The first time I met these guys was in a Oi! festival in DC in '92. Which is one of the first out-of-town shows you all did right?

Carl: Yeah.

Phil: Yeah, the Bruisers played, and Patriot, and pretty much all those bands from that camp.

MRR: Did they bring out a rough crowd in the old days?

Carl: In Boston they did.

Phil: Well, the east coast shows were pretty much insane asylums. People go in, pay their money, and bash each other.

MRR: You guys have a good opportunity to travel more now, both to Europe and out here.

Perry: We're really in no position to tour extensively because of our jobs and school and stuff. It's just impossible to get a big chunk of time off.

Carl: I don't think that I would do it anyway. I think that we would break up. Then it would be like like a job.

Perry: We're starting to get up there in age a little bit, and sitting in a van fourteen hours a day for a couple months at a time, sleeping on floors, that's just not going to work.

MRR: That first Templars record, the Sonic Aggression EP didn't get distributed very well.

Carl: Which one?

Perry: Sonic Aggression.

Phil: There were only 600 pressed, and then the company went out of business.

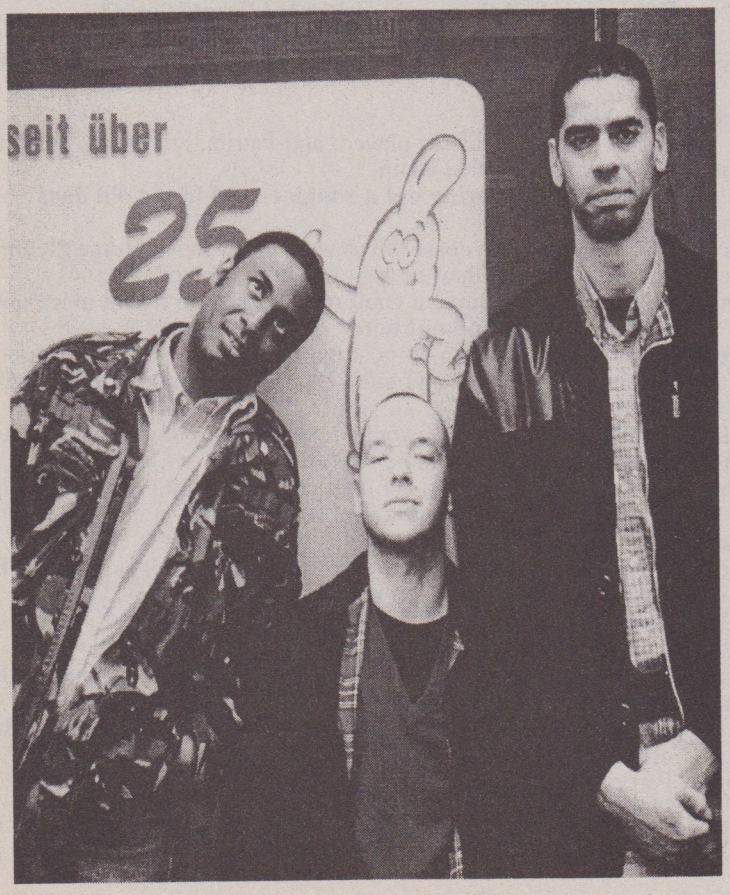
MRR: I saw a bootleg of that record in Chicago, is that official?

Perry: Yeah, it's official.

Phil: We actually have other recordings from that session.

MRR: Are you going to put them out?

Phil and Carl: Yeah.
MRR: Vulture Rock put out some of your early material.
Carl: Yeah, John was one of our earliest supporters.
Perry: We were thinking about doing some kind of rarities thing.
Phil: We're going to do a singles compilation as well.
Perry: It will contain a lot of the songs from Split EP's plus songs that have only been released in Europe. That's really the purpose of the "Biaus Seignors Feres" CD we have out on TKO. The tracks on that are all old, and they were only released overseas, so it's a good opportunity to get it to people in this country. Most of them probably haven't had a chance to hear these songs, and they are good songs.
MRR: Phil, didn't you write to MRR in defense of the Man's Ruin parody of a Skrewdriver song with a kazoo that had been attacked in print?
Phil Yeah, because at the time I was good friends with the band, and that shit wasn't fair. It wasn't fair at all.
MRR: That started a barrage of letter writing.
Perry: That's was the thing, people were talking all this shit about Man's Ruin and didn't know them. We actually know them and know what they are about.
MRR: Everybody who knows the Templars knows that you are not white power.
Phil: Actually some people still think we are. You'd be surprised. Some people are really stupid.
MRR: Do they think that there can be two black men in the band and it can still be white power?
Carl: Yeah, even though we have songs like, Pride, Oi! Against Racism, No Solution..their just dumb as fuck.
Phil: I want to ask a question of Maximum Rock N' Roll. How come the band called the No Talents from France can do the same fuckin' Skrewdriver song as Man's Ruin, and no one said shit?
Carl: They're from France, which is filled with tons of crazy shit. They have a large National Front presence over there.
Perry: That's another thing, Mark from the Anti- Heros and GMM is the guy that put out Man's Ruin, and his wife is in the band...
Carl: Mark's one of the most active anti-racists in this scene. He's the nicest fuckin' dude in the world!
Perry: Mark has always stood up for non-racist bands down there in Atlanta. Some of those boneheads the Anti-Heros had problems with used try to pick a fight with Mark all the time.



MRR: He's been very supportive of you guys, as he has with a lot of bands from Boston to California to Europe. Mark seems like he's right there for a lot of bands. Inside your "Do a Runner" ten inch record, you've got a picture of a Skrewdriver single. That caused much discussion at MRR.
Carl: Yeah- There's a picture of "Knocked Down Built Up"- an early non-racist Skrewdriver record. There's also a Skin Deep single, a Cock Sparrer single, Klasse Kriminale, Tolbiac's Toads, Snix, and R.A.S. Those are all rare European skinhead records.
MRR: No political statement was intended?
Perry: I think a lot of people have too much time on their hands and don't have anything better to do than sit around and pick out shit to stir up a controversy about. They don't have a lot going on in their own lives.
Phil: Get a life and pull your fingers out of your ass and get a breath of fresh air. Two fuckin' brothers in the band, and we're still white power? Come on. Maybe we're black power, right Carl?
Carl: I'm an honorary brother.
Phil: Alright!!
MRR: Carl, Is your lineage Scandinavian?
Carl: Finnish and Austrian.
MRR: Did that inspire you to study the languages and culture of that part of the world?
Carl: Yeah, I've always been interested in that region.
MRR: I notice that you sometimes wear shirts with Norse mythological gods on them- Do you think your fans are well read in that area?
Carl : Some of the fans have actually started to read about mythology or the history of the Templars because of our influence.
Phil: Templars have a really great, crazy history. There are all sorts of myths about them, and magic rituals and shit. Some of the stuff that goes on today goes back to the ancient Templars: superstitions about Friday the 13th, skull and cross bones on pirate ships- that's all from the Templars. They did shit that was out of the ordinary, so people said, "You guys must be devils."
MRR: You guys don't seem to buy into the whole red, white and blue nationalistic mind-set do you?
Perry: No.
MRR: The Templars don't seem overtly patriotic. Is it because you've traveled more and have seen more of the world?
Phil: Not really. It's just that I live in this country, and that's enough patriotism for me right there. I pay my taxes.
MRR: Do you think being a black man puts a different perspective on patriotism?
Phil: Fuck yes!
Perry: Up until 30, 35 years ago, black people couldn't eat in the same restaurants down south, had to ride in the back of the bus, couldn't use the same water fountains. To this day, blacks are still getting a sub-standard education and living in sub-standard housing. That kind of gives you a different perspective on things.
MRR: We have seen a lot of resentment towards immigrants in the United States recently.
Phil: It's a double-edged sword. We can send all this money to obscure countries for foreign aid, and all this other shit. Meanwhile we have Vietnam vets on the streets, we have mentally ill bums who can't function well enough to hold down a job. Maybe we should shave some of that foreign aid, let other countries put in their share.
Carl: Let them carry their own weight. They become dependent on us and then they can't help themselves. Why the fuck do we have to send the most money all the time? Why can't we send half of it and let other countries put their fair share in?
Perry: Yeah, or invest that money at home in our education system or public housing.
MRR: Do you guys vote?
Phil: I've never voted in my life.
Carl: I don't vote.

Perry: I vote.
Carl: Democrats and Republicans, there's a very fine line between them.
Perry: The two parties conspire together to keep any third party or any different party from being a part of the process.
MRR: In Germany they've got the Social Democrats, the Greens, and other parties.
Carl: They have five or six parties, which offers more options.
MRR: What plans do you have? Are you going to be playing more than two or three times a year now?
Perry: We've been playing a lot.
Carl: We've got a lot of shows coming up. Mostly in Europe.
Perry: France
Carl : Italy too.
MRR: A lot of skins and punks could learn from the old Italian bands like Nabat and Rough and Basta. There were some great bands in Europe in the early eighties.
Carl: A lot of people won't listen to foreign bands because they don't sing in English. To be good music it doesn't have to be in English.
Perry: There were good bands in France and Italy that go back to 1981 or 1982. Nabat started in 1980.
Carl: We do a Nabat cover on the new TKO Records CD.
MRR:. The skinhead movement is stronger than ever now. It's an international thing.
Perry: We get e-mails from Malaysia, Indonesia, South America, all over the place. Last year, when we played that Oi! Fest in Phoenix there was some kid there from El Salvador.
Phil: Yeah, El Salvador.
Perry: He came all the way up to see us.
Phil: Yeah- and a bunch of guys from Mexico.
Perry: Yeah a bunch of guys from Monterey, Mexico came up.
Phil: It's pretty cool.
Carl: We're one of the only American bands that, when we play in Europe, we play a cover-song in the native tongue of that country. When we play France, we play a song in French.
MRR: In French? Who sings that?
Carl: Actually, we have French guys sing. I sing in German on this new record. We did this collaboration with Stomper 98. It's all of us in the studio playing different instruments.
MRR: Does it come off well?
Carl: They said it was good. They said that they can hear that I'm American, but it sounds good.
MRR: They could understand the words, that's the main thing.
Carl: I did a song in French on the 1118-1312 Record. The French people had a hard time understanding what I was singing.
MRR: You have the European tour coming up, are you going to have some new product out?
Phil: We have TKO product right now. It was available as of August 12th, and it's available tonight at the show. We also have a new split EP out with P38.
MRR: Is that on your own label?
Phil: It's on Disagree Records in France. Disagree records is run by the P38 bassist. I believe it's his label.
MRR: How many early unreleased songs from the Sonic Aggression EP session do you have?
Phil: About five or six songs.
MRR: Who comes up with all these Templars Illustrations?
Perry: That would be Phil.
MRR: The Templar's history seems to be steeped in Christian tradition.
Phil: Templars were a blow to Christianity, because Christianity betrayed them.
Carl: Actually, you can call the Templars the Skinheads of the Middle Ages, because they did all the dirty work for the Christian politicians and kings and popes.
MRR: Some skinheads feel that they get blamed for everything. There can be two skinheads at a show, and if there's a big brawl, the skins get accused of starting it.
Phil: It's partially from people watching those right wing TV programs. They'll show the news then they'll show "right wing

demonstrators", with one skinhead and ten rednecks, and they'll call it "A Gang of Skinheads".
MRR: The scene today is more unified. The punks and skins come together and actually create a better scene for both groups.
Phil: They like the same music, so why not?
Carl: New York has always been pretty good with that. There's always been a punk edge to the skinhead scene in New York.
MRR: What about other large cities- what about Chicago?
Perry: It depends on what area you're from. There are still parts of the Chicago area that are segregated. But there are other parts where it is a real melting pot and everybody gets along. There's no tension at all. It really depends on what part of town you're in.
MRR: Do you have a new full-length ready for release?
Perry: Yeah, on GMM/Templecombe.
Perry: Mark at GMM treats us really well.
MRR: Were the new songs recorded down south?
Carl: Atlanta. Same as Omne Datum Optimum.
MRR: Some people were a little disoriented because it wasn't the eight track mud that we have come to know and love from Acre Studios in Carl's garage.
{laughter}
MRR: I'm partial to the low-tech recordings.
Perry: A lot of our die-hard fans said that they like the old recording method.
Carl: Yeah, the new record is good, but we prefer the old shit.
Phil: People talking shit, saying they sound all fucked up on wax and this and that. And you know what, we'll do our record our way. We could sound just like the teeny bopper shit, we could sound just like any of those motherfuckers- you can put anyone in the studio and put special effects there. We could sound like all the metal bands they are listening to.
MRR: The first GMM record sounded more " live" to you.
Perry: Yeah. When we recorded we went down there and did it from start to finish in three days. It's recorded professionally, but it's done real raw.
MRR: Can some songs be recorded in one or two takes?
Carl: Well, it's funny, sometimes we go in, just me and Phil, and we'll be like, play that, and okay, let's record it. A week or two later, I'll add other shit, the vocals and shit.
Phil: With some whiskey for encouragement.
Carl: Iggy Pop does something like that. He likes to do the vocals and the guitars at the same time. If you're just singing, you tend to get a little too crazy trying to do things you can't really pull off.
MRR: Iggy is one of the two or three guys who invented punk rock. When you listen to Raw Power, from 1972, that shit was wild! So was some of that New York Dolls stuff. If you listen to "Personality Crisis" from 1973, that song is ridiculously punk. A lot of people say punk started with the Sex Pistols - Wrong!

Carl: All those Sex Pistols guitar riffs- those were all stolen from the New York Dolls.
MRR: Any other side projects in the works right now?
Perry: There is the Templars/Stomper 98 Split on DSS.
MRR: That Soul Boys EP on DSS is really good also.
Carl: Yeah-I think they're really good.
MRR: What about girls- Do you guys get a lot of action when you are on the road?
Perry: I think you'll have a hard time finding a skinhead band that treats women with more respect than we do. We don't think there are enough woman involved in the Oi! scene to start with.
Phil: Hell no.
Perry: The ones that are involved...
Phil: ...get chased out. They get treated like pieces of dirt. We want more women to come to the shows. We'll show them respect and a real good time.
Perry: Exactly.
Phil:, If you are willing to travel, willing to pay money to see our shows, then you deserve some sort of attention right there. Especially if you are a female.
MRR: In Europe, are you kind of a novelty? Do the girls see you and think that you are unique or special?
Perry: Basically. Yes. We are very fond of going to Europe.
MRR: You get treated pretty much like royalty over there?
Phil: We get treated pretty good.
Perry: I wouldn't say royalty, but we get treated well.
Carl: We like to pay for our own shit. People offer, but we say, look man, thanks- but we like to pay our own way.
MRR: Right.
Carl: We like to impress upon the fans that, hey- we're just like you, you don't need to treat us like that. Treat us like human beings, you know. We're all going to have fun and hang out.
Phil: This isn't a job for us, this is hanging out. We loved the music before we played in a band. We're just doing what we love.
MRR: How many shows are you playing this European trip?
Phil: Two gigs. One is in central Germany.
Carl: One in the Black Forest. We'll be in Germany in December.
Perry: Yeah, we never played that part before- it will be a first.
Carl: The one in southern Germany is close to the French quarter on the Swiss border.
MRR: Do you have family members, grandmothers, mothers and fathers, that support what you do and are excited for your success?
Carl: Phil's parents don't even know he plays in a band!
{laughter}
Carl: Our parents are old fashioned.
Phil: If you're a musician, you're a bum, you're a waste of life.
MRR: Even if you are a doctor?
Phil: I'm thirty-one, I don't have to report to my parents, I don't tell them shit. I don't tell anybody shit. Eventually I will tell them. I'll call them and say, " look what I did." Rock n' roll dude, still I'm a doctor. I've been playing my music in my room at home for years. I would put on Templars records, and mom would walk by and say, "who is that singing?" not even knowing that it's Carl....it sounds crazy! She knows Carl, and doesn't even know that it's him singing.
MRR: Do you have a relationship with your relatives like that? Can you share the music with them?
Carl: Everyone in my family is pretty into it. They wouldn't sit down and listen to it, but they like the music.
MRR: They encourage you.
Carl: They wish they could have done it. They haven't even left New York most of their life. They're thinking: "Wow! You get to go all around Europe!"
MRR: They can respect that. You've gotten to travel the world through your music. Not a whole lot of people get to pull that off.
Perry: That's the way my mom is too. She just happy that I've had a chance to travel, because I grew up in the South Side of Chicago in a rather fucked up neighborhood and never really got to leave Chicago until I was twenty.
MRR: Now you've been all over.
Perry: Yeah, I've been to Norway, England, France, Germany, all around the United States. My mom is real happy for me because I've gotten to see some of the world. Even though she doesn't really appreciate the kind of music that I'm playing, we've got a good relationship.
Phil: Yeah, because you get closer to them as you grow older.
MRR: You can talk to them one on one. They don't ask "Where have you been all night and how come you are all liquored up?"
Carl: "How come you're 40 years old and you are still living at home?"
{laughter}
Perry: Yeah, my mom, she likes to collect spoon rests, so everywhere we play, I try to get her a spoon rest.
MRR: To you it might seem like a tourist item, but to her it's a treasure.
Phil: When her friends come over she goes, "My son was here...".
MRR: That makes her proud.
Carl: I buy little tidbits from other countries. I'm going to be the type of guy who is on the front porch, seventy years old, talking to his grand-kids, saying: "Look what I did."
MRR: Since you have the new TKO "Milites Templi" EP coming out you need to come back to San Francisco to play. You also need to play southern California.
Phil: We would love to go to LA, but with whom?
MRR: The Templars would do really well in L.A.
Perry: Back in the eighties, when it was really crazy, I saw some good shows there.
MRR: The energy level is great down there. It's the hardest rocking town on the west coast.
Carl: The New York of the west.
Perry: We definitely want to play southern California. For the record: we definitely want to play in LA.
Phil: People talking a lot of shit.
Perry: Yeah, we haven't been able to get somebody to set up a proper show.(Mark Rainey comes in the room)
Phil: Mark Rainey!
Mark: TKAfro is very proud to have the ISP superstars, The Templars, here on tour from New York City.
MRR: Does that stand for International Skinhead Players?
Phil: "I Suck Pussy"- that's what it means.
MRR: Are you making a lot of money from the band now?
Phil: All the money goes back into Templars releases and projects.
MRR: Most of these labels have been putting up the money to do the recording, correct?
Carl: With GMM and TKO, We don't pay for recording costs. Mark from GMM flew us down to Atlanta.
MRR: You're not going to turn down a deal like that.
Carl: He's a friend of ours, and while we're down there we always set up a gig.
MRR: This kind of work is almost like pleasure. You get to go to these great places.
Perry: Exactly.
MRR: It's the same with TKO- you like hanging out with these people, and you can get paid for having a holiday in another city. That's not a bad life.
Perry: No that's not bad at all.
Phil: It's like a hobby. Do something you like and make some money on the side. Why stop now?
Carl: We always make money and have fun when we do this shit.
MRR: Thanks for the interview.
Carl: You're welcome.
Perry: Thanks to TKO Records and First Round Productions for putting on the shows.
Contact the Templars at templecombe@hotmail.com.

PRE-TEENS

The Pre-Teens are just about one of the nicest bands that I know, that and they write some pretty darn great tunes. I thought they had a lot to say and would make a great interview. So Mercedes and I invited them over for some pasta and picked their brains a little. This is what I got. By Jimi Cheetah.

MRR: Everybody, introduce yourselves.

Cristina: I'm Cristina. I play bass.

Bert: Bert, playing drums.

Laura: Laura, guitar, I think. Yeah.

MRR: The three of you are from all over the place. Where are you from, and how did you come together as a group?

Laura: I'm from Arkansas, and I moved to LA after college. I started at an unnamed record store, and I met Bert there. We started playing together. Then one day, we made a tape, and we were like, "Hmmm, we kind of need a bass player." Then we met Cristina.

Cristina: I was working at a store down the street from their record store, and Laura would come in for coffee and bagels every morning. She asked me if I wanted to play bass, and I was like, "Yeah, totally." She asked if I knew how to play bass, and I said, "Oh yeah, I know how to play bass! I'll totally be in your band!"

Laura: She was lying!

Cristina: I didn't know how to play bass. I had to borrow a bass. I said, "You have one I can borrow, right? Because I don't own one, but I know how to play it."

Laura: We were really lucky we had one.

Cristina: I played guitar for forever anyway.

Bert: She's just a frustrated guitar player who plays bass.

> *"You're not misunderstood, you're just an asshole."*

MRR: How long ago was this?

Laura: Exactly two years ago.

MRR: How come you moved to LA?

Bert: Well, I moved there after high school. I wasn't going to go to college, so I went to recording school to be a recording engineer. The final graduation requirement was to do an internship, and you could pick anywhere you wanted to go, so I went to LA and interned and worked at a recording studio there. That was cool for a while, but then I realized I wanted to be the person playing the music instead of recording it, so I quit that job, and worked at the record store.

MRR: That experience probably contributes to the band.

Bert: Definitely. The studio experience is something to fall back on. You have an exposure to all the stuff. It helped when we recorded our demos. When we recorded our first tape, it was with a friend of mine, who I had met at the studio I had worked at. He recorded the Breeders, and Jane's Addiction and some other people. He had his own place and he cut us a really good deal. We did the eight songs in one day thing. That's the first tape we did. I had to go to LA from Santa Cruz to do that.

MRR: And why did you move to LA from Arkansas?

Laura: I wanted to move from where I was living to either coast. Randomly, I applied to USC film school, to see if I could get in. Strangely, I got in, so I was like, "Oh, I'm moving in a month." And I just took off. I went to film school, and thought, "This sucks!" and realized I didn't want to do film, I just wanted to do music. Then I started working at the record store. I thought for a while there that I wanted to be a screenwriter. I only went for a semester, and I was like, "Ew, I'm not a writer in this capacity." I know it's not for me.

MRR: Two out of the three members of the Pre-Teens are gay, from what I understand.
Laura: It's a lie!
Bert: What!? Who? (laughter)
MRR: How much of a factor is that? Do you consider yourself a gay band?
Cristina: I think the only time it becomes a factor is when we're actually playing, because gay women come to our shows. Which is not a problem, by any means! But I don't think we sit down—except for "Fashionably Queer,"—and write, oh, this is about how I'm gay. It's just about stuff, things that happened. Yeah, I am gay, and it comes across that way, but it isn't like, "I'm going to make a statement!" It's more along the lines of, "I hate you. You suck. You did this!"
Bert: Just personal experiences. You just happen to be gay.
Cristina: I'm really not into the whole political songwriting thing.
Laura: We've talked about this a lot, and we've basically decided our stance on this is that we're not really a political band. There are some bands, gay bands especially, that have an agenda of outreach to youth, which I think is really awesome, but that hasn't been our route. We write from what we've experienced as individuals, instead of as a group of gay people. I think about how I used to think it was so weird that I was gay, but now it's just a fact about me. It's not something I think of every day, "Oh my God! I'm gay! I'm going to tell everybody how I'm gay!" Then after a while, it's like, "I'm gay, and I have red hair!"
MRR: You said there are a lot of lesbians at your shows, showing support. Bert, how does that make you feel?
Bert: I actually had quit the band at one point, and went back home to Texas. I had been in this long-term relationship for four years, and there were a lot of issues, and that relationship was going down the toilet really fast. I was doing everything I could to save it, and I was really confused, I didn't know what to do. We were living in Santa Cruz, and there was a big support group for our band, a whole scene of just lesbians. The relationship I was in was kind of exclusive, and it was really hard to make it work with me having outside friends. She didn't have any outside friends. The only other people I had interaction with were a bunch of lesbians all the time.
Laura: (laughs) Just a gaggle of lesbians!
Bert: It doesn't matter, they were cool, but I was trying to figure out my whole thing. I decided I was going to quit the band and go back to Texas and go to school, and do what my family wanted me to do. Go to college.
Laura: Which lasted like two weeks! (laughter)
Bert: I get back there, and I'm like, this is horrible. My girlfriend and I broke up, and I said, I need to go back.
Laura: I called him up and said, "Bert? We can't find another drummer to play what you were playing. Can you just come back?"
Bert: And every time I talked with them, I felt like I was talking to my long lost sisters or something. And nothing was working. I guess it just took a major change to realize that all that stuff doesn't matter—to me, anyway.
Cristina: Shit, lesbians have got money, too! (laughter)
Bert: It was weird for me at first, because living in a new town, Santa Cruz is a small place, and Laura and Cristina were my only friends, and all their friends were lesbians. I didn't have any other guy friends, or any other friends, period—that I made on my own. That was my own fault, but it was hard for me.
Laura: We only lived there for six months.
Bert: I had some growing up to do, some other stuff to take care of. Now, it's a lot easier, a lot cooler. We just have fun and play.
Laura: I think our shows are getting a little bit more diverse. Of course, it depends on what other bands we are playing with. We try to book shows that aren't predominately gay, or predominately girl bands. For a while there, we were only playing girl shows, and we were like, "This is cool and all, but we don't want to be pigeonholed."
Cristina: For a long time, I was worried about that. I was like, "All that ever shows up is lesbians, a bunch of women." But that's a great fucking starting point, we should be grateful. And we are! You get to know the people; it's like a community.
Laura: I hope it doesn't seem like we're ungrateful of those people, because we don't feel that way.
Bert: I think it's hard to not be pigeonholed, or then to do what you can to not be pigeonholed without offending or disassociating yourself from the people who are your biggest fans. That happens in any punk community. We basically realize that any fan is good!
Laura: Any one who likes us, we like them!
Cristina: What I realized was when we went to the Sleater Kinney show at the Fillmore, and I thought, "Oh my God! It's all lesbians! It's like one of our shows, but bigger!" If we're going to be pigeonholed, shit, that's the best one to be in.
MRR: If you're going to be pigeonholed, it's an extremely supportive scene to be in.
Cristina: Exactly! that's a good hole!
Bert: And you know, it's funny—when I was in high school, I played in metal bands. I played heavy-ass death metal with double bass and everything, you know?
Laura: And he sang with it!
Bert: And having witnessed that whole scene, I would much rather have this. If I had to be part of a scene, or have a particular fan base, I would rather have a bunch of girls showing up than a bunch of aggro, drugged-out, fight-starting insane guys that are all hopped up and wanting to start shit.
MRR: So, how much of your lyrical content deals with gay topics and issues?
Cristina: Pretty much all of it.
Laura: Every song, but only one is overt, and it's actually about people that aren't gay, which is kind of funny. "Fashionably Queer" is about these girls in LA who hang out in bars and aren't gay, but they just want to be gay for the weekend, or they think it's fashionable. Three or four years ago, when I lived in LA, it was the "in" thing to be bisexual.
Cristina: And to have short hair! When all the women had short hair, that was horrible! It was like, "Who's the lesbian?"
Laura: It was so frustrating! And they would flirt with you, and act like they were into what you were saying, but then on Monday morning, they're hanging out with their boyfriends. I just hate LA for all these reasons, and that is number one on my list.
MRR: That's a really intense tease. I never thought of it that way.
Laura: It's really weird!
MRR: To them, they're just playing it up and having a little fun, flirting with bisexuality.
Cristina: But for you, it's like, "Uh, OK, I liked you."
Laura: I literally had some girl say to me, "You make me wish I were gay." And that's where that song spawned from.
MRR: You have another song with the line, "You're not misunderstood, you're just an asshole." Who's that about?
Laura: That's about a whole different guy! that's about this guy named Matt back in my hometown who thought he was the coolest shit that ever walked the face of the earth. He basically idolized Mike Ness from Social Distortion. He had the same fucking tattoos, the same band, practically.
MRR: Did he have spiderwebs on his elbows and sparrows on his neck?
Laura: Yeah! Everything! He might as well have mutilated his ear to be more like Mike Ness. He was lame. And he had all this other shit going on that was totally lame, too. He'd talk like, "I'm a Christian, I'm straight edge." But then you'd see him drunk and yelling at his kid or his wife, and it turned out he tried to beat up his wife and all this shit. Everyone that I knew in this cluster of friends hated him, but everyone else thought he was real cool. That's what that one is about.
MRR: That's a pretty intense song. It was kind of rough that you dedicated it to me the other night. I was like, "Oh, I hope people know that I'm a friend, and not somebody who could come close to the material." (laughter)
Laura: No, no, no! That whole song is a tribute to my town. It says several names, and some of them are good, and then there's him, who basically I just wanted to burn on.
MRR: So you say several names in your songs. Have you ever had any problems with that? Has anyone ever approached you and said, "Don't say my name?"
Laura: No.
Bert & Cristina: Because they're all in Arkansas!
Laura: They don't have phones down there. (laughter)
MRR: So you guys aren't hitting Arkansas on the tour?
Laura: No, we're hitting there.
Cristina: But we're not going to play that song.
Laura: The rest of the song is about my friend Rachel, who I love and miss a whole lot, and then there's this girl Marlene, who I haven't seen in three years. I talk about how she's cute. That's it, really. And that's the only name dropping I've ever done in a song. It just makes me feel better about him being such a jerk.
MRR: And you've mentioned Los Gatos by name. What's your beef with Los Gatos?

PRE-TEENS

Cristina: Los Gatos really reminded me of the town I grew up in, La Canada. It's just a bunch of rich fucking people with snotty-ass little kids who wanted decaf and nonfat. Everything was decaf and nonfat! I worked in a coffee shop, and *everything* was fucking decaf and nonfat. We sold more decaf than caffeinated. And nonfat was the standard, the rest we just had little containers.

Laura: Imagine working in a music store there!

Cristina: It was horrible. That shit gets to you after a while, when you're working for $7.50 an hour, and they come in "Oh, can I use a Gold Card for that?" That shit pisses you off after a while, you're trying so hard to make something of yourself, you know? You're in school, you're working, and then they come in and treat you like shit. And all the little brats would come in and say, "Oh, you're a faggot!" I'd say, "I'm not a boy! I just have a shaved head!"

MRR: There were a lot of people who would treat you like the hired help?

Cristina: Yes, and I'd just come from that, and there I was, now 23 or 24, and it just feels like I'm at exactly the same place I started. The song's basically about wanting to get out of that, which I did! Hey!

MRR: Bert, do you do any writing for the band?

Bert: I don't think so.

Cristina & Laura: Yeah, you do!

Bert: Well, I wrote a couple lines for the new song, and then I wrote a guitar part for "Waiting for Nothing."

Cristina: He arranges, and he writes guitar parts sometimes.

Bert: I write and play my own stuff, but we've tried jamming on it, and it's just weird. Maybe it will happen in the future, but I don't know. I'm too afraid to sing, so I don't know if I'll ever do that.

MRR: Why are you afraid to sing if you used to sing for your metal band?

Bert: 'Cause that's just screaming and yelling!

Cristina: You don't have to hold a tune.

Bert: And at that time, I was younger, and extremely angry, and that's all you need to do that kind of thing. There was another band that I sang for where I didn't play anything, I just sang. I just jumped up and down and screamed all the time.

Laura: I didn't know that!

Bert: Yeah. That's all you have to do—scream and yell, and make up lyrics.

MRR: So as far as singing in a band like this, with actual harmonies and such...

Bert: It's hard. we've tried to do that a couple of times, where I tried to sing backup, but it's just really hard for me to hit the notes. But I do write my own stuff from time to time.

Cristina: I write my own stuff, too.

Bert: Yeah, she has these tapes, oodles and oodles of stuff, and it's great.

Cristina: It's just not Pre-Teens style. A lot of the stuff we write doesn't translate well. There's a definite difference between when I sit down with a guitar and when I play something else, and we ended up getting in a fight and we didn't end up playing that song ever again. But it's funny, like a week later, I thought about how she initially wanted me to play was probably the best thing for the song, and I kept trying to play it again, but she was all, "No!"

Cristina: I was not having it! If there's a fight writing a song, you don't want to play it! It's just like a bad feeling.

MRR: I know that as a song writer, there's a certain frustration to walking into band practice with something you think is a finished song, and it's not. Although, the arguments in my bands were to never kill the song, just delay the song. (laughter)

Laura: Delay indefinitely! We have a few on the back burner!

MRR: You guys live, practice, play, and work in San Francisco. How can you afford that?

Cristina: We live together in a one-bedroom. That is how we afford it.

MRR: Three people in a one-bedroom apartment?

Laura: In South San Francisco, mind you, which is not the same price.

Bert: With a dog.

Cristina: Which is why we live in South San Francisco.

Laura If there was any housing available and we could afford it, we would move out to have more space, but it's just not possible. And Cristina has a dog, and that's a huge thing in San Francisco, because there are no yards.

MRR: Is it important for you guys to stay in San Francisco?

Laura: In general, yeah, at this point.

Cristina: I don't know. I've been thinking about it lately, and I've been pissed off.

Laura: Yeah, we're pissed off about the rent, we're pissed off about the music scene.

Cristina: It's getting fucking ridiculous! You open up the paper, and a studio starts at $1200.

Laura: At least!

Cristina: And it's like, who is making this much money? Why are they not my friends?

Laura: One-bedrooms are like $1800, which is twice as much as we're paying.

Cristina: It makes me angry.

Bert: It's sad, because you can definitely see the kind of people the City wants to attract. They have their own agenda, as far as the people who control everything. An era has definitely ended, and it's time for people to move on and whatever, but it sucks! We just got here!

Cristina: We've lived here for a year, and it's changed so much!

Bert: Some of the clubs we've played at, and a lot that we liked, closed, and they don't have any live music anymore.

Cristina: Practice spaces are shutting down. We've moved practice spaces three times.

Bert: We practice at Yosemite, and that's right next to Downtown. For the past week, everybody's been shitting their pants and freaking out because there's been an eviction trial going on. It just ended this last week, and we don't know the outcome yet.

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bass.

Laura: I used to be in this other band that was folk, basically, and there was this one song I took from that band. I wrote it in '94, and that was the only song that translated into the Pre-Teens stuff. We basically just started playing it because Bert and I were playing together for a while, and we needed something else to play, and I was like, "I wrote this song years ago, let's play this." It works fine, but I have a bunch of old songs that just wouldn't work out. But that's cool, because now we can write new ones. They'll probably be better, anyway!

MRR: So who writes the bulk of your material?

Cristina: It's a group effort. You'll come up with a basic idea, like I'll come in, "OK, here's a verse, here's the chorus, I need to come up with a bridge."

Laura: "Or I don't know how the words go, but here's how the music goes."

Bert: But quite often somebody has a tune at least, or a lick and they'll come in and play it a bunch of times, and we'll build on that.

Laura: It's definitely a group effort. It's not like Cristina comes in and goes, "This is the whole song!"

Cristina: Well, sometimes that happens. Sometimes I'll come in and I'll be like, "This is how I want this to sound, I'm sorry," and they get mad at me sometimes.

Bert: She has a definite idea. Sometimes she has a definite idea for the drum sound, and it's cool, because she can play. Everybody can play each other's instruments OK, some of us are better at certain things, but Cristina can play drums pretty good, and she'll come in and sit down and say, "This is how I want the drums to sound." There was only one time where I was like, "I really don't like that!" And then I tried to play

Cristina: If you lose your practice space, how can you still be a band? Are we going to practice in a one-bedroom?

MRR: And also with the closure of Downtown Studios, there's 500 displaced bands already.

Cristina: It's just like the housing thing! It's not like we can search for months and months, we have to do this *now*. We need to play now, we need to practice now. I've been thinking about moving, the idea is there.

Laura: Yeah, we keep kicking it around, but there's nowhere we really want to go.

Bert: We haven't really discussed it all that much, actually.

Laura: I've mentioned it to Cristina a few times.

Cristina: But then I think about it and I get all scared. That's the thing, I love San Francisco!

MRR: You want San Francisco, but you want San Francisco from two years ago.

Cristina: Yeah, totally.

Laura: It's beautiful, the weather is great, the people, for the most part, are awesome. People like our music here, which is really important. We don't want to have to leave. But as far as the music scene goes, it's a little weird right now, because of that.

MRR: It's always been, at least in my lifetime, a very open-minded, creative, artistic town. Do you think that's going to remain?

Cristina: Yeah, you can't kill that. Phases come and go, but I think it would be impossible to kill the whole spirit of the city. There's a definite feeling around San Francisco, a vibe that's not going to go away just because of this shit happening.

Laura: Especially at shows.
Cristina: People will be a little poorer.
Laura: And angrier.
Cristina: Everybody will work a little bit more.
Bert: It might actually contribute to getting a lot more shit getting done on a different level.
MRR:_ Do you think more people will be stepping up now, in frustration?
Bert: Yeah, maybe not on a large-scale level, but more of an underground thing that's a lot healthier, that thrives.
Laura: Like more shows at people's houses.
MRR: Like how people do it everywhere else.
Laura: Exactly. But there's no houses here.
Bert: Kids find ways, and if you get the momentum going, it's not going to just die.
Cristina: It kind of forces you to be creative about shit.
Bert: One of the things I noticed when we moved here is how there's all these organizations, and all these kids that get behind causes and do all these things, at least more so than in other towns that I've lived in. In LA, it seemed like nobody gave a shit. Nobody gives a shit to go watch shows, nobody gives a shit who's playing shows, everybody says they have a band but they never play. Everybody has a script that's not made. Everybody's an actor or a singer or whatever. But here, everyone's doing something, or trying to do something that they care about. I don't think they'll cash those ideals in for the money.
Laura: And since that element is here rather than in other cities, I'm much more inclined to stick it out here than I would be somewhere else. I would miss that sense of camaraderie, in the sense of art, in the music scene.
MRR: So you're sticking it out.
Bert: As far as we know!
Laura: Unless we get evicted or some stupid shit like that.
Cristina: Or raise the rent.
MRR: You are about to embark on your first tour. What are your concerns about touring?
Laura: I'm looking forward to leaving California. It's been a while, personally.
Cristina: I'm looking forward to going to New Orleans. I've never been.
Laura: New Orleans is my favorite place ever. It's right up there on Bert's list, too.
Cristina: I haven't really spent too much time outside of California. I've been on road trips, I've seen the East Coast, but I haven't spent time there, or seen the in-between. Not that this is going to be spending time too, but it will be another chance to go through. I like driving, I like seeing which state has lots of corn, which state has lots of desert.
Laura: We met Cristina where she grew up, and now Bert and I are going to able to show her where we came from.
Cristina: They've seen my home, they know my family. I want to see theirs!
the CDs. I don't think you're stupid, but the girls in the band are gay. I just wanted to make sure." And he's like, "Dude, nobody cares." (laughter)
MRR: I know from my own touring experiences, your main concern for that will be gas stations and truck stops.
Laura: Exactly! And that happens even here in California.
Cristina: It's remarkable that Laura's only gotten one comment, because I've gotten endless shit for fucking ever, and I've only lived in California and Oregon for a couple months. In Santa Cruz, where there's nothing but lesbians, and every day, it's "fucking dyke."
Laura: People in the South are just more polite. They'll think it, they'll go home and talk about it for the next two weeks, but they won't say it to your face.
MRR: There's a certain Southern gentility that comes out.
Laura: They're like, "oh, hi, Miss!"
MRR: Montana and Wyoming are the scariest states I've seen.
Cristina: I've been to Wyoming, and I got a lot of shit there. A lot of shit in Wyoming.
Laura: There are some states I don't want to go to. I'm not the cheerleader for the South.
MRR: But even Screw 32, as a straight band, we did so much touring everywhere. We always had colored hair and stuff like that, and some of us would wear makeup and stuff. After about a tour-and-a-half, we were thinking of changing our name to "Hey Faggot." As a straight band, we got a lot of it.
Laura: But guys get more shit for it than girls, always.
Cristina: I'm kind of worried about Bert.
Laura: We talk about this, because sometimes people assume that because we're gay, that Bert's gay too, and he's not. But a lot of times it happens. It's one thing to be called a dyke when you are a dyke, but to be called faggot when you're not, it's got to be frustrating.
Laura: He should just wear a shirt the whole time that say "I Like Girls."
Cristina: We all should! (laughter)
Bert: It's funny, I've been hit on by guys, but I've never been yelled at or given shit.
MRR: You've only gotten the positive side of it.
Laura: The affectionate side!
Bert: So if that kind of shit happens, I have no idea what to expect, I have no idea what I'll do.
Cristina: That's one thing I don't understand about punk rock. Why do people go to a show to heckle? Just to show up and say, "Fuck, I hate you!" Why are you there?
MRR: Are you called the Pre-Teens because of your overall youthful appearance?
Cristina: Yes.
Laura: We look like little kids.
MRR: Laura, have you ever gone to buy alcohol and not been carded?
Laura: I could count the times on one hand. I don't smoke, but if I did, I'm sure I'd be

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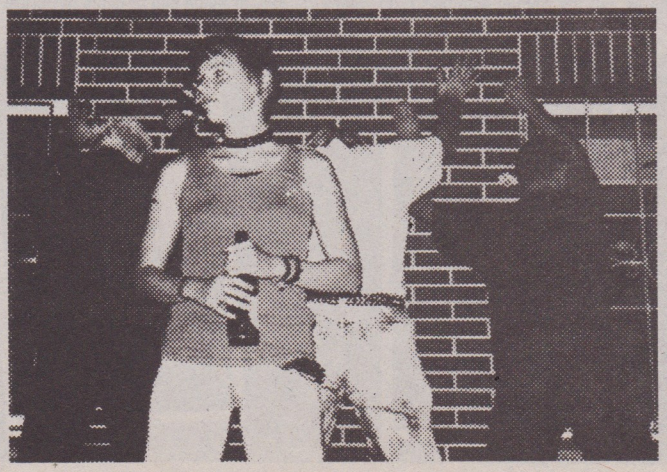
Laura: That's going to be almost as fun as the shows, sharing with our best friends here the places we hung out every day, and stuff like that.
Cristina: I dragged them to all my haunts.
Bert: We have a friend of mine that we are playing with in Arizona, and I haven't seen him for years. I'm looking forward to the South. I have no idea what the South is like!
Laura: That's funny, because it's right next to Texas!
Bert: I'm looking forward to getting away. It's like a vacation, but not really.
Cristina: It's totally a vacation.
Laura: It is, but you have to work.
Bert: But a different kind of work. It's the best work ever.
Laura: I'm anxious to see if there's any people there, number one! Number two, if they like us. Hopefully, we won't cause too much drama in random towns for being the gay band that rolls through.
MRR: Do you have concerns about that?
Cristina: I'm concerned. I'm scared.
Laura: I'm not that concerned because I grew up there. The only gay-bashing experience I've ever had was walking on campus holding hands with my girlfriend at the time, and somebody yelled "dyke!" out of a car. I think growing up in Arkansas, and having that be the only thing you see, I think that's pretty good. Granted, I didn't grow up on a farm, or anything like that. You should be cautious, but not paranoid.
Bert: We shouldn't be afraid to take this trip. That was a concern, and we talked about it. I remember we had a discussion about it to the point where when we booked the tour and I called my friend in Arizona, I was like, "you got the press package, you got carded for cigarettes as well.
Cristina: I get carded for cigarettes sometimes.
Laura: That's pretty much the joke of it.
Cristina: Originally, they were called _____.
Laura: Don't ever say that!
Cristina: I was like "Ew, no! You guys, how about maybe we could call ourselves something different?"
MRR: What are the band's releases so far?
Laura: We had a tape called *Pink Rock*. That was about a year ago. We couldn't afford a CD or any other form, so we just made cassettes, and sold a hundred or so.
Bert: We'd kind of make them as we'd go.
Cristina: Before each show, fuck, we'd need tapes! And we'd get on the stereo.
Laura: Your average first release of any punk band.
Cristina: Kinko's is our best friend.
Laura: There are some songs on that that aren't on the CD. Then we put out the CD, which has most of our old songs, plus five or six newer ones. We funded it ourselves, and put it out ourselves. We've had pretty good luck so far. It's only been out for a couple of months. Our CD is coming out in vinyl form in a couple of weeks on Cheetah's Records, luckily for us. Now we'll get distribution. We're working on our website, but it's not quite done yet.
Our e-mail address is pre_teenssf@hotmail.com.
You can reach us at
PO Box 4442, Berkeley, CA 94704-0442.

We´re grateful for this opportunity to spill our smallmindedness in MRR
Herewith we promise:
•to wholeheartedly sing the American anthem every morning,
•to swallow Big Macs at Mc D. at noon,
•to watch a gung ho movie at night,
•to collect weapons and use them everywhere to shoot up roadsigns (even though it's not allowed here).

OB

MRR: Now you´re featured in an American fanzine. How do you feel getting in touch with the whole wide world?
OB: Just great! Feeling the endless space of the US, the the smell of gas riding on Route 66; flickering shades beside burning oildrums in the Bronx. We have the taste in our mouths, like one Monica L.
MRR: Being from Germany nowadays isn´t very spectacular. Originating from former East Germany is different though. What´s happening?
OB: East punk/Oi! bands still enjoy a certain bonus; there´s a rift in the punk scene between East and West. But in the East, parties and concerts are wilder, more intense, and far beyond commercialization. In every larger city are concert halls in which punk & Oi! gigs are happening at least once a month. Our band gets offers almost in the East only, which underlines the statement above. Some young upsurging labels (Halb 7, Streetmusic, Rockstar Records, Bandworm Records, etc.), as well as some good fanzines (*Pride*, *Stupid Over You*, *Rote Kuh*...) are located in the eastern part of the republic. Since the demise of the GDR, a stable scene has established itself, working exclusively by "do it yourself." The only problems, for years, are still the very active fucking Nazi-groups.
MRR: Concerning your own band, OB; the standard question: What´s been happening to date?
OB: Like most bands, we decided to start up while drinking beer. After only three months we played at a big punk festival in front of a thousand people, together with old GDR punk legends. After several personal changes we´ve produced the following: one tape, two EPs, two LPs, one VHS video and many music samplers. In the US, the sampler *Rockin` the Streets II* from the Canadian label Longshot Music might be known. It contains two of our oldest songs. In the last eight years we´ve played many concerts, drunk 2000 liters of beer throughout, and loved 200 women and men. Our actual cast is the following: Bachus: lead singer, Schröder: guitar, Andrea: bass and J.G: lord of the drums.
MRR: Besides the music, the lyrics are important. What are yours all about?
OB: The largest section of our lyrics deal with the fundamental problems between people: like sex, genitals and sex. Furthermore, there are serious problems we sing about, like people´s sexual freedom. We are neither writers, nor politicans, or have bought the truth. We sing about things we see and consider as shit, as well as things we think are great.
MRR: What´s the claim of your music?
OB: Of course all four of us are influenced by different music styles. But the main influence originates from punk rock, splashed with a strong dash of Oi, or streetpunk, as it´s called nowadays.



MRR: Are there unusual happenings at your concerts?
OB: Of course unusual things always happen, and you ask yourself, "can this be real?" Our former singer Baua fell asleep on stage because he was too drunk; when Bachus was still playing the drums he got hit by a motorbike—but still played the gig. Guitarist Schröder ran into a closed door, totally stoned, and got himself a bad bleeding cut; otherwise the cops have ended several of our gigs, or we had to get by with a backup generator because the lights went out. On top of that, one always gets to know different people one can consider walking time bombs, never the less it's always nice to play live and to have such great experiences.
MRR: Can you get by playing music, or do you have to work on the side?
OB: We don´t know any band in Germany that can live off their music, except the "Ärzte." Many musicans have to work on the side; the rest are jobless or studying. We work, for instance, as cab-drivers and taking care of the physically impaired. Our band finances itself in the way of concerts, sale of records and themselves. Soon we might get a tour through Western Germany, but that´ll be probably break even, too.
MRR: You just said that the idea of DIY is very extensive with you. What else are you doing besides your own band?
OB: Well, the drummer J.G. plays in another band, the guitarist Schröder organizes concerts, Andrea makes a good impression, and Bachus publishes the fanzine *Stupid Over You* and produces the label Rockstar Records together with Schröder, who plays with a band called Golden Boys. All four of us are active in the local punk/Oi scene, attend concerts and consider ourselves part of the basis.
MRR: Every other American band seems to be playing in Germany right now. How does that concern you?
OB: Kids over here are really pretty crazy about Ami-bands. The sad part about this is, that damn good German bands without big labels to back them don´t find the same recognition. Many Germans believe that anything from U.S. is great and they consume any kind of crap.
MRR: Any last words?
OB: We want to be real Americanos. Buy our records, make us rich and famous and write to us:

Rockstar.Crew@gmx.de
T. "Bachus" Bachmann, Ponyweg 5, 17034 Neubrandenburg, Germany
Discography:
1993 tape: *Damit die Regel sauber und diskret abläuft*
1994 EP: *in der Regel sind wir voll*
1997 LP: *Pellkartoffeln mit Butter und Quark*
1998 MLP: *P 18*
1998 VHS: *5 Jahre o.b. - Die Party*
1999 split: *Kampf der Giganten - 1.Runde*
translated by Carlo

SUBTONIX

Subtonix is: Cookie Tuff: drums, Jessie Panic:bass and vocals; Jessie Trashed: saxophone; and Jenny Arson: guitar.

MRR: And who's missing?
All: Brandy Oblivious (laughter), keyboards, electronic tambourine, and vocals.
MRR: You've been playing a lot of gigs in the City over the past year or so. How is it? Are you having fun?
Jesse Trashed: We like to play out a lot.
Cookie Tuff: We've played shows with all different types of bands in different venues. I like getting out and playing to different crowds.
Jessie Panic: We like to appeal to the groups of kids on the street and the metalheads; then there's the party goers and the goths. Yeah, the goth scene—we're totally down with them.
MRR: So, are you guys going to play the Shrine of Lilith (local goth club)?
Jesse Trashed: We totally want to play the Shrine of Lilith so bad.
MRR: It seems like you have cut down on the number of gigs you are playing...
Jesse Trashed: We got a new guitarist, that's why.
Jessie Panic: We got a new guitar player and we're writing new songs.
MRR: So how is it being the new guitarist, Jenny?
Jenny Arson: I love to play in this band. thank you. (laughter)
MRR: You can say a little bit more than that. It must be weird because the band's been around for over a year now. Has it been hard to fit in?
Jenny Arson: No...I've had a few people tell me that I stick out like a sore thumb appearance wise, but I think it's been pretty neat.
MRR: I hear ya. Is it strange being an all-girl band in this scene? It seems pretty male dominated in San Francisco.
Jessie Panic: It does, but I think a lot of people underestimate it—there is a really big girl scene here and I think it's getting to be explored. There's a lot of talent with bands like Erase Eratta, the Knives, the Little Deaths...
Cookie Tuff: Clone, the Bobbyteens
Jessie Panic: There's such a huge population of female musicians here; it's rad.
Cookie Tuff: I've always played music with girls. I just don't hang out with that many boys, I hang in the dyke scene. I mean we play with boy bands, and I'm totally into it, but I don't think it's weird at all because of the perspective I'm coming from. That's just how it's always been for me.
MRR: It seems like there's this pseudo-macho rock scene where you guys have played shows.
Jessie Panic: None of those bands are really worth mentioning.
Cookie Tuff: There will always be cute boy bands, so girls will go to see them and boys will go, knowing those girls are there, and with us there isn't that dynamic. Those people don't care about the music, all they care about is getting laid.
MRR: So how was playing 16, a big rock-n-roll club?
Jesse Trashed: There were some jocks up front yelling, "Pussy! Pussy! Pussy!"
Jessie Panic: There were guys totally harassing us, but the woman who puts it on, Jenny, threw them out. It was kinda weird, but I got this dude's picture and his phone number!
Jesse Trashed: He's from *Decline of Western Civilization Part 2*, and he dances there.
Cookie Tuff: He's the metal guy with red fringe.
Jesse Trashed: He's the true metal guy. He hasn't left the '80s yet.
Jessie Panic: He's one of the dancers of 16 actually. He compared us to the New York Dolls. (laughter)
Jesse Trashed: He compares everything to the New York Dolls.
MRR: So what is going on with San Francisco—the yuppies, and housing?
Jesse Trashed: Well, I just got evicted for the second time in two years.
Cookie Tuff: Almost all of the Subtonix live in Jessie Panic's room right now, along some weird guy and a unicorn...
MRR: It must be pretty awesome.
Jesse Trashed: Yeah! (laughter) This is really a bad time to be an artist or a musician in San Francisco. Almost every friend of mine has either been evicted by owner move-in or is just living in fear of it happening, having their landlord breathing down their neck, threatening them all the time. They just want to kick out all the kids because they know they could be making way more, even for the shittiest apartments. It's so in style to be slumming it right now, all these dot comers can afford so much more for rent. It's really sad because there is a cool underground music scene happening here, but all the clubs are getting shut down, like the CoCo Club, and now Downtown Studios. Now all the other rehearsal studios can raise their rent. I practice at two different spaces and both raised the rent a week after Downtown shut down. We really can't see living in the Bay Area for much longer; it's just not worth it, trying to pay rent alone.
MRR: It seems like you girls are all pretty pissed off. What are the songs about?
Jessie Panic: The songs are about a lot of different things—kinda being the under dog and getting even, getting walked all over, being tired of being taken for granted, or being tired of certain experiences—you know, going through the motions, and just being pissed and sad, and then screaming back.
MRR: Can you give an example?
Jessie Panic: Most of the songs are personal. They all have to do with people in our immediate surroundings, and things going on. "Little White Lies" is about a really horrible period in my life where I just gave in and saw a lot of my friends crashing in or giving in to substance abuse, and glamorizing it, and not realizing the roots of those obsessions, not realizing how ugly it is, and how ugly it makes you, and how ugly I felt inside at that time, and how disappointed I was with my world and my friends.
Jesse Trashed: I feel stained...
Jessie Panic: There's a song called "Trophy," about being a new toy in somebody else's world, and not even being taken seriously as a musician. "Today's Modern Woman" is about the Adam and Eve syndrome that a lot of people still have. People treat vocal women like Eve, as being bad or being hysterical for expressing their views or disappointment. There is

nothing wrong with screaming or yelling. It doesn't mean that you should be outcast, or that you shouldn't be taken seriously because you're emotional.
Jesse Trashed: For me, the songs are connected by this feeling of lack of control, like we're heading for a crash or its the aftermath of it. I'm really into the idea of accidents—I try to sound like an accident when I play saxophone, but also on an emotional level, I'm into getting into the roles of fucked up situations. It's like everything is connected by accidents and mistakes people have made, and I'm into exploring what's behind that instead of feeling regret or shame for what I have no control over. Instead of being victimized by what's going on, we're owning it and using it as a force.
Cookie Tuff: I think the lyrics are totally political. We're not political in the way of a "smash the state" kinda message, but anyone who says we're not political is wrong.
MRR: Recently I was in Texas and I was talking to kids down there about Prop 21 and Prop 22. You recently played a "no on Prop 21 & 22" demonstration. Do you want to talk about those propositions? Because a lot of people don't even know what's going on in this state.
Jenny Arson: Well, they were propositions on the recent primary election ballot—they were sliding in these two for us to vote on in the state of California, and one of them was sort of a ban on un-banning gay marriage (and I think anyone who sees where we're coming from understands why we would have been opposed to that). The other thing was the "Youth Violence and Crime Initiative" which was this big attempt at instilling systemized racial profiling, where kids who are hanging out and wearing similar clothing can be classified as a gang and prosecuted as felons. It's designed to keep people down, keep them from organizing and assembling and to further instill the fear that exists between people of color and the police already and creating an even bigger gap. Most of the people in San Francisco had a problem with both those propositions, but unfortunately San Francisco isn't a very good reflection of what the state of California is like at all. People tend to think of California as this leftist state, but it's really conservative. Those measures passed by over 60 percent, both of them.
MRR: Yeah I'm pretty terrified for my little brother, because he's a graffiti writer, because all it takes is one wall—now he can be persecuted as a felon, and an adult.
Jenny Arson: An artist, minor, and felon, unable to get into school, because of that, unable to get certain jobs. You're stamping people for failure.
MRR: Is it strange playing in a five piece? Is it hard getting to shows?
Jesse Trashed: It's really annoying, because we have a really complicated sound, it's hard to get good sound live.
MRR: So about this fake blood and all, do you want talk about what happened to Brandy after the show at the Stud?
All: Oh no!
Cookie Tuff: Brandi had a little to much to drink that night, I believe, and she always has the most gory fake blood out of all of us.
Jesse Trashed: She was drenched in blood.
Cookie Tuff: Ours is kinda artistic, but hers looks like something has been gnawing on her.
Jessie Panic: Like her head exploded.
Cookie Tuff: ...And it was Naughty Nurse night, and we were all in nurse outfits, but she wanted to be like the keyboardist from Prince and wear the scrubs. So she was so drunk by the end of the show, that someone called an ambulance on her, because he thought she had alcohol poisoning, and so she was in the emergency room at the hospital, covered in blood.
Jesse Trashed: And they rushed her in on a stretcher.
MRR: Did they think she escaped or something?
Jesse Trashed: They taped her down and were screaming at her, like "Are you OK? What's wrong with you? What happened?"—they thought she was all cut up for real. They didn't know where she'd come from. She couldn't talk because she was too out of it and drunk! But she got rushed in, she didn't have to wait. Me and Jessie went to the emergency room the other night and we had to wait five hours. We have had to go to the hospital a lot lately.
MRR: I heard she got released into the Tenderloin or something...
Jesse Trashed: Yeah, and she was running around in the street like that (laughter).
Jessie Panic: I peed on my own shoes that night.(laughter)
Jesse Trashed: That was the night, well we won't talk about that...
Jessie Panic: I went walking down Howard Street carrying my shoes, barefoot, with my dress tucked into my underwear.
MRR: You mentioned Kimos. What do you feel are the best places to play?
Cookie Tuff: Coco Club, the Stud, Kimos, Club Hot.
Jesse Trashed: The Stud is rad, Dollhouse rocks, the 40th St. warehouse in Oakland.
Cookie Tuff: And we support Mission Records. I love that place, even though it smells like massive puke, but we have trouble playing there because of the sound system. That's one thing that's hard, 'cause I really want to play super lo-fi type punk shows, especially all ages ones, but we have so much stuff going on we sound crappy on a small PA.
Jessie Panic: We've played Gilman, too, and I felt like people were judging us on our looks, thinking, "how can these girls wear short skirts and high heels and still hold politics, and have valid thoughts on feminism, or rock&roll, or female musicians? Like we were portraying some bad image.
MRR: But at the same time, if you go to Gilman Street and look at the photo wall, there's pictures of Subtonix all over the place.
Jessie Panic: Yeah the people that actually run Gilman were supportive and cool, the people who put on the show were awesome, but some of the kids in the crowd...it just seems in the crusty scene that there's a certain form of politics that you have to follow.
MRR: Yeah but with a lot of crusty kids it seems like they listen to all this political music—personally, their politics are right on, but they just get drunk all the time. It's been going on a long time.
Jessie Panic: I think they're really rad. The crusty scene puts out a lot of good views and a lot of positivity, but at the same time they tend to judge people who look differently.
Jesse Panic: The one thing about San Francisco that is very different than the East Coast is that out on the West Coast there are so many little scenes. We come from really small towns where the different scenes bond together and everybody hangs out, and out here it's really divided. The crusty scene doesn't like the style scene, the style scene doesn't like crusty scene—it's weird, and we just don't feel like we fit in to any of that. We are all into every scene, every genre of music.
MRR: How do you girls feel about keyboards coming back into punk?
Jesse Trashed: I love keyboards. Music should be whatever it is. it shouldn't be just fuckin' guitar bands. It really annoys me.
Jessie Panic: I think it's a good move. It allows for one man bands like Casio Tone for the Painfully Alone.
MRR: Or Atom and His Package...
All: Or Tracy and the Plastics.
Jenny Arson: I think a lot of people our age grew up listening to new wave and keyboard bands. I know that the first electric instrument I got wasn't a guitar, it was a fuckin' Casio keyboard, and I was listening to the keyboard lines in song and trying to figure them out.
Cookie Tuff: Definitely. It was all about Duran Duran.
MRR: So would you call yourselves a punk band, or a new wave band?
Cookie Tuff: I think we're punk and new wave and rock n roll.
Jesse Trashed: We're free wave.....Our band is a new wave train wreck.
MRR: Recently you opened for the Need. How was that?
Cookie Tuff: I think it was one of our best shows ever.
Jesse Trashed: The Need were rad, the Little Deaths were rad. Everyone sounded so good.
MRR: I've heard that out of town bands really like playing at the Bottom of

Scenes from the Subtonix Family Album (left to right): Jenny Arson, Brandi O' Blivious, Jessie Panic, Jessie Trashed, and Cookie Tuff

the Hill, because they treat you right, and the sound is good. Is it true?
All: Yeah
Cookie Tuff: We had a dressing room, and the dressing room had a sign that said "Please don't leave your used condoms in here."
Jesse Trashed: None of us got any action in the dressing room, unfortunately.
Jessie Panic: I know we were all trying to scope out make out action, but nobody wanted to make out. I tried to use the line, "Hey, we got a dressing room." (laughter) "Do you want to come check it out and have a beer?" It didn't work.
MRR: I guess I should ask you about your influences. You definitely sound like some of the more out there '70s and '80s new wave and punk bands, but there also seems to be a definite riot grrrl influence in the music.
(band shake their heads)
MRR: I don't know. I hear it...
Jessie Panic: I'm from the South, and riot grrrl didn't happen in the South. I just wasn't exposed to the whole movement. I grew up listening to TSOL and Christian Death and the Psychedelic Furs.
Jesse Trashed: I'm mainly influenced by the Psychedelic Furs, Fuzzbox, X-Ray Spex, Kleenex, Tuxedo Moon, Contortions, Lydia Lunch, no wave shit—I'm really into that. Joy Division, Albert Ayler.
Cookie Tuff: I strongly associated with riot grrrl a long time ago and did a zine that was really a part of that. I was really into those bands, but I don't listen to them that much anymore. The things that influence me now are the Slits and Bow Wow Wow, Wire, Gang of Four, X, Bauhaus, and I just got into Christian Death and I love them so much. if we sounded like Christian Death, I would just cry out of happiness.
Jessie Panic: I like more of the darker stuff like old Siouxsie, Tuxedo Moon, the first two TSOL records, the Saints, Psychedelic Furs, Jenny Arson. My influence is a lot of no wave. I like Gang of Four a lot.
MRR: You mentioned X, and I've had this theory that because Exene and John Doe broke up...
Jesse Trashed: You always have to talk about this..
MRR: I talk about this all the time, but basically since they broke up, love can't exist, so why don't we talk about some no love tattoos?
Cookie Tuff: Are you using that as a segue?
MRR: Of course.
Jessie Panic: No love is a movement. It's a movement of all the heartbroken souls and pissed off people getting together...
MRR: It's a gang...
Jessie Panic: It's our gang.
Jesse Trashed: We believe in no love because we say bros before hos, chicks before dicks (laughter). We're just fed up with dealing with a bunch of bullshit, and a bunch of assholes and we're fed up, we're like fuck off. We have our shit together and we're doing our own thing and anyone who doesn't like it can kiss our ass.
Jessie Panic: It's also going to be the name of our record label, and we're going to be putting out Subtonix, the Knives' stuff, and all our friends' bands.
Cookie Tuff: Subtonix 7" is coming out soon!
Jesse Trashed: Aaron Detroit is doing the *No Love* comp, which is going to have all our bands on it and Clone and the Little Deaths and the Phantom Limbs.
MRR: So you are recording right now? How does it sound?
Cookie Tuff: I think it sounds great.
Jesse Trashed: We are mixing down as we speak.
Cookie Tuff: Fred from The Agent For Allied is recording us.
Jessie Panic: He's doing a really good job, and I'm pretty skeptical of digital technology, but it's sounding good,
MRR: So is anything coming out soon, other than the comp?
Cookie Tuff: Well, we have really nice t-shirts that say "Subtonix" in glitter.
Jesse Trashed: We're putting out some attitude.
Jessie Panic: the 7" will be out in September on No Love Records and we're going on a small tour with The Lies.
MRR: Oh really, where are you going?
Jessie Panic: To the Southwest.
MRR: Any closing comments?
Cookie Tuff: I think when people see us, I know we look really intimidating, but you should still hit on all of us. (laughter) Don't be shy...
Jessie Panic: Us musicians, were all easy!
Jesse Trashed: Yeah, we all just want to get laid, that's why were in a band. To get laid.
Jessie Panic: It's all about the party, you know, like cut the shit and start the pit man. that's what we have to say.
Aaron Detroit: Make sure you note sarcasm in there, because sarcasm doesn't come across well in print. (laughs)
Jessie Panic: It's all about rock and roll and smoking bowls.

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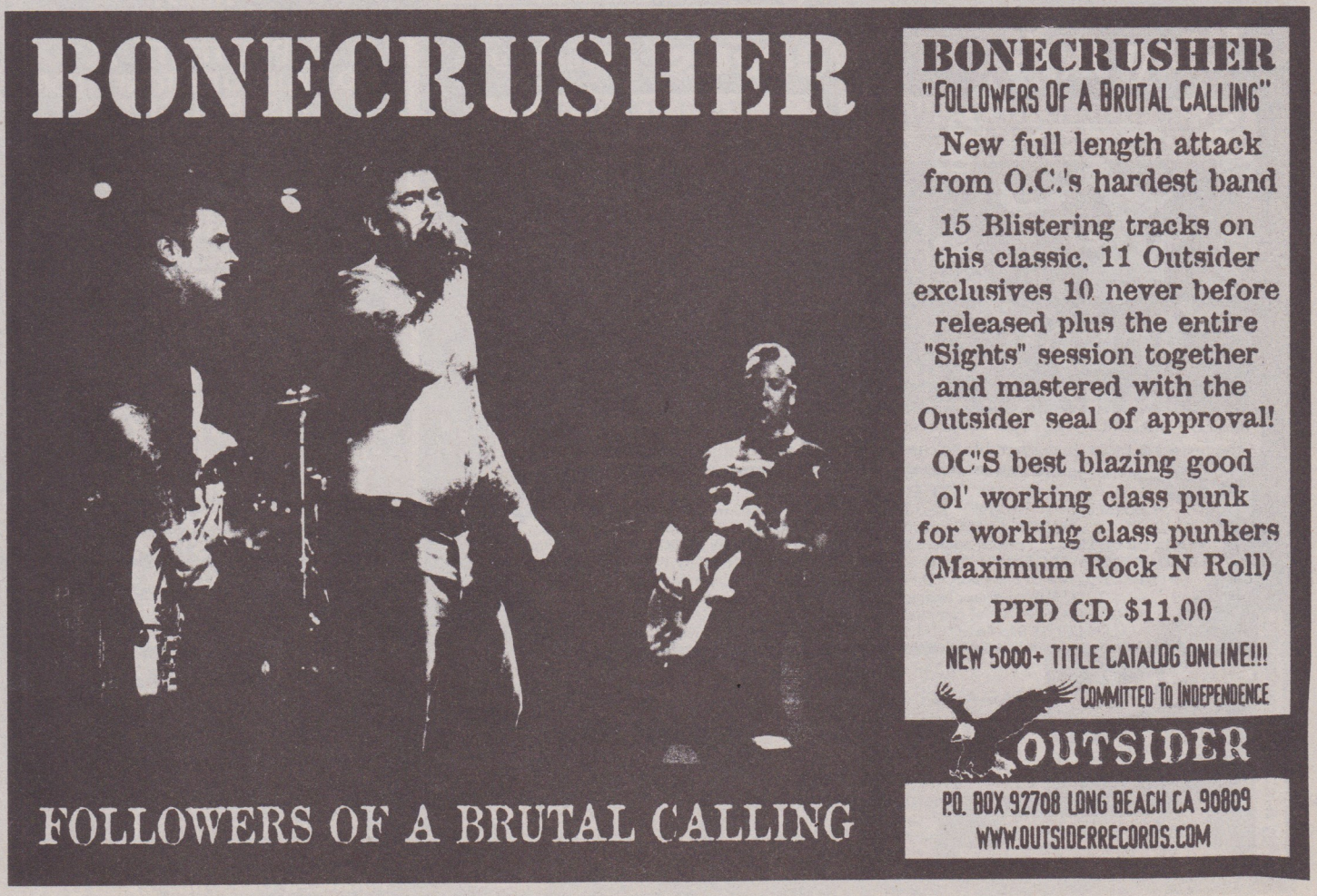
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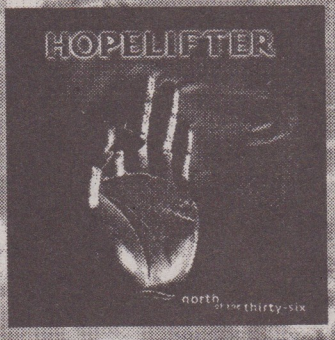

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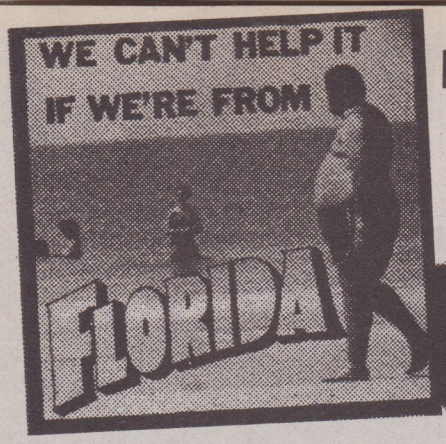


HISTORY OF A SCENE: FLORIDA

Bob Suren

Recently, my home town newspaper got in touch with me to do a story about punk rock in Florida. It was sort of a then-and-now piece, with most of my quotes falling into the "then" category (OK, so I'm no spring chicken.). I didn't get around to telling the reporter a fraction of what I could have—and much of what I did say got cut. The final piece was pretty good for a general interest publication, but I figured it would be cool to write an excruciatingly detailed article about Florida punk records for this fine mag.

Yeah, I know I've already written three of these articles for MRR over the last decade and a large part of this article will be a reiteration. But I have since discovered many records that I didn't cover in the previous articles, as well as new info on some of the others. I plan to post this article on my web page (www.soundideadistribution) and update it on an as-needed basis. So, if anyone reading this has any information on these or other Florida punk records, please let me know.

OK, here are some things to keep in mind when talking about Florida punk records. First, most Florida punk bands had great senses of humor. (I think it has something to do with the humidity down here—tends to warp the mind.) Check out F, GAY COWBOYS IN BONDAGE, ROACH MOTEL and LETHAL YELLOW.

Second, there are hardly any 1970s-80s punk/hardcore albums from Florida. There are lots of 7"s, but the full length LP is very unusual when talking about Florida.

The most prolific independent Florida labels in the 1970s and 80s were Open Records, Sublapse and Destroy Records. Most other Florida records were self-released by the bands, often as one-off projects.

Open Records was a store in Ft. Lauderdale, one of the few in the state that was staffed by cool people who would take chances on independent music, particularly punk. There are tons of stories about incredible finds at Open Records—and tons more about "the one that got away."

Anyhow, at some point Open Records started putting out records, including a slew of Charlie Pickett singles and a compilation LP called, The Land That Time Forgot. This 1982 LP is truly a regional sampler, with bands of all styles from all over the state represented, including the EAT, the BOBS, the ESSENTIALS, the FRONT, the SPANISH DOGS and many more. I don't know how many copies were made, but they still pop up in used record bins and garage sales, usually dirt cheap. Open Records didn't just support the local scene—they helped build it. At this point I would also like to acknowledge the stores Yard Bird (Miami), Yesterday and Today (Miami) and Moon Dog (Jupiter), who also took chances on indy stuff, and particularly Underground Records of Ft. Lauderdale, which carried only punk and hardcore, primarily obscure European imports. Wish I had a time machine...

I think that someone involved with Underground Records started the Sublapse label. Sublapse focused on hardcore, putting out releases by Gay Cowboys In Bondage, WE THE LIVING, and, for some reason Germany's legendary INFERNO. SUBLAPSE also financed Suburban Relapse zine. I think one issue came with a flexi disc. Anybody have it?

Destroy Records was run by Jeff Hopdapp, the guitarist of Roach Motel. Destroy is still sort of around and has recently put out records by The DRUG CZARS and The GARGIRLS. Destroy was probably the most important Florida punk label, if for not other reason than for releasing a compilation 7" called We Can't Help It If We're From Florida (Destroy Records number 2). This disc, released in 1983, really put Florida on the world hardcore map. It got killer reviews in zines all over the place and even made Maximum Rocknroll editor Tim Yohannan's top ten list. Kicking off this classic slab is HATED YOUTH, a mysterious Tallahassee band that sounded a hell of a lot like early D.R.I. So much speed and anger. They contributed three scorchers to the comp and dropped off the face of the earth. There is a Hated Youth demo out there somewhere, if only I could get my hands on a copy.

Next up is fellow Tallahassee thrashers SECTOR 4, with two songs, including an instrumental called, "Plaid Spaceship" that is about five seconds long. Later in 1983, Destroy released a 7" by Sector 4 called, Disclexia, that is also pretty damn good. (I got my copy of it for a dollar in Gainesville at a time when it wasn't cool to be punk. While all the G-ville trendoids were ditching their HC collections, growing their hair out and buying Sub Pop, I was there, rummaging though the used sections at Hyde and Zeke's, Tom's, Bobaloo's and School Kids, picking up hardcore classics for next to nothing.)

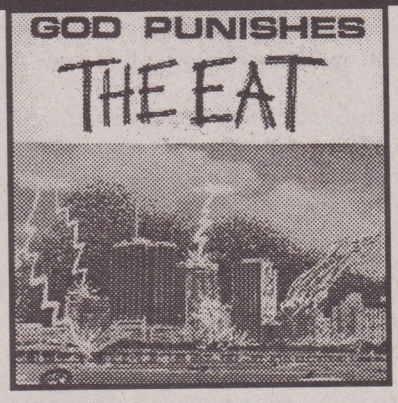
Finishing out side one of the Florida comp is MORBID OPERA, a mostly-female band from Ft. Lauderdale, with three songs. Morbid Opera was a bit more garagey than the other bands on the comp. I didn't like them that much then, but I do now. Morbid Opera

later released Jesus Loves You So Give Us Your Money, a six-song 7" on Sublapse in 1983. And would you believe that I bought seven unplayed copies at a Miami Record store in 1992 for a dollar each? They were just sitting there, collecting dust!

OK, so, Morbid Opera finished up side one of the Florida comp with a bang. Three bands and eight songs on one side of a seven inch? It was after all, 1983.

Gainesville's Roach Motel starts side two of the Florida comp with three killer cuts of Florida hardcore humor: "Heart Attack," "Florida Reptile Land" and "My Dog's Into Anarchy," the latter of which I still sing to myself today.

"Stage dives off the kitchen chair, lands on his head, he doesn't care. Around his neck are two inch spikes. You bet my mom feeds him what he likes." Yeah, great stuff. Roach Motel also released two 7"s on Destroy, Roach and Roll (Destroy number one, 1982) and What The Hell It's Roach Motel (1984). Only 600 copies of Roach and Roll were made and it does not pop up very often. The last couple of copies I have seen sold for around $45. While I usually don't pay that sort of money for records, I would for this one if I didn't already have it. If you just want to see a copy, go to Mirror Image Studios in Gainesville, where all of the Roach Motel stuff was recorded. They have a copy on the wall.



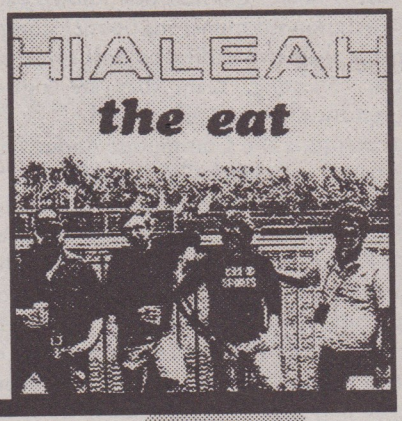
Jeff Hopdapp tells me that 1,000 copies of What The Hell, It's Roach Motel were made, but even that doesn't show up too often. Though not as inspired as the first RM 7", it's still a good record.

Readers of Maximum Rocknroll have no doubt heard George Tabb's stories of his days in Roach Motel, but if you were to pick up What The Hell, you would notice his absence. Now, George seems like a nice guy to me, but here's the story I got from Jeff Hodapp. It seems George went away on vacation for a few weeks and in the meanwhile, RM practiced without him for a big show opening for Channel 3 from California. The consensus was that Roach Motel sounded better without George, so when he came back, he got the boot. Hey, I still love your guitar solos, George!

One Roach Motel song, "Mad Dog," can also be heard on the Flipside Vinyl Fanzine Vol 2 LP and one song, "You make Me Sick," can be heard on We Still Can't Help It If We're From Florida, a sequel comp that I released in 1992 on my own label, Burrito Records. There is also at least one Roach Motel demo out there, that I believe predates the first record. I have a copy and no, I won't dub it for you. I promised George I wouldn't.

Finishing up the Florida comp is Tampa's RAT CAFETERIA. Their tracks, "Kill" and "Tax Revolt" are pissed off and real. Rat Cafeteria is, for me, the highlight of the record. But that's all they did. Now these were some scary guys. When I was in high school, I heard that Rat Cafeteria was supposed to record an album, but the singer got thrown in jail and they had to use the recording money to bail him out. I went to at least three shows that Rat Cafeteria was supposed to play, but canceled for various reasons. They have sort of become my white whale. The closest I came to seeing them play was at a house party in Ft. Pierce. Three or four insane looking guys were smashing bottles, pouring beer over people's heads and pissing on unsuspecting passersby.

"Who the hell are those guys?," I asked my friend Terry, who was older and knew a lot more about punk than me at the time.



"Oh, they're in Rat Cafeteria. They were supposed to play tonight but they're too drunk."

I've also heard tales of Rat Cafeteria robbing graves for fun and profit.

A few years later I heard that some of the members started a band called BLEMISH ON SOCIETY, so when I saw their 7" in a store, I snapped it up. Man, what a let down. I tried listening to it a lot of times and it sucks. (Please don't come and kill me...) Anyhow, the Blemish On Society 7" came out on Kick Boot Records in 1988 and is still a frequent guest in dollar bins around the state.

I know, I spent an awful lot of time talking about We Can't Help It If We're From Florida, but it is the Florida hardcore record. The most important record in the history of Florida punk. Three thousand copies were made in two presses—that is an impressive figure for a small label in 1983. The first press of 1,000 has red labels. The second press of 2,000 has blue labels. This record still turns up in Florida for $15 to $20. Outside of the state, expect to pay more.

One Florida compilation you shouldn't have to pay too much for is the Killed By Florida LP. This LP is a take off on all of those Killed By Death and Bloodstains Across... comps that have been breeding like rabbits in recent years. But this comp is mostly legit, with the majority of the bands on it giving their consent. A few bands could not be tracked down. Killed By Florida came out in 1998 and was compiled and financed by members of two of the bands. I helped them with some of the technical aspects. The plan was to make the music available again at a decent price. Included on it are obscure tracks by the REACTIONS, the U-BOATS, Roach Motel, BROKEN TALENT, SHEER SMEGMA (TEDDY AND THE FRAT GIRL), F, The Essential, Gay Cowboys In Bondage, VOODOO IDOLS, KTH (KILL THE HOSTAGES), The Eat, Lethal Yellow, Sector 4, Morbid Opera, TRASH MONKEYS, HATED YOUTH, MAGGOT SANDWICH, Charlie Pickett and The Eggs, MENSTRUAL CYCLES and the FRONT. Two thousand copies were made in a single pressing.

One of the mysteries of Killed By Florida is a band called K.T.H., or KILL THE HOSTAGES. This record came out in 1980 and the band name probably refers to those folks who were stuck over in Iran—I told you Floridians had a warped sense of humor. The mystery is that nobody seems to know anything about this band. There is no information on the record other than the year and recording studio. The band personnel is unknown. If they ever

played live, nobody can remember seeing them. Of all the record collectors I know, I have only seen one copy of this record. It has a blank white picture sleeve with "K.T.H." and the A-side song title, "Mutant," hand written in pencil. The music is like a more grungy, demented version of Devo. A total mystery and the number one record on my want list right now.

The Eat is another band from the Killed By Florida comp and yes, they gave their consent. Some of the members of The Eat now play in The Drug Czars with Jeff Hopdapp of Roach Motel/Destroy Records. The Eat is probably one of Florida's best known bands to record collectors. Their inclusion on numerous bootleg comps like Killed By Death have made their two earliest records something of the holy grail of record collecting. Yeah, they are high-dollar records, but more importantly, they rock pretty hard.

The really rare Eat record is the Communist Radio/Catholic Love 7", released on the band's own label, Giggling Hitler, in 1979. The two songs on this record were recoded live at a Miami bar for extra punk rock authenticity. You can hear the crowd at the end of side one. "Communist Radio" rocks, with a great melody and backing vocals. The guitar sounds like a high-octane version of The Ventures. It still kicks my butt every time I hear it. I've played it for a lot of people and they all love it. The band made just 500 copies of Communist Radio and gave away more than 100 of them at a record release party. As you may have guessed, some of those records got broken, thrown out or left on the dashboard overnight to melt in the hot Florida sun the next morning.

"Communist Radio" is totally worth hearing, but I'd be hard pressed to say that any record is worth the $400 to $500 it commands from obsessive record collectors. (I was green with envy the day a buddy of mine nabbed a mint copy at a record convention in Clearwater for just $10!) Fortunately, it was officially repressed by Brain Transplant, a California label, around 1998. Unfortunately, Brain Transplant only made 1,000 and they sold out fast. The original has a light blue cover. The reissue has a white cover (some of which were hand-colored by the band) the Brain Transplant logo and address. Don't be swindled into buying a repress for original prices.

The second Eat record, the God Punishes The Eat 7", was released on Giggling Hitler in 1980. The band made 1,000 copies of God Punishes..., making it half as scarce as Communist Radio, but it's still pretty damn rare. While I have seen perhaps four copies of Communist Radio in my life, I have seen nearly two dozen copies of God Punishes The Eat. However, I should note that that includes the time that Eat guitarist Mike O'Brien walked into my record store with eight unplayed copies, wanting $125 each for them. If I had had the money, I would have bought them all. Apparently the band still has a small cache of the second record, but the supply of Communist Radio is dry. Mike told me, "I have one copy that I'm saving until I'm homeless."

God Punishes The Eat comes in an absurdly thick cardboard picture sleeve, which probably explains why all of the copies that I have seen have had nearly flawless covers. I don't know where they managed to get covers like that printed, as I have never seen a cover like that on any other record. The band members put cheap, round, yellow and red "Eat" stickers and baseball cards in select copies. If you find a copies with the extra goodies, then you have found an extra rare copy of an already rare record. Me? Yeah, sure I have one.

The Eat later released a demo, Scattered Wahoo Action in 1982. It was released as a 10" by a Wicked Witch, a Dutch label in the late 1990s. Unfortunately, I never got my hands on the original demo or the 10".

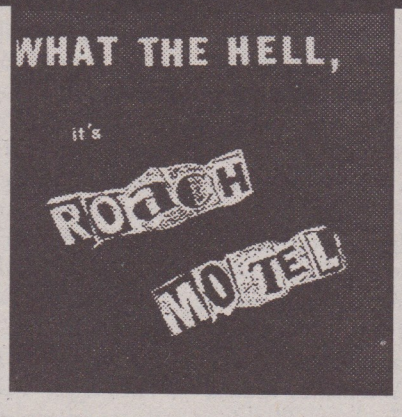
In 1995, The Eat released a 7" of new music called, Hialeah, on their own label, Jeterboy. I guess they grew out of the Giggling Hitler moniker by then. While Hialeah is pretty good, it kind of lacks the punch of Communist Radio and God Punishes... What do you expect? Those dudes are old now. Ha, ha.

In the early 1990s, a Miami label named Starcrunch was supposed to put all of the Eat stuff on CD, but it never happened and the label went under. Somebody please rescue this stuff.

South Florida was home to many great bands and had a virile scene all through the 1980s. The big clubs were The Cameo Theatre, Flynns, and Finders Lounge. Some of the better bands from South Florida in the early to mid 1980s were Gay Cowboys In Bondage, F, Broken Talent, and Lethal Yellow. All of them released vinyl.

The Gay Cowboys In Bondage released Owen Marshmallow Strikes Again, a six-song 7" on Sublapse Records, in 1984. This record is packed with silly, high school humor and great, memorable tunes like, "Big Fat Baloney Sandwich." And if you check out the insert, you can see a photo of the band playing their first show at a high school talent contest. Before Owen Marshmallow, The Cowboys put out a 16-song demo called, We're Not Gay But Our Music Is. This demo contained more of their great tunes with silly lyrics. My copy bit the dust years ago, so if anyone can make me a copy, that would be great. The only other thing that I think he Cowboys ever did was one song, "Domestic Battlefield," on Flipside Vinyl Fanzine Vol 1.

Cowboy bassist Eddie Nothing and guitarist Pete Moss also played in F. Eddie played bass and Pete played drums. F was notorious for their smart aleck humor and pranks. While other bands of the era we're playing vehement anti-Reagan songs, F were vehemently pro-Reagan (or so they claimed). The never broke the facade either; they played it to the hilt. F also delighted in calling the cops to break up their own gigs—just to see what would happen. They pulled this stunt at their famed last show in Ft. Lauderdale, with great "success." F polarized the South Florida

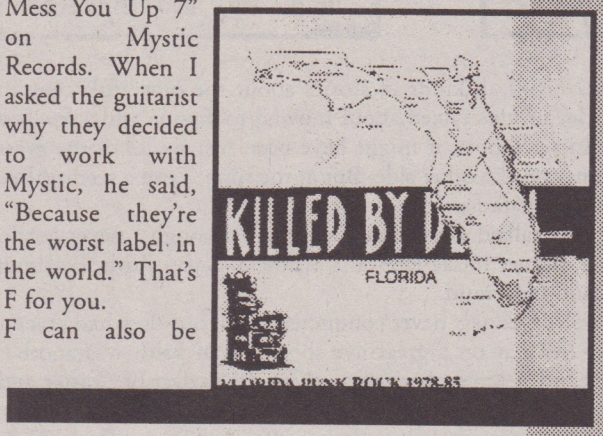


punk scene. I remember going to a convenience store between bands at an F show, wearing my F t-shirt. A big mohawked dude jammed his meaty finger into my chest and said, "I hate that band," punctuating each word with a sharp jab.

Anyhow, the F You Are An E.P. 12" is, in my opinion, the best punk record (beside the We Can't Help It comp) to come out of the state. This six-song, 45 rpm goodie made lots of top ten lists at Maximum Rocknroll. And how did the band show their gratitude? By refusing to pay for advertisements that had already run in the zine. Oh, they had the money. They just thought it would be funny to not pay the bill. If you'd like to see proof of this, check out the insert of the White Flag/F LP.

Either 1,000 or 1,500 copies of You Are an E.P. were pressed. I've asked the singer a couple of times and got different answers, so I guess he really doesn't remember or it's just another F joke. And, although Phil says that the record came out in 1983, it clearly reads, "1984" on the labels. Who knows? All you gotta know if that it rocks. In July 2000, I worked with the band to reissue You Are An E.P. as a 7", with a previously unreleased bonus song. One thousand copies were made.

As I mentioned before, F also made a split LP with White Flag on Starving Missle, a German Label. This record has its moments, but is not as good as the 12" e.p. In 1988, F released their last will and testament, the Mess You Up 7" on Mystic Records. When I asked the guitarist why they decided to work with Mystic, he said, "Because they're the worst label in the world." That's F for you.



F can also be heard on the compilation LP Four Bands That Could Change The World LP, the European version, Five Bands That Could Change The World, and on Flipside Vol 1 LP.

Broken Talent was from the Miami area. The Blood Slut 7" that came out on True Piece Of Shit in 1984 is probably the scarcest of all Florida releases— even more scarce than Communist Radio. But for some reason, not many people know about it. Here's the story, as told to me by singer/bassist Malcolm Tent. The band ordered 500 copies from the pressing plant, but a UPS mishap destroyed 125 copies in transit. So, a mere 375 playable copies are all that ever existed and you can be darn sure that even fewer remain intact today. This record almost never turns up outside of Florida. It's a great record and should be more highly sought after.

Lethal Yellow played many shows in South Florida with fellow scenesters Broken Talent, Gay Cowboys, and F. The self-released 7", Declaration of Retardation came out in 1984 on Braindead Music. Here again is more patented Florida smart aleck humor. Song titles include, "Velveeta Cheese," "Spastic and Proud," and "The Obnoxious Song." Something for the 15 year-old in all of us. Lo-fi and low brow.

Then there are a whole bunch of South Florida bands that I don't know too much about, like We The Living. I remember seeing this band's name on just one flyer ever and nobody I know can recall seeing them play live. However I can say that I have seen their 7", Carnival Of Vice, in a few record collections. The record isn't much to look at—kind of dull—but everyone who hears it agrees that it kicks ass. Side one is pure, pounding hardcore. Then on side two, they try to goof it up with a funky song that doesn't quite work. Released on Sublapse in 1985.

As with We The Living, I have seen a few copies of the Menstrual Cycles 1/2 Skin 1/2 Punk 7", but nobody can give me any more info on them. If they ever played live, it was probably to a small crowd. The record was self released in 1983 on Cycles 1. The band address and phone number is from Hialeah, a small town near Miami. The record was produced by David Camp, who also recorded F, but none of those guys know anything about The Menstrual Cycles.

Another mystery record is the Teddy And The Frat Girls 7". This band was also known as Sheer Smegma. The record has no picture sleeve. The white inner sleeve is rubber stamped, "Teddy and The Frat Girls," but the record label reads, "Sheer Smegma." Released in 1980; the band was from West Palm Beach. Alternative Tentacles later reissued it as a 12" and you can probably still find the A.T. version in dollar bins if you look for it. The female singer denies all involvement with the band and has even tried to spread rumors of her death.

I know even less about the Critical Mass Silver Screen 7". The guy I bought this from says that it is the first punk record from Florida, but I'm not even sure it is from Florida. There is no picture sleeve, just a white inner sleeve. There is no year or address on the record label. And the band sounds more like an English record from the late 1970s. I can find no information about the record in any of my references and nobody else has ever heard of it. Wherever it is from, it looks pretty old and it rocks.

The Front, from Miami, released a pair or kinda new wave singles on their own label, Foam Records. The First Strike 7" came out in 1981 and the Aluminum Room/Poor People 7" came out in 1982. While I find these records pretty boring, they are a good example of early Florida D.I.Y. spirit and thus have a place in my collection. You can also hear The Front on The Land That Time Forgot and Killed By Florida.

The Cichlids were a cutesy girl band that really weren't punk at all. People who knew them said they aspired to be the next Go Gos. Mike O'Brien from The Eat laughingly told me, "We always hated them." They nearly got placed on Killed By Florida, but one of the people involved with the project strongly objected.

They do sound like a cross between The Go Gos and The Beach Boys. It's bubblegum, but I still think it's pretty good. In fact, one of their songs is called, "Bubblegum." The band released a three song EP, Lifeguard Dan, and an LP, Be True To Your School, on Bold Records (perhaps their own label) in 1980. I need a copy of the LP for myself if anyone wants to part with one.

An odd-ball band called Futurisk released an odd-ball single, The Sound Of Futurism, in 1980 on the oddly-named label, Clark Humphrey Records. There's nobody in the band named Clark Humphrey, so who the hell is this guy and why did he put this out? I don't know, but I'm pretty glad he did. It's low- tech, lo-fi new wave, like early Devo, recorded in a garage. There is no address on the record, but the guy I got it from talked to one of the band members on the internet and he confirmed that Futurisk was from Florida. This strange record comes with two covers. The first is a white, sealed picture sleeve, with lyrics to one of the songs on the back and a picture of the band on the front. (Yeah, they look like nerds to me.) The second cover is on heavy pink cardstock and fits snugly into the white cover. Printed on the upper left back of the pink cover is "Limited Edition 500." Grab this one if it turns up at

the next garage sale.

I remember seeing the X-Conz Do Dead People Tan? 7" on Tim Yohannan's want list in the late 80s, so a couple of years later when I saw a copy, I inspected it with interest. When I saw that it was from Florida, I was 99% sure that I should buy it. Then when I saw that they had a song called, "She's My Hosebag," well, I just had to have it. I gave the record store guy a buck and took it home for a spin.

This four-song platter from 1981 doesn't have a lot of teeth, but the songs are pretty catchy, especially "Hosebag." I never did see another copy, so I'm glad I parted with my crumpled George Washington that steamy South Florida afternoon.

There have been many bands named Panic, The Panic and The Panics from all over the world. (In fact, a very early version of Black Flag was called Panic.) I had heard about a Florida band named The Panics for years and was beginning to think I imagined the whole thing, when this album caught my eye at a record swap. The Panics. I flipped it over and scanned the back cover. "Recorded at: Sound Check Studios, Fort Myers, Florida." Damn, they did exist, and they had an album. Very few Florida bands ever released full length albums. Sure, they look like The Romantics on the back cover, but at last I had tangible proof of this band that had eluded me for some fifteen years or so. And it is damn good rocknroll. The speedier stuff is not unlike The Eat. Some of it is a little slower and more rock. Not bad. Released in 1980 on Superdisc.

Disorderly Conduct was a great band from the Ft. Pierce/Melbourne area that not many people remember today. But in their time, they were one of the best and most popular bands in the state, frequently opening for bigger touring bands. The band, featuring F guitarist U.S. Ken Decter, played a hybrid of hardcore and metal without being speed metal. They really had an original sound, wrote great songs and were ace musicians. Casey Chaos' vocal style and lyrical arrangements have been a big influence on me.

Disorderly Conduct made their vinyl debut with one song, "How Old Are You?," on Flipside Vinyl Fanzine Vol. 2. This song is a real thrasher, with a couple of slow, tense breakdown parts. I think this song is a good representation of what the band was like live. Another Disorderly Conduct song, "Rock Bottom," appears on the 1986 compilation LP, There's A Method To Our Madness, on Phantom Records, an Alaskan label.

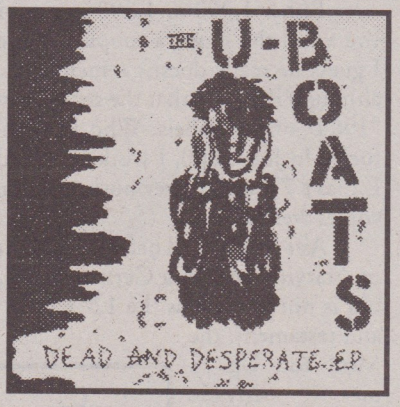
In 1986, Casey released the full length recording, Amen, on LP and cassette. The name he chose for his label was Dirge Records. As far as I know, that was the only thing released by Dirge. Amen is a hefty album, packed with powerful songs and very few lulls, although a couple of tracks get a little indulgent. The opening track, "Crawl Down Inside Of Me," is the strongest moment, with a pulsing wall of guitar and a long, anguished vocal wail.

I don't know how many copies of Amen were made, but the album had great distribution, at least within Florida. For a few years, you could find it in almost any record store in the state, even big chain stores. Even today still-sealed copies pop up in record stores from time to time.

Shortly after the release of Amen, Casey thought the next logical step would be to move the band to California. Decter went with him, but drummer Bill Erwin a bassist Scot Lade stayed in Florida. Lade told me, "I haven't talked to Casey since the day they left." In California, Casey started a band called Amen, which is still active today.

One record that I never see in anyone else's collection or hear anyone talk about is the Rugged Edge 7". The band was from Hialeah, home of The Eat and The Menstrual Cycles. The record was recorded in near-by Miami in 1986. There is little other information on the record. No band personnel, no lyrics, no photos. The music is up-tempo hardcore with some rock/metal nuances, like the Battalion Of Saints Second Coming album. If they made another record, I certainly buy it.

Next we'll move to the Tampa Bay area. As a high school kid in Stuart, I heard all kinds of stories about the powerful scene in Tampa. A lot of kids talked about moving to Tampa and a few did just that. In retrospect, it might have been just a case of the grass being greener on the other side. But at the time, Tampa seemed like hardcore punk paradise.



I already talked about Rat Cafeteria. Although I never got to see them, I did get to see Jehovah's Sickness, Pagan Faith, Belching Penguins and No Fraud.

Jehovah's Sickness never conquered vinyl, but they had at least one demo and put on a great live show. Pagan Faith was another good live band. I remember seeing them do a cover of "Faster and Louder," by The Dictators that really hit the mark. No Clubs!, a local concert promoter, released the self-titled Pagan Faith 7" in 1986. About five years later, another batch of the record turned up with a slightly different back cover and no No Clubs! logo. I've compared the vinyl and labels from each pressing and they are identical. It's most likely that someone found a stack of vinyl with no covers and made some new ones. The music on the Pagan Faith 7" is pretty good, but I'm not very fond of the singer's style and the vocals are pretty high in the mix. Still, a decent release.

No Clubs! also released the Belching Penguins Draft Beer... Not Me LP in 1986. Great, thrashy 1980s hardcore with some goofy lyrics. Everybody I know who has heard this record has been blown away. It's really good and one of the few hardcore albums ever to be released in Florida. (The photo on the back cover is classic, too.) No Clubs! reissued Draft Beer... Not Me on CD in 1996 or 1997 and it is still available. The LP used to be abundant everywhere in Florida, but has been seen less recently. Most of them have happy homes.

No Fraud was Florida's longest running hardcore band. They might still be around, depending on who you ask. No Fraud has had many line-ups and releases over the years, but my favorite will always be their first, the The E.P. 7", originally released on No Clubs! 1986. A later pressing appears on the band's own label, Truth Records. This is just good, fast, meat-and-potatoes hardcore. No frills, but lots of oomph. Also worth hearing is their follow up album, Hard To The Core, on the German label, Nuclear Blast. The

cover is an unbelievably tacky neon green, but most of the songs deliver the goods. After Hard To The Core, I kind of lost interest in the band's recorded material but still enjoyed seeing them live many times.

The U-Boats played some decent rocknroll-inspired punk. They released three records on their label, Crow Records: the Government Rip Off 7" in 1982, the Dead and Desperate 7" in 1983 and Street Tough LP in 1984. I like the 7"s but the LP is a bit too rock for my tastes. Surprisingly, the first record, Government Rip Off, seems to be the most common; I've come across many copies. The Street Tough LP is the next most common. These routinely show up in Tampa for $3 to $5. And for some reason, Dead And Desperate almost never shows up. I understand that one band member is now a very successful crack dealer in Zephyrhills.

In a similar style and with a similar history is Tampa's Voodoo Idols. The band self-released the Grunt Grunt/Do The Kirk 7", the We Dig Nixon 7" and an LP. Unfortunately, I don't own any of the Voodoo Idols records, so I can't comment on release dates or pressing quantities.

Up in the panhandle, Maggot Sandwich were the undisputed kings of punk. I think they might still be around, but the last album, Sleaze Factor, should have been called "Snooze Factor." Maggot Sandwich started making noise in 1983 or 84 under the name Kaos. When it came to their attention there there have been several bands by that name, they switched to Maggot Sandwich and have never had the same problem. However, guitarist Vik Graham and his brother, drummer Steve Graham, have kept their monikers Vik Kaos and Steve Kaos to this day.

Vik formed his own label, KML Records, and released Dead To My World, a great 7", in 1985. Five hundred copies were made in a single pressing. The band never repressed the record because they thought it was crap. I disagree. While the recording quality is low and you really have to crank it up to hear anything, the songs are really good, particularly "Everything I Touch Turns To Shit." This record features original singer Buzz Zerk, who soon left the band under nasty circumstances.

The band next set its sights on a ten-song LP, tentatively titled, Success Pool. But during the recording session, the singer walked out and threatened to sue the rest of the band if they used any of "his" songs. The band salvaged what they could from the recording session and released the Success Pool 7". One thousand copies were made; 500 on black vinyl and 500 on green. Vik gave me a green vinyl copy because he's such a cool dude. He also gave me a cassette of the unreleased songs with Buzz from this recording session. I promised Vik that I'd never copy them for anyone, so please don't ask. And it's a darn shame they were never released because they rock.

Maggot Sandwich finally did release an LP, Get Off The Stage, in 1987. What a fine release; perhaps the band's apex. Great songwriting, memorable riffs and smart lyrics. I love the songs, "Sex Sells," "Bigot," and "My Florida." Like a thrashier version of The Dead Kennedys, perhaps.

Then the band was quiet for a while, but in 1992, Vik sent me an awesome demo. The band was faster and tighter than ever. Some of those songs ended up on my compilation, We Still Can't Help It If We're From Florida. Many were rerecorded for 1993's Murder War 7".

One last Maggot Sandwich tidbit: I remember Vik telling me that one of their records was recorded in a Christian-owned recording studio. The studio engineer hated them and banned them from the studio. Thereafter, all Maggot sandwich releases were recorded in Vik's living room. D.I.Y.!

From up in Tallahassee, our state capitol, came The X-Band. I don't know much about them, but they released a solid 7", Pleasures In Life 7" on Yo Mama Records in 1986. I am only guessing, but Yo Mama Records was probably the band's label. (I've never seen anything else on the label.) It really sounds like The X-Band took some cues from their Tallahassee hardcore forefathers, Sector 4. I even checked both records to see if any of the same people were in both bands— nope. For some reason, people aren't too hip to this record, but they should be, because it is good stuff. I've run across a few copies in Florida, but I was really surprised to find two or three copies at Wax N Facts in Atlanta for $1 each.

Stevie Stiletto and The Switchblades was a good rocknroll-influenced hardcore band from Jacksonville. Their first 7", It's a Bogus Life, was issued by Razor Records, the band's own label, in 1985. This version features a glossy, black and red, sealed picture sleeve. The record was later reissued by KML with a slightly different cover. The KML version comes in a photocopied, yellow picture sleeve and for some reason, "And the Switchblades" is deleted from the front cover. All it reads is, "Stevie Stiletto." Vik from KML told me why the changes were made, but that was a long time ago and I forgot. Vik told me another story about the next Stevie Stiletto record. After Bogus Life, the band self-released a single, with the A-side being a cover of Bing Crosby's "White Christmas." Vik said that the band put out the record themselves, without his knowing, and put the KML address and logo on the release. This way, if there was any legal flak for using the Bing Crosby song, it would be KML's problem and not theirs. I would like to stress that this is Vik's side of the story and that I have never spoken to any of the members of Stevie Stiletto and The Switchblades, so there might be more to it. Also, I have never seen this record, so I can't comment on the picture sleeve or pressing quantity. If anyone has one to sell or trade, please get in touch.

I do know that there was also a Stevie Stiletto and The Switchblades LP called, Food For Flies. This LP came out around 1986 and is more rock. I don't own the record myself, but I remember hearing it and not liking it too much. I think it was released on KML, but I can't say for sure.

Whew. I guess that's it. As I said before, I will update this on my web page as new information comes to me. So, if you have something to share, please get it touch.

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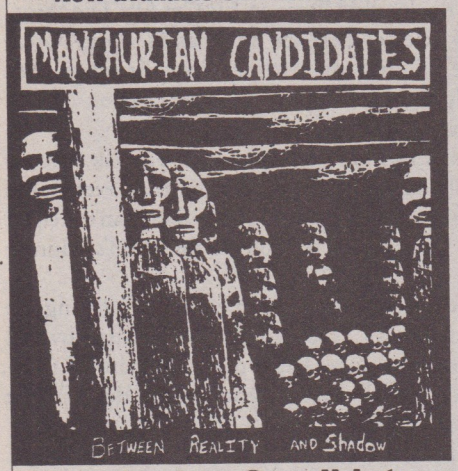

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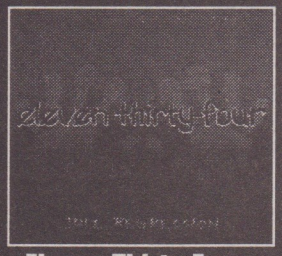

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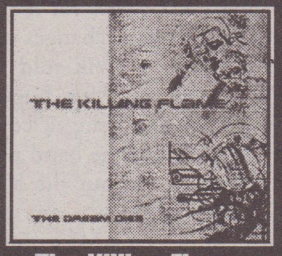

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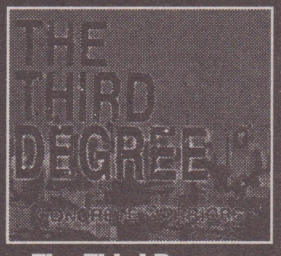

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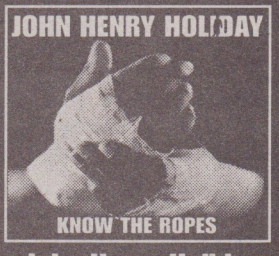

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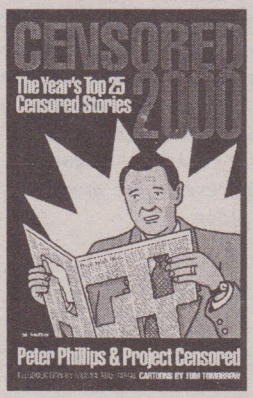


Censorship is a tricky word. Censorship is synonymous with authoritarian or socialist societies. Censorship is government overseers in the editorial offices of the daily papers, blacking out sensitive facts, banning particular news stories or planting false information. That doesn't happen here. Here, in America, we even have a constitutional amendment that guarantees a free press and free speech. But freedom of the press is generally signified as freedom from government restriction or regulation, while other factors, such as the constraints of a corporate advertising-based media system, tend to be ignored. Censorship in the mainstream media operates on a more insidious level. No one is banning hard-hitting, controversial news stories, but no one is writing them either.

"We consider censorship any interference with the free flow of information in society," says Peter Phillips, Project Censored's director. *"We don't see it as a conspiracy, as something the media is deliberately doing to keep the American public from being informed about certain stories. It's much more complex than that."*

And for the past 24 years, the primary objective of Project Censored, the longest-running media criticism project in the world, has been *"to explore and publicize the extent of censorship in our society by locating stories about significant issues of which the public should be aware, but is not, for one reason or another."* They strive to demonstrate the inherent biases in the corporate media system while trying to move "audiences" away from information as entertainment and toward information as activism. And most important, they emphasize that not only is the independent press worth reading, but it is precisely where we will find the stories of most profound political, social, and ecological importance that are often deemed too hot to handle in the dumbed-down corporate press.

Researchers collect several thousand articles from non-mainstream sources such as small circulation magazines, alternative weeklies, fringe political rags, trade and medical journals, and special-interest newsletters to find the stories the American public needs to know but won't find in any mainstream media source. A good selection of important but neglected articles are decided upon and go through four levels of review. The initial screening is done by a faculty or community expert who rates the story for national importance and credibility. The highest-ranked stories are researched for amount of national coverage by Project students using three full text library data bases to determine mainstream coverage. Then a committee of journalists, academics, and media critics narrow the stories down to the Top 25 censored stories of 1999. This year the panel of judges included Robert McChesney, Howard Zinn, Michael Parenti and Susan Faludi.

Censored 2000, this year's collection of the top 25 censored or underreported news stories, stands in stark contrast to what's presented in newspapers or on the nightly news. With the deteriorating quality of news reporting, the downsizing of newsrooms, waning resources for investigative reporters and the struggle against media conglomerates, there is a significant increase in news stories that are left uncovered by the corporate press.

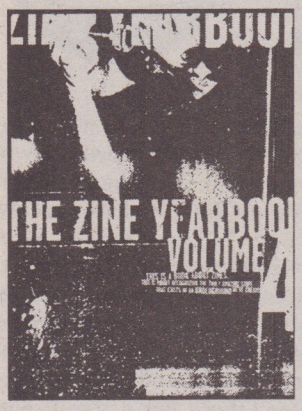
Many of this year's stories displayed the media's failure to cover international news stories, including untold stories of Kosovo, foreign policy, and international corporate power abuse. Interestingly enough, there are also a number of stories on the mainstream media itself. About how mainstream media places emphasis on particular perspectives of news stories to enhance their entertainment value as well as how they deliberately spin stories for their own political/commercial purposes. Along with the stories, *Censored 2000* highlights those journalists who struggle to bring important and unrecognized news and include coverage of current activists, their issues and their work. Lastly, *Censored 2000* provides an extensive bibliography and an exhaustive list of "alternative" publications recommended for further reading.

Once upon a time, the goal of the press was to keep the people informed; now the primary objective is to make a profit. The conflict between the goals of media as a profit-driven business and the goals of journalism to serve the public interest is vivid and undeniable. If the media should neglect to report a story that would jeopardize some corporation's profits, that is now perfectly understandable and acceptable. Although we know that a free press and a well-informed public are best served by a variety of sources competing to bring information to the people, we have seen the ownership and control of news media shrink to an increasingly small and select group of business owners. This monopolization of the press, aided by the move to treat news as entertainment, threatens the integrity and quality of information provided to the public.

While Project Censored hopes to shame the mainstream into changing, its larger goal is to encourage the general public to demand mass media coverage of important issues or to seek information from other sources. Project Censored tries to recognize as well as bring much needed attention to those independent media sources who struggle to bring important and unrecognized news to the public. And hopefully, as the public becomes increasingly dissatisfied with the media as it is, many will come to value and support those alternative, non-commercial outlets that strive to air stores that run counter to the interests of huge corporations, publish viewpoints on national issues that go unspoken elsewhere and engage in the kind of public-spirited debates that we need more of in our democracy.

—Catherine Cook

The Zine Yearbook, Volume 4 • ed. Jen Angel
137 pages • $7.00
Become The Media • PO Box 1225
Bowling Green, OH • 43402



In a way, *The Zine Yearbook* is a little like cheating. To have a collection of zine stuff, without the bad zine stuff, is like eating only the centers of Oreos. All the boring show reviews, self-righteous chest-pounding diatribes, and weepy *Cometbus* imitations have been left out... it's almost Utopian. If you haven't seen previous volumes of *The Zine Yearbook*, imagine a gigantic fanzine of 137 pages, full of articles and comics and interviews, all stuck together without editorializing. It's sort of like a regular fanzine, if it had eaten the radioactive vegetables on Gilligan's Island and grown to eight times its normal size! The uninterrupted presentation is significant for a bound anthology of fanzine stuff, because usually there will be an ill-fitting bunch of sections (like "queer," "grrl," "political," etc.), or patronizing background info on each zine editor, or just general oversharing being done by the editor of the anthology.

What Jen Angel does, though, is preserve and foreground the personalities of the contributors themselves, by letting the writing stand alone. Some really strong contributions include: from *Temp Slave!* fanzine, an account of the union organizing at The Lusty Lady, a peepshow here in SF (whose work slowdowns involved "no pink" days on the strip stage!); a brilliant comic called "Woodlyn Elementary Graffiti Incident, 1979," from *Roctober*, which is so good and the drawings are so like a seventies voc-school metaller would draw on his folders, that it has to be true; "Good Housekeeping," by Diane Payne in *Snowbound*, which is about having to be the housecleaner for the family of a guy at your school; and the story by Michelle in *Motion Sickness*, about early punk rock stuff—it's hilarious, and is subtitled, "My First Boyfriend... His Mom... My First Punk Show...And How I Learned to Distinguish Myself From a Piece of Furniture."

I have to say that my favorite thing in the whole book was the *Metal Rules* interview with Vanilla Ice—especially following an interview with the extremely composed Guy Picciotto. This placement is either a piece of genius on Jen's part, or at least a beautiful accident. The "Ice Baby" shares a good-humored but emotional story of downfall and redemption, and is someone who punks don't know much about. That's a sharp contrast to Fugazi, whose doctrines of discipline and avoidance can be recited by most punks in their sleep, for better or worse. The Vanilla Ice interview does what the best fanzines do, and what many excerpts here will do, too — tell you something new, instead of reinforcing what you already know.

The Zine Yearbook has a policy of printing only stuff published during that year (in this case, 1999), and also of not including fanzines with a circulation of 5,000 or more. I'm not really into rules, and I feel like punk rockers have an annoying habit of combating their rules by making more of our rules. But in this case, I think the current year stipulation is appropriate, and the circulation thing is a good idea, too. I mean, if the fanzine in question has that big of a circulation, why not let someone else get some exposure? (Along those lines, I might have even made a "no more Fugazi interviews" rule, too. Same reason).

For the most part, the zine-to-book translation works very well. As I mentioned, the book is selective, so it is blissfully free from the waste of wood that characterizes many fanzines. I admit, I have a tragically short attention span, so this is probably something I appreciate more than most people. There are still too many "how-to's" for my money, even though there are only three. How to make a banjo, how to make a fanzine, even a puzzling article on how to get married. Huh? A mentally healthy person should be bored hearing about their *own* wedding —*nobody* wants to hear about someone else's. That misanthropic observation aside, Jen has made the *Yearbook* bigger by putting in more great stories, rather than a proportioned amount of reviews, interviews, and how-to's, which is a big part of its success.

As good as the *Yearbook* is, naturally you miss out on some basics of the fanzine form this way. There's not a proper centerfold, for one; but more than that, there's no possibility for that occasional brilliant fanzine thing, where it's a perfectly timed and compiled overall read. It's a collection, so that's not going to be possible. And, of course, the finding of the fanzine — the whole activity of becoming familiar with one and waiting for the new issue, or spotting something weird and promising, squeezed into the shelf at the anarchist bookstore... That's all a part of the fanzine thing, too, if you think about it. This way, though, you will have a huge list of addresses and PO Boxes to send your concealed dollar bills and stamps to, and see what you get! Especially if you live somewhere other than SF or Toronto, or wherever there are plenty of local punk rock fanzine stores. —Greta Snider

The Filth and The Fury
Sex Pistols and Julien Temple
136 pages • $13.95
St. Martin's Griffin Press

The Filth and The Fury is a printed companion to the Julien Temple film of the same name, which is, as most of you know by now, a cathartic documentary that deals with Julien's shame over having been manipulated by Malcolm McClaren some tweny years ago, resulting in a an uninspired piece of cinematic propaganda entitled *The Great Rock 'N' Roll Swindle*. *The Filth and The Fury*, the book, is comprised of transcribed interviews taken from the film. The images that surround these interview segments are blurry stills from the film. Curiously enough, the stills are not in the same chronological order as they appeared in the film, or even in the timeline created by the interviews themselves. There is a also a noticeable effort to give the book's layout a cut and paste look, which would have been a cool bit of detail in this day and age of computer dominated design and desktop publishing. Of course, publishing houses these days don't use old fashion cut and paste techniques, but computers, even when they want that cut and paste look. The shameful part is that there are some cut and paste masters whose skills really could have been utilized on a project like this one. These criticisms turn out to be relatively minor however, because *The Filth and The Fury* is first and foremost about telling a story, and that is the one task that it executes without fail.

Filthy Lucre, the tour, may have been a sad final chapter in the Sex Pistols story, but at least it was one written solely by the band. What was not so clear up until now was the identity of the author responsible for the previous, infinitely more glorious, chapters. *The Filth and The Fury*, both the film and the book, make clear once and for all that the band itself deserved much more

credit than McClaren or the press has been willing to give it, but even more signifcant is how utterly responsible Johnny Lydon was for the look, sound, and even the poltics (sloganeering aside) that later became synonymous with the early London punk scene. More significantly, the band acknowledges that Lydon joined the band as a finished piece of work, and not at as a lump of clay that was later sculpted into being by Westwood and McClaren, which is the impression Malcolm has always tried to give concerning every member of the Sex Pistols, an impression that was twisted and exagerrated by Temple and McClaren in *The Great Rock 'N' Roll Swindle*. Lydon responds to Westwood and McClaren's past actions throughout *The Filth and The Fury*, and sometimes he does so without any prompting whatsoever.

"You spit at me and I'll absolutely smash your fucking head in. I won't tolerate it, it's not a sign of respect, it's a sign of disrespect. You've got a classic little bit of documentary there of Vivienne Westwood being spat on. This is not respect. This annoying fake, bitch. Fake, fake, fake, charging astronomical prices. Fake, phony, fuck off. There's no gobs on me." -Johnny Rotten

The Filth and The Fury is such a conceptually enormous project because Julien Temple is attempting to recreate a time in history, with all the necesary cultural refrences—even the most obscure ones, most of which were omitted in previous historical accounts of the Sex Pistols, as well as the early London punk scene. The film was probably most successful at doing just that, recreating a moment in time, than it was at actually telling the story. Make no mistake, everything from the book is there, and even today I consider *The Filth and The Fury* to be a good, solid piece of filmmaking. It's just that the book tells the story more effectively by eliminating the historical references and imagery, and concentrating on the voices of the people whose story it is being told, clearly in retrospect, and with hindsight. One should probably experience both the book and the film, which makes the book a true companion, and therefor something I'd recommend to *MRR* readers.
—Jay Dead

Salad Days • Charles Romalotti
300 pages • $10.00
Layman Books • PO Box 4702
Austin, TX • 78765

Suffice to say that, while you might hold steadfast to the belief that DIY publishing is responsible for saturating the world's literary output with fluffy goo and shitty, pretentious seriousness, writing a book with even a remote semblance of consistency and intellect—especially a book of this length—is a remarkable feat. Charles Romalotti's debut novel, *Salad Days*, not only accomplishes this, but does so while telling a fluid and consistent story of one young man's evolution in punk rock.

Salad Days revolves around disillusioned all-Amercian boy hero, Frank Smith, and his coming of age in the loosely characterized "punk scene" in Kansas in the mid '80s. We walk through scenarios of Frank's Midwestern life: high school, rare punk shows, girls, redneck jocks, etc. Ultimately Frank starts up his own punk band, The Fluorescent Condoms, after realizing there was a thriving network of punks via *Maximumrocknroll* (I swear there were no bribes involved in this), and cuts his teeth on rigid punk rock ideals early on. Following Frank through humble adolescent beginnings in his hometown of Iola, Kansas, we see his surroundings through his narrow and often dopey worldview. Frank's naive small town point of view has your heart pumping high-octane gasoline and your emotions running high one minute—the next you're swearing at Romalotti for not writing in a brutal ass-kicking for Frank, just for good measure.

I get the feeling Romalotti wasn't intending to break too much new ground with his vividly painted portraits of the characters in Frank's life. From Frank's oafish best friend Stanley to the sexy skin-chick Xanthe, Romalotti designates a distinct personality for everyone, but does so with such style and familiarity that you'd swear these were people you'd know from seeing them at shows in *your* hometown.

Ultimately, The Fluorescent Condoms disband after a string of shows and DIY produced demo tapes, the members go their seperate ways, and Frank moves from Iola to Lawrence, Kansas. When the opportunity arrives to sing for his favorite band of his teenage years, The Jerk Offs, Frank jumps at it. He brings them back from a sure death grip of breaking up and fading into obscure punk history, and gets them recording and touring in no time at all. Touring is hard on almost any band that ever had to do it in a cramped and stinky van, and in the latter part of *Salad Days* we get to follow The Jerk Offs from town to town on their ill-fated tour. Watching a well-known band break up on tour, right before your very eyes, is very scary sometimes, but exciting to witness. Reading about it doesn't really rival it, but definitely gives you a good idea of the gnarly war-like schizophrenia of touring. We see Frank's naive shell get peeled back a little bit to reveal some inner optimism, some half-hearted attempt at maintaining his ideals in a community that grows out of itself as often as the punk scene does. The whole time I was reading *Salad Days*, I kept reflecting back to my own teenage years of shitty bands and goofy shows, remembering the innocent joy of revelling in being an outcast and life before dogmatic adulthood. Frank Smith's struggle is the same struggle so many of us face, especially in our late teens and early twenties. Finding a comfortable way to grow as an individual, standing firm in your beliefs and giving others the space to do the same is the serpent in the tree of punk rock during those confusing years. Many aren't able to keep up and go down a different road. There are volumes of posi-core records about this. Now there is this book.

But *Salad Days* isn't a sob story (no pun intended with the Minor Threat references). Romalotti doesn't dwell too much in Frank's (sometimes) spineless self-pitying. Instead, he (usually) shows Frank in a favorable light, as being the one to rally the troops, always pushing everyone to set their standards higher and challenge themselves. I wondered, often, if Frank's pleasant spotlight was Romalotti's own congratulatory hand patting himself on the back. But Romalotti let his sense of humor shine through by throwing in enough self-deprecating comments that you weren't sure if *Salad Days* was auto-biographical or completely a work of fiction.

But that is why Romalotti's novel is quite an accomplishment. *Salad Days* is so typical of almost anyone I've known that grew up with punk rock as an influence in a largely ignored small community, you'd swear you knew what band he was writing about and what the characters *real* names were. But you'd have to dig a lot further than the surface of this book to uncover the real people behind this story. And since Romalotti doesn't give up the correct answers to your guesses, you are left to your own imagination to fill in the blanks.

In the end, our hero Frank is still standing, but battered and bruised by the ideals and sense of community that he believed in so much. Along the way he learned crucial life's lessons, and met a lot of interesting people, and played some great punk rock shows with some great bands. I didn't feel especially sorry or sympathetic for

Frank, having been the product of a forgotten part of America myself. Reading *Salad Days* felt more like a walk down memory lane through the early beginnings of my own initial involvement in the underground, than it did a re-invention of past ideas. There's not much new to learn through *Salad Days*, but I think Charles Romalotti would be satisfied to know that I came away from this with a refreshed optimism via Frank's story—that was probably the point of the whole story to begin with.

It should be noted that the price of this great book is more than fair, and is most certainly reflective of Romalotti's own belief in DIY ideals. And if that didn't sell you, the fact that this is self-published and supported by Romalotti's insane two-month tour of the USA for its release should. —Paul Barger

Punk Strips: Anarcho-Terrorist Fun From the Real Punk Underground • Simon Gane
128 pages • $12.00
Slab O' Concrete • PO Box 148
Hove • BN3 3DQ UK

It's funny—I can remember the exact time I first saw a Simon Gane comic. I was finishing up a 15-hour drunken bender, giving myself a tattoo at the apartment of some people I'd never met before. The woman living there had just gotten in copies of a comic called "Sap" that she'd co-written with her roommate and that Simon had done the artwork for. It was all of about twenty pages, a story about a punk rock boy and a punk rock girl who keep on almost crossing paths. It was a silly, romantic comic—bubblegum punk—but the artwork kicked ass. It was full of people with over-sized arms and hands, made of odd angles and thick lines. It was just plain cool.

It's funny because it doesn't seem like people usually remember the first time they ever read something a particular person wrote or the first time they see a particular person's art. But, I think a lot of us remember the first time we hear a song that becomes our favorite song or the first time we ever hear our soon-to-be favorite band. And, that's one of the many great things about Simon Gane's comics and this latest collection, *Punk Strips*, in particular. His comics have all the same qualities of a great punk band or a great punk album or a favorite song. They're fun and catchy enough to get stuck in your head and there are a couple of 'em that are perfect for an angry mood.

Okay, I'm not going to ride that metaphor forever. But, *Punk Strips* is punk and is rooted in the things that are still (after all this time) flat out fuckin' fun about punk. There's the excerpts from *Arnie Comix* with their slapstick tomfoolery. There's Subvert Man, who's "been on the cider and he's fucking angry." There are the Right On Kids who put together their zine just to have it listed in the "not so prestigious 'more listings' section" of the zine reviews here at *Maximum*, and there are one-off jokes about smashing fascists in the face and such. Hiding in the background like an old Crass song are a couple of more subtle comics about French artists from a century ago.

But aside from the occasional moment of subtlety, Gane's comics are charming because they're about as subtle as hard cider and the characters are impish and ready to brawl in the way that only Limeys can be. Gane's anarchist political leanings usually just hang out and act as a backdrop for the slapstick comedy of the likes of Scrumpy, Smiles, Subvert Man, and Arnie the Anarchist. Young Arnie the Anarchist has scrawled anti-cop graffiti and leftist sayings all over his neighborhood, but the story will always be about Arnie accidently blowing himself up with his own bomb. Unlike some zines who throw in too much politics and forget to laugh at themselves and some bands that have their tongues shoved so far into their cheeks that they've forgotten what they believe in, Gane puts it all side by side.

And, the artwork is awesome—simple but heavily stylized, immediately recognizable. Some of the comics—Arnie and Scrumpy and Smiles—are drawn in a more juvenile way, while the characters in other strips—Subvert Man, the Right On Kids—are made of chunks, like drawings of chainsaw carvings. Every once in a while, Gane throws in a drawing of someone who is supposed to represent the perfect punk-girl, which alternated between being distracting and annoying; I mean, did he really need to make Arnie's mom a bombshell? And, what's up with the one-off comic about the woman in the bikini hitting the guy in the head with a beer bottle? I realize that the story is about a woman standing up for herself, but doesn't it go against the story's "message" to render her as a "knockout"? Not my cup of tea, but I'm sure it's something that has captured more than a few of Gane's readers.

Still, like most comics, it's the artwork that carries this book, even more so than the stories, and I have to repeat that the artwork is awesome. Also, since this is a collection from ten years of work, Gane has even included copies of posters and zine covers he's done over the years, like the one he did for *MRR* a few years back. (By the way, Arwen and Mike, isn't it about time to hit him up for another one)?

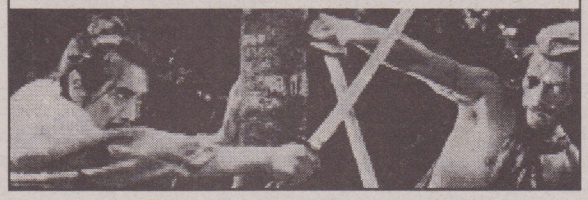
Gane subtitled this collection "anarcho-terrorist fun from the real punk underground," and, as that name implies, this collection was put together for those of us who still live there. I showed this book to one of my square friends (well, as square as an anarchist can be, which is pretty square), thinking he'd really get into it. But there were too many inside jokes and scene references for him to think the book was really funny, and, while he was impressed with the artwork, he wasn't sure what to make out of the Three-Stooges-style violence and jabs at people of leftist (but not anarchist) leanings. In the end, though, that's what makes it a book for us, the punks.

I know I said I wouldn't keep riding that one metaphor, but when I think of Gane's comics, especially the ones included in this collection, I can't help but think of them in the same terms I think of music. *Punk Strips* captures the spirit of punk rock in the same way a good punk band does. Like a good punk album, it hits all the same themes, takes all the same values for granted, and even has some of those same inconsistencies that make some bands a guilty pleasure. Then, he wraps it all up in something so catchy that we can't put it down. If this book were a record, it wouldn't leave my turntable. —Doug Grime

MOVIES

FINAL CUT

BY STEVEN SPINALI



ANARCHY JUST AIN'T WHAT IT USED TO BE

Considering John Waters hasn't made slash-and-burn satire in over twenty years (the poster for **Desperate Living** had some dead rats on a plate), you'd guess the director of the infamous **Pink Flamingos** had softened in his dotage. Well, **Cecil B. Demented** tries to make up for his forays into Hollywood camp in one, all-out lunge for underground street-cred. His odd strategy: a tribute to guerrilla filmmaking, sprinkled with bonafide Hollywood stars. But not too many.

A tightly knit group of movie terrorists earn near minimum wage in a Baltimore theater, and wait for their chance at film immortality. Their chance comes when just over-the-hill star Honey Whitlock (Melanie Griffith) makes an in-theater appearance to promote her new, certain to fail romantic comedy, *Another Day in Paradise*. Armed with guns, clubs, flame-throwers, and duct tape, they kidnap Whitlock and spirit her away to a warehouse filled with stolen movie paraphernalia. Under the direction of Cecil B. Demented (Stephen Dorff, with a disordered John Lydon haircut), the group plans to use Whitlock in their own film, shot on the streets of Baltimore with whatever crotchety fossils they interview along the way.

Waters spent much of his early career dodging the salvos of the regressive Maryland Film Board, which explains his joy in continually knocking his home town. Here, the band of movie outcasts begin a crusade of set pieces with Whitlock, now bleached blond and spouting radical invective in her "scenes"—for which she has no rehearsals, nor second takes. Their first major battle is in a local theater playing the director's cut of **Patch Adams** (just down from the Pauly Shore film retrospective), improvising their escape through supportive patrons at a porn theater and a "karate theater" (whatever the hell that is). Cecil B. Demented and his "Sprockets" finally find their way to their final objective: an armed assault on the Maryland Film Commission. (During the commission luncheon, the entree is oysters—which leads to the inevitable background sound of sucking during the speeches).

With the increasingly compliant Whitlock in tow, Whitlock's ordeal begins to echo the Patty Hearst saga. (Hearst herself appears as the parent of one of the less committed terrorists.) It is, after all, Whitlock's best role in years, in a film guaranteed to make money. (It was, after all, produced for nothing.)

Their assault on the film set of the sequel to **Forrest Gump** (*Gump Again*, starring Kevin Nealon) sets some gun-wielding teamsters on their tail, but by that point, Waters' film and his film-within-a-film have started to break down under the weight of slogans and easy irony. Even the better jokes get lost amidst all the verbal flotsam. John Waters didn't have to remind us of his underground affinities; all he had to do is make another underground film. In one Woody Allen movie, the best gag was when fans said how much they liked his early funny movies. With Waters you yearn for the older, rawer ones.

After **Cecil B. DeMented**'s blunt stabs at being radical, the documentary **Blossoms of Fire** is notable for its matter-of-fact political punch. In southern Oaxaca, Mexico, the Tehuanepec people have evolved into possibly the last surviving matriarchies in the world—as well as the most politically radical region in their country. These women are substantial, imposing figures, walking through the streets in bright traditional costume (always sans make-up) and by no means unaware of how extraordinary their situation is.

No one knows exactly how this society evolved the way it has, but accounts have always mentioned the region's strong women. As one woman says, "Relationships are like the yoke of the ox: if the load is uneven, the load won't pull." However, the control of family money is handled by women only.

Unlike some first or second world countries, the Tehuanepec social structure isn't devoted to profit, but rather the idea that everyone should have access to the basics: food, shelter, and of course, siesta. By all evidence, they're an incredibly hard-working people. It's not surprising that they have such a knack at survival.

Historical accounts recall how the brutal Aztecs were unable to subdue the Tehuanepecs; in war, women joined the struggle by toting large rocks and hurling them at their invaders like slingshots. When the Spanish invaded Mexico in the 1660s, they were able to conquer everyone except the Oaxacan people. In the 1980s, their's was the only sector of Mexico with an elected leftist government supporting COCEI reforms—and when revolution brewed several years later, women again joined the men to achieve final victory, albeit at great human cost. Today, despite large oil reserves in the region, they have been able to resist all attempts at drilling—although some admit that technological change is to an extent inevitable.

Maybe the Tehuanepec's greatest strength is their flexibility, their ability to absorb influences while sustaining their identity. Children are taught in both Spanish and Oaxacan, so their culture remains even if they leave for the city. And the teachers (who are always women) exert an influence so early and so pervasive that some don't even recognize their region as matriarchal; it's just the way it is. It's a tribute to their tolerance that lesbians and gays are in the main treated like everybody else.

This little by-way of the world is no Eden, but the people have carved out a place that is without precedent in the Judeo-Christian world (though even their version of Christianity is equal parts folk religion). I'm not sure how many Americans would give up the comforts of their capital-driven, entrepreneurial world, but the ramifications of the Zapotec culture gives one pause to wonder how things might be.

Relying on feature films for lessons on history and revolution is altogether too easy, so it's tempting to accept the more melodramatic elements of **The Soong Sisters** as true—even though the more amazing events of this film did happen.

The real-life Soong sisters are an fascinating part of Chinese history. Their father was a minister who helped finance the overthrow of the Qing government and its replacement with the Kuomintang regime. (The great film **Peking Opera Blues** offers some entertaining background for the curious.) All three women were sent to America for their education and were fluently bilingual. Well-travelled and educated, the Soong sisters could basically write their own ticket in burgeoning China. Soong Ching-ling (Maggie Cheung, whose film credits are too numerous to mention) married beloved Nationalist Chinese leader Sun Yat-Sen; her younger sister Soong May-ling (Vivian Wu, **The Pillow Book**) linked with the next Nationalist leader Chiang Kai-shek (but only after demanding he divorce his previous wife); and Soong E-ling (Michelle Yeoh, the Bond girl from **Tomorrow Never Dies**) fell into fabulous wealth by marrying one of China's most influential businessmen.

Considering the film was produced during Hong Kong's turnover to China, the film's subject matter is something of a dance on pins; the last thing the PRC wants is a humanizing biopic of Nationalist China. Events got more sensitive when a reel got "lost"

before it could be viewed by the censors. The complete version debuted in San Francisco only this summer.

The core drama of **The Soong Sisters** occurs during the early Nationalist struggles, with revolution and independence always the issues at hand. But handling the story as a "relationship" movie tends to trivialize the politics; China's political struggles are necessarily more important than the emotional state of three Soong Sisters, but too often marital melodrama takes center stage. I wonder whether the biography of three ordinary Chinese women wouldn't have been more interesting, even at the expense of ornate sets and name actors.

Problem is, quite a few momentous events happen in **The Soong Sisters**— but only a few are interesting. We have three of HK's most beloved actresses, fine photography, a strong musical score by Kitaro, nearly 2000 extras, and a thrilling finale, in which Chiang Kai-shek's plane, losing fuel, is forced to land in the fog and complete darkness. The director, Mabel Cheung, sustains a mood of dignity throughout—maybe too much. With the ever-present risk of offending the Chinese authorities, it's possible that the film's edge was lost in the process.

With all this, it's not too hard to understand why revolution should seem so sleepy.

Reactions to these reviews? Email at spinali@postmark.net
—Steve Spinali

WANNA JOIN MY CULT?

Hey, I wouldn't mind running my own cult. Who wouldn't? I always think that if I could change something about myself, I'd want to be more conceited. The absolute feeling that you are better than everyone else and setting out on a mission to let the world know. I guess my biggest problem with cults is that I don't ever find the leaders very charismatic. I guess that's why I don't belong to one.

The problem with **Cecil B. Demented**, the latest John Waters' film, is that Cecil isn't very inspiring. He is the leader of a group of people who set out on a mission to make an underground film. One that will make others reject the crap that Hollywood spits out. This is a great idea. One that most of you reading this and I can easily agree would be the great if pulled off. I am all for running into theaters showing *Patch Adams: The Director's Cut* and start shooting up the place. I just don't think the film this group could make would be the one to achieve that reaction.

Cecil B. Demented starts with a brilliant and very funny scene in which the cinema terrorists Sprocket Holes plan to kidnap Honey Whitlock, an aging actress who's latest film is being screened at the theater were the terrorists work. Each Sprocket Hole counts off the minutes before Honey's arrival at the theater while loading their weapons. Guns are hidden in the popcorn, under theater seats and in the ticket collection box. I was cheering along with the rest of the audience as the theater attendees feared for their lives. It's easy to hate these type of charity patrons. They always seem like they are there for the event more than the charity. Even Honey Whitlock who behind the scenes is a total bitch, but the in front of a crowd is very pleasant.

After she is kidnapped, Honey is taken back to the Sprocket Holes' headquarters in a abandoned movie theater. A nice locale, but could it be more obvious? Of course, no one thinks to look for them there. We get to hear the philosophy behind the group and see the tattoos of their filmmaker idols. This part dragged a bit. Every member of the group introduces him/ herself, what they do and who is their favorite filmmaker. Introductions are necessary, but maybe they could have been done quicker. At this point, we become aware of Cecil's position as evangelist, spouting off the rhetoric of film and keeping the others in line by not allowing them to have sex. This celibacy keeps them in a very deranged and submissive state.

The peripheral characters in **Cecil B. Demented** are the most interesting. The best lines are given to the group of parents protesting a theater for not showing "family films". The family films group meets up with the escaping Sprocket Holes on the street. They put down Honey Whitlock's films with the funniest insults of the movie. One of the mothers yells at Honey, "I walk out of your films on airplanes." The best line the Sprocket Holes can come up with has something to do with seeing graphic sex on the screen. Not that memorable.

John Waters is a great satirist. This is best feature of **Cecil B. Demented.** He pokes fun at revolutionaries, charitable organizations, parents, kids, and the film industry. There are plenty of jokes. Patty Hearst playing Fidget's mother does an impression of her mother's televised plea when Patty was kidnapped. The film industry does seem to come off the easiest though. After all, he does work for them.

Still, this is definitely a movie for film snobs. The off handed comments about people entering theaters late, talking after the movie has started and other annoying moviegoer habits are funny mostly because they are true. Everyone can related to them. I always sit in front of someone who talks during the movie and have someone climb over me to get to a seat after the movie has started. It even happened during **Cecil B. Demented**. When the joke was made about people entering the theater after the movie started, I pointed to the guy sitting next to me, we laughed, and he got all huffy. My boyfriend has a great new way to handle talkers. When the person behind us is talking and doesn't stop after being shshshed a few times, he turns around and stares at them until he gets the person's attention and then says very nonchalantly, "Oh excuse me. Am I disturbing you?" Try it next time. It always works.

When I went to see **The Tao of Steve**, I had the impression that it was going to be a film about men with low self-esteem who figure out that if they act a certain way, they will be perceived to be that way. A kind of inspiring film for the underdog where the unpopular become popular. Instead it ended up being a cute love story with an intellectual edge. The guys in the film follow a set of rules about being Steve in order to get women to sleep with them. It may seem manipulative, but you know everyone, male and female, play these type of games when they are trying to meet someone.

Dex is an expert at the art of being Steve. He is an elementary school teacher who spouts off philosophy and spends his time getting stoned, drinking beer, hanging out with the guys, having a affair with his friend's wife, and chasing after women. Throughout the film he is trying to teach his shier, not too bright friend about the Tao of Steve, providing an easy excuse for the philosophy to be presented. At his college reunion, Dex meets Syd, one of his old classmates whom he has no recollection of, but immediately gets a crush on her. Syd, however, remembers him too well and doesn't fall for the Tao of Steve. Of course, Dex grows up, ultimately realizing that he is in love with Syd. **The Tao of Steve** will make you feel nice and fuzzy, but I don't think it'll change your outlook on life.

The final film this month is one didn't make too much of a dramatic impact on me, but left me highly entertained, if not very confused about the why this was made. **Siegfried & Roy: The Magic Box** tells the story of the two magicians in 3-D Imax. I went with a group of people consisting mostly of *MRR* writers. We met up at Dr. Dante's house for a couple of glasses of Tiger Punch, a drink invented by Dr. Dante and consisting of grapefruit, broccoli, vodka and other things tigers like. Then off to the theater.

Siegfried & Roy: The Magic Box tells the very basics of the story of Siegfried and Roy's lives. They both grew up in Germany during World War II. Siegfried got his father out of post-war depression by showing him a magic trick from a book he bought with some money he found in the street. Roy has a psychic connection with animals. His dog saved him from quicksand at an early age and his grandfather got him a job working at a zoo where he ended up stealing the leopard. Siegfried and Roy met on a cruise boat and have been working together ever since. The story is interspersed with performances from their magic show.

There is no dirt in this documentary. You don't get the inside scoop on their romantic relationship, although Dr. Dante filled us in on that later. They broke up five years ago, but still perform together and live together. The rumor as to whether Roy died and was replaced with a new Roy is left unanswered. The whole movie is just a promotional piece, but who cares. I did learn one thing though, "Siegfried is the magician and Roy is the magic". Very interesting.

I'm always looking for films to review. If you made one, I'd like to see. Send a copy to me c/o *MRR*. —Carolyn Keddy

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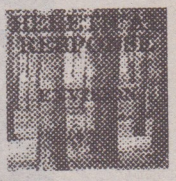

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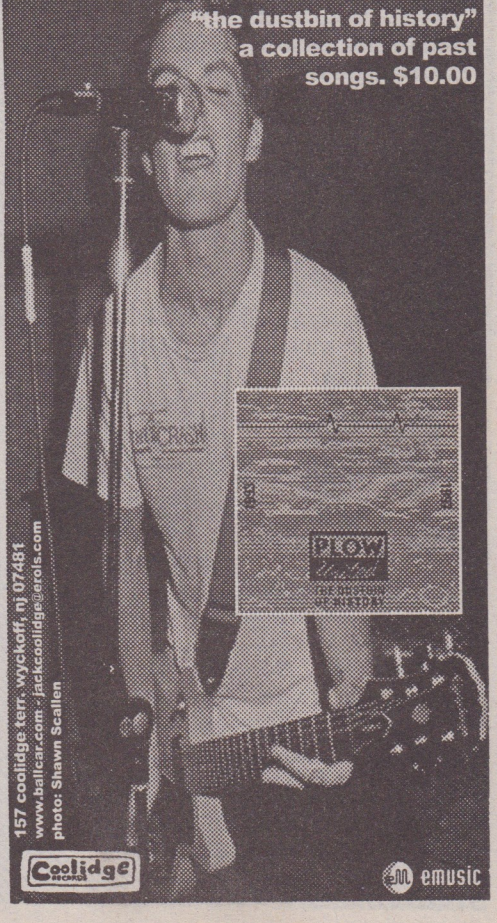

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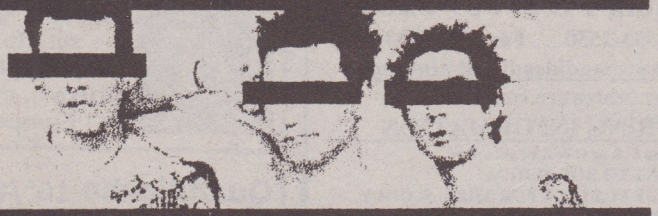

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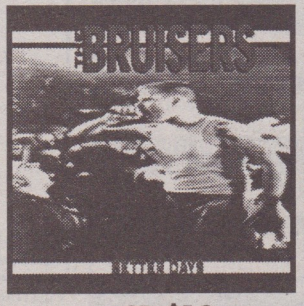

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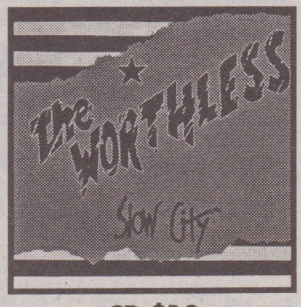

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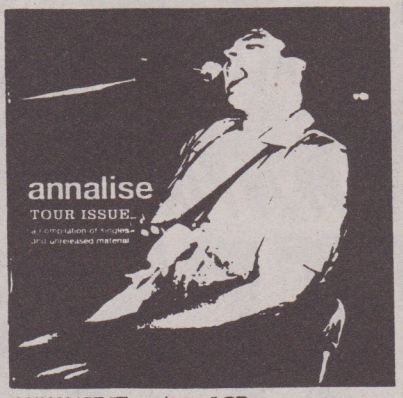

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More punk than a safety-pin sandwich and catchier than the common cold! Pissed-off anarchist HC from the Motor City, ex-Angry Red Planet, etc.
Postpaid prices: $3 US/$4 World Airmail
SPECIAL DEAL FOR THE KIDS: Order any CD and I'll throw this 7" in for free, just ask for it!

Make payment out to Anthony Williamson, not Ding Dong Ditch! I can't stress that enough folks. Well-concealed US cash, check, or money order, but if you write a check you're going to be waiting while it clears, sorry. All other orders sent out same day. Labels: get in touch for trades!

c/o Anthony W.
P.O. Box 2409
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DING DONG DITCH RECORDS!

heybub_49008@yahoo.com

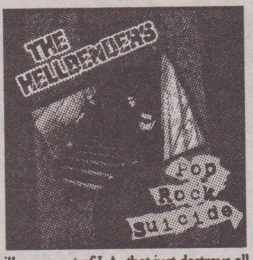
DISTRIBUTED BY: CHOKE, NO IDEA, DR. STRANGE, FAST MUSIC, INTERPUNK AND OTHER NICE GUYS. IN FACT, YOU CAN CHECK OUT AN MP3 OF ANNALISE'S "SIGNPOSTS & ALLEYWAYS" AT WWW.INTERPUNK.COM

DEAD BEAT RECORDS

Safety Pins- Invite Us To Your Funeral LP/CD

-The I don't Give A Fuck-ometer is totally in the red on this one!! After 2 completely smoking albums on Munster Records, these Spanish punks move over to Dead Beat for their debut American release. The Safety Pins are pure pissed off rage in songs like 'Suburban Twat', 'Plastic Punks' and 'Invite Us To Your Funeral!'. These guys bring a genuine sense of sheer anger and discontent reminiscent in early Jabbers era GG Allin. 13 songs on the cutting board floor including a cover by one of San Francisco's most hated bands... The Fuck Ups!!

The Hellbenders- Pop Rock Suicide LP/CD



-Every few years a bands will come out of LA, that just destroys all the bands in its path. Lotta bands playing out here, but very few grab ya by the throat. Well here they are...The fuckin' Hellbenders. They're not playing the Sunset strip or waiting to get that big call from Capitol. They just play their meaty as fuck blood, sweat and broken guitars strings Rock N Roll. The dual guitars rip through the top on this one with the 2 guitar players completely feeding off of each other. 200% energy all the way right down to the seering Menace cover. Yep, they're lighting up the underbelly of LA, and you can be guaranteed your town is soon to follow

Smogtown- Beach City Butchers 10"

-Fear not my fellow punk rockers, the New Beach Alliance NEVER disappoint. With two shit hot 45's and, a killer track on the Viva La Vinyl #3 LP, they've returned with their strongest material to date . 6 scorching anthems in this masterpiece: 'Beach City Buthcers.' Hundreds of devoted, loyal Smogtown wavers can't be wrong!!!

Smogtown & Teenage Knockouts- split CD

-Grab the gun, stick the fuckin' barrel in your mouth and pull the trigger.....BBBBBOOOOOOOOOMMMM. Smogtown and the Teenage Knockouts BLOW your mind with pure wreckless abandon. Both 10"'s and a Smogtown bonus track on this 15 songer. These 9 Rock N Roll mercenaries refuse to let punk rock die!!!

	USA	Canada	World
LP/10"	$7	$8	$9
CD	$10	$11	$12

Dead Beat Records
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Los Angeles, CA 90078
E-Mail: Deadbeatrx@aol.com

Stores Contact: Revolver, Get Hip, Revelation, Sound of CA, Green Hell (Germany) and Disgruntled

RECORDS

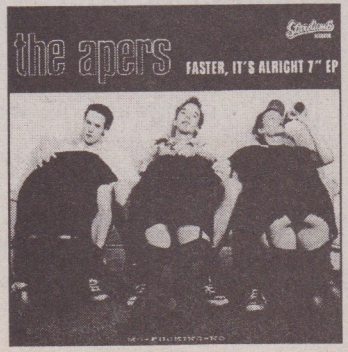
Send MRR your release for review. Don't send wimpy, arty, emo, metal or MTV corporate rock shit here. Don't have your label give us follow-up calls as to whether we received and are reviewing a record. We want punk, garage, hardcore, and will review all those that fall within our area of coverage. Include post-paid price and contact information when mailing. If possible, send two copies of vinyl records (one for MRR, one for the reviewer). *We will review CDs, but just CD-only releases.* If on vinyl and CD format, send us the vinyl. We are reviewing cassettes again, so send HIGH quality cassette-only releases directly to: Erin Yanke, PO Box 1113, Portland, OR 97207. *No reviews of test pressings or promo CDs without final artwork.* Staff: (PA) Peter Avery, (EC) Enrico Cadena, (RC) Rob Coons, (AC) Arwen Curry (AD) Andy Darling, (DD) Dr. Dante, (JF) Jonathan Floyd, ((NF) Neale Fishback, (BG) Brian Gathy, (LH) Lance Hahn, (JR) Jeff Heermann, (TH) Tom Hopkins, (TJ) Tobia Jean, (KK) Kenny Kaos, (CK) Carolyn Keddy, (DL) Dulcinea Loudmouth, (RL) Ray Lujan, (BM) Bobby Manic, (TM) Timojhen Mark, (HM) Hal MacLean, (AM) Allan McNaughton, (RM) Raimundo Murguia, (DP) Donna Poole, (SR) Sandra Ramos, (BR) Bruce Roehrs, (SS) Steve Spinali, (ST) Sean Sullivan, (MW) Max Ward, (RW) Ryan Wells, (SW) Shane White, (JY) Jeff Yih, (RY) Rema Young.

AKKOLYTE/SEPTIC TUMOR - split EP

AKKOLYTE are a bass/drums duo hailing from Dallas. Don't misunderstand, we don't have a GODSTOMPER clone, although this is just as heavy and manic. Some basic hardcore, some almost psychedelic weirdness, and one long slow song, all of which suffer tremendously from a shitty recording. And representing my home state of Oklahoma are SEPTIC TUMOR. Anguished vocals that still maintain a hint of snotty "fuck you." Blinding speed and high-pitched buzzsaw guitar round out their sound. Four songs that made me proud to be from the plains. (WN)
($3 ppd: Chode Brand, 1138 N. Edgefield, Dallas, TX 75208)

ANASAZI - "Calculating Components" 12"

Whoa. This even looked dark—dull earth tone cover, single sided white on black lyric sheet, black labels on both sides of the (practically speaking) single sided record (though the flip is pretty good!). Had some guesses what I'd be in for here. It was somber stuff... unfortunately, it almost became too much over the course of eight songs. I think this reminded me in some ways of CREATION IS CRUCIFIXION in that I really liked both bands, but lost interest over any extended period. Perhaps it's the overwhelming pall, perhaps it's me, perhaps it's because you really can't understand or latch onto anything. I don't pretend to know. Fitting that they'd end with a CITIZEN'S ARREST cover, as despite having listened to them a thousand times, I'd have not picked up on it without them mentioning it. Popcorn emo metal hardcore - all the right ingredients, but it's just not something I'd go back to repeatedly. (TM)
(Troubleman Unlimited, 16 Willow St, Bayonne, NJ 07002)



ANGER - "State of NJ Vs. Anger" CD

At their best, ANGER mixes the sing-along choruses of early 7 SECONDS with the metally late-'80s guitar wank of SUICIDAL TENDENCIES. The whole CD is basically 21 songs of the condemnation of New Jersey and its inhabitants...why don't they just move the hell out? Some of their lyrics are questionable, too; especially when in "Bulldike" (sic) the singer complains about lesbians always "disrespecting me." Yowza. And the fact that the opening of the aforementioned song is ganked from the DICTATORS' "Baby, Let's Twist" doesn't win them any points for originality with me. A half hour of simian middle-finger anthems for those of you who are running out. (RD)
(HOA, PO Box 442, Pompton Lakes, NJ 07442)

APERS - "Faster, It's Alright" EP

Ten-song re-release of a demo tape by these Dutch pop-punkers from 1997 finds the band kicking around garage-production QUEERS-isms to decent effect. The production is the saving grace here as the songs don't do anything really shocking for me,

relying on fast playing to cover up for lack of riffs. Average. (RW)
(Stardumb, PO Box 21145, 3001 AC Rotterdam, NETHERLANDS, stardumbrecords@.com)

ARMISTICE/CIRIL - split LP

With anarcho-meets-A.A. Milne graphics on their side, SoCal peace punk ragers ARMISTICE cut in about social ills (nice one on California's anti-immigrant Proposition 187). They do this in by-the-book fashion, tailing their European crust counterparts so closely that their syntax has markers of non-native English, though it ain't. Still rocks, and info about Skuld Records' harassment by German authorities is an important read for leftists. CIRIL is more original—for once I agree with the label guy that they sound like RUDIMENTARY PENI (though they could use a graphic artist on their team). Eerie, claustrophobic, and tense bits (see BORN AGAINST's "Mary & Child") finally lead to gallops of sustained rock-out madness. (AC)
(Know, PO Box 90579, Long Beach, CA 90809)

ASTA KASK - "Rock Mot Svinen" LP

This is a compilation of all this long gone Swedish band's EP's as well as a couple tunes from their sole studio LP *Aldrig En*.. 22 songs of speedy, raw and catchy hardcore. One or two fruity moments here and there but overall this is good stuff. (RM)
(Hohnie, Hostmannstr. 30, 29221 Celle, GERMANY)

ASTA KASK - "Till Sista Droppen" EP

ASTA KASK formed in 1978 under the name X-TAS, with influences from KISS to the SEX PISTOLS. In 1980, they changed their name to ASTA KASK. In 1981, the band recorded their first single for Pang Records. In 1984, ASTA KASK signed a contract with the Rosa Honung record company. These outtakes are from the 1984 to 1985 sessions. The music is good snotty singalong punk with optimistic left-leaning politics. (BR)
(Hohnie, Hostmannstr. 30, 29221 Celle, GERMANY)

AVSKUM - "In the Spirit of Mass Destruction" LP

Classic Swedish Dis-core back from the dead. While their last two EPs made me a born-again AVSKUM-ite, a whole full length might be a little too much for me. But for those Scando maniacs out there, this is your cup o' tea. (MW)
(Prank, PO Box 410892, San Francisco, CA 94141-0892)

AWKWARD THOUGHT - "Mayday" CD

This thing sounds so damn good, a true testimony to how much difference it makes to spend to time (and, yes, the money) to record in a decent studio. The first song fucking blows out of the gates with a riff I wish I had written myself, and the energy level stays peaked all the way through the disc. The layout and photos are that of a NYHC band (which is how they come off live as well), but the music owes just as much to east coast punks like SUBMACHINE or DISTRAUGHT (light on the "dis," however). (WN)
(Blackout!, PO Box 1575, New York, NY 10009)

BITCHIN' - "It's On" EP

Three songs: part pop, part rock, part punk. I think that either I'm going crazy, or I'm actually hearing slight emo tendencies in just about every band. I don't know what it is, but their muddy guitars bring you a good feeling (like CRIMPSHRINE did) rather than making you sick. Mid-tempo, pretty straightforward drumming and bass and somewhat off-key vocals actually do the record well. I'm supposed to say something about how this is ex-something or other, but it really has no bearing on the record. (PA)
(No Idea, PO Box 14636, Gainesville, FL 32604, noidearecords.com)

BLACK CAT #13/INTERNATIONAL STRIKE FORCE - split EP

Two bands that helped my headache along nicely. BLACK CAT #13 employ the vocal stylings of MELT BANANA, a very high pitched squeal, and the musical style of a less adept SERVOTRON. Way too new wave for 2000, though attempting to sound "different." INTERNATIONAL STRIKE FORCE go with the BRATMOBILE style of repetitive music and nonchalantly spoken lyrics. There is also a drum machine set for that really annoying new wave sound. (CK)
(Radio One, PO Box 1729, Collingwood, Victoria, 3066 AUSTRALIA)

THE BLOODY SODS - "Don't Give Up the Fight" CD

The BLOODY SODS don't give up the fight. Nope, still after four years of piss and venom this aggrolicious hardcore

street punk outfit outta Atlanta is pounding the airwaves with anti-government, anti-police, anti-religious sentiment smothered in vein-bustin' vocals and raucous dual guitars. The BLOODY SODS find strength in aggression high-energy, but rely too heavily on that systematic street punk formula that makes the songs just run one into the next without really affecting you one way or another. I'm sure after pumping up with a few gallons of Guinness and chasing it all down with a couple bottles of Jagermeister this'll get all the bare-chested baldies and punks throughout the land going. It just didn't rock this roller. (DL)
(MadSkull, PO Box 57159 1040 BB, Amsterdam, NETHERLANDS)

BLUTO'S REVENGE - "Use Once and Destroy" CD

Well recorded pop-punk with a touches of Cobain-isms and lots of chunky metal-like guitar parts. The only thing that caught my attention on first listening is the very prominent, well recorded guitars. You know its not a good thing when the first thing you notice about a CD is something technical. That's to say, the songs are okay, hooky but not particularly riveting. And everything sounds just a tad too clean and careful. Now the second songs sounds like a BAD RELIGION outtake with, again, metal guitar parts. Okay, so there's no annoying leads, but still somebody tell these guys to turn down the "chunk" knob on the JCM900's. Okay? Sounds like these guys are a decent band except for certain eh.. musical "digressions." (JY)
(Thunderous, PO Box 605360, Cleveland, OH 44105)

BOB CITY - CD

Roadhouse-ish blues and rock that touches base with Ted Nugent, KISS, and the Flying J Travel Plaza on 99 South. In other words, this ain't exactly my choice of listening matter. (JH)
(Derailleur, PO Box 10276, Columbus, OH 43201, derailleur@cringe.com)

BRIEFS - "Poor & Weird/Rotten Love"

Peppy, perky pop-punk from four lads dressed in 999's hand-me-downs. Despite their '70s-ish look, they're definitely a product of their environment and times...a little too clean for full-blown punk rock sleaze, a little too youthfully earnest to be clean-cut new wave. Contrary to the press release, they sound nothing like the RAMONES (the most over-cited influence of all time), more like an embryonic AUTOMATICS or somethin'. Keep your eyes peeled. (JH)
(Dirtnap, PO Box 21249, Seattle, WA 98111, thebriefs.com)

BRIGADE O.D./PIZDA MATERNA - split EP

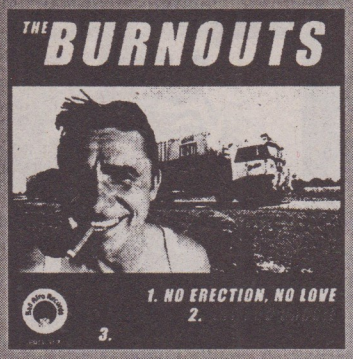
The border between Italy and Slovenia is a sort of transition point from Western to Eastern Europe—from either side of that border, it's pretty clear how big the difference is. It's great to see a collaboration between BRIGADE OD, an Italian band (and Richard, from Gorizia, Italy released this split, I assume with the help of Calavera Records) and PIZDA MATERNA ("pizda materna," in Slovenian, is one of those phrases you mutter under your breath when disgruntled). They disclaim the bad sound, recorded in Slovenia's capital, but it's really not bad for a diy release. BRIGADE OD, however, is one of those growly bands that *almost* sounds like it could fly better as a faster band on 45. PIZDA MATERNA is more to my liking: grimy, pissed hardcore in the *Profane* school. Check this: "I will burn the church/kill the priest." There's also a full length of the split available. The guys involved with this release are advocates and practitioners of a global DIY network that avoids platitudes. Support it! (AC)
(Richard, Cocevia 11, 34170 Gorizia, ITALY)

BOLLOCKS - "Here's a Gift for You" LP

Fuck yes! The fucking BOLLOCKS from Japan kick your ass into next week! This is great mohawk/chaos punk with full throated vocals, scorching guitar, and deafening drums and bass. There's cool lyrics about living your life the way you want to! If you like the DISCOCKS and TOM & THE BOOTBOYS, you must get this slab immediately! All punk, all loud, and very much in your face! Here's a gift for you, a new BOLLOCKS record!! (BR)
(Knockout, Postfach 100716, 46527 Dinslaken, GERMANY)

BUM/PINGU! - split EP

Well, this isn't really punk, but I'm not complaining. Most "punk" that comes sliding under *MRR*'s door these days is about as rebellious as KORN or 'N' SYNC, and just as calculated. At least this EP is honest and well crafted. The PINGU! song is kind of a throwaway metal pop joke song worth no more mention. The BUM songs, on the other hand, are catchy as hell power pop of



the highest order. The guitars are razor sharp and melodic, too. The vocals are full of wide-eyed yearning, and have a beautiful raw, yet tuneful quality to them. Think BIG STAR, WILCO (at their most pop), or even SLOAN for reference materials. Great. (BG)
(Magic Teeth, 633 Johnson St, Victoria BC, CANADA)

BUMP-N-UGLIES - "The Finer Things In Life" CD

These Motor City wrestling freaks finally released themselves a full length after two badass EPs. Their full-on macho rock 'n' roll punk-as-fuck sound is loud, ugly, and hard. The UGLIES incorporate a few tunes off their EPs to this fifteen-song (plus a couple crappy hidden tracks) CD. Plenty of blood and posturing for the wrestling fans. Nice package. (HM)
(Transparent, 6759 Transparent Dr, Clarkston, MI 48346)

THE BURNOUTS - "Burning Fucking Rubber on the 666" EP

The first track, with the superfluous title "No Erection, No Love" has a fast, furious LA DONNAS-like song quality. The rest of it gets more jangly and funky, but continues to rock out with fuzzy guitars and breaks galore. Fuse TURBONEGRO with the LAZY COWGIRLS maybe. A wise man once said, "works for me." (10 points, kids). (RY)
(Bad Afro, Poste Resante Frederiksberg Alle 6, 1820 Frederiksberg C, DENMARK)

CAMPBELLS/BUDDY BRADLEY –split EP

A pop punk split from Italy that doesn't move me. CAMPBELLS is QUEERS meets any other US pop punk band, and BUDDY BRADLEY is a little better and less obvious. Still, pretty much generic pop punk that has a lot of room for improvement in both cases. (RL)
(Chuckie's Tales, via Adamello 16, 37036 S. Martino B.A. Verona, ITALY, tortugas@libero.it)

CHAOS UK - "Kanpai" CD

Uh-oh, grandpa's been on the cider again. CHAOS UK have been around since a pint of beer was a shilling and there were trams in the streets and shit. They never sounded like this though—this sounds like how MINISTRY should have sounded instead of going heavy metal. It's a long way from "Farmyard Boogie," I can tell you. This is very noisy, almost industrial (or tribal?) punk. Heavy as fuck, looks like they've got the two drummer thing going on. I'm actually impressed—this is not as naff as I may have led you to believe. They give a nod to GISM on the cover, and you can hear why. Pretty cool. The funny thing is all the sponsor logos on the back... I can just imagine them sitting in their squat in Bristol decked out in their free Vans and snowboard gear. (AD)
(Vinyl Japan, 98 Camden Rd, London, NW1 9EA, UK, chaosukbristol@hotmail.com)

THE CHRONICS - "Fire Up!" EP

Billed as "Sweden's Newest Hitmakers," these Vikings kick out three deliberate, '60s influenced rockers. Heavy on the rhythm section, all three cuts are good, if not great. While the songs are not slow, they are on the slower-paced side of mid-tempo. Despite that, I still feel comfortable calling them "catchy." These guys clearly have spent a fair amount of money on KINKS records. If this is your sort of thing, this is worth searching for, as it is well done. (KK)
(Bad Afro, Poste Restante, Frederiksberg Alle 6, 1820 Frederiksberg C, DENMARK)

CLOSE CALL - "Too Close" CD

Ironic to listen to this right after listening to the COUNT ME OUT CD, which totally blew me away. Similar in style, they have a certain "posi" sound which may not be entirely fair, as the lyrics, etc. don't subscribe to the predictable. They manage enough quirks and breaks to keep things lively - it's quick, catchy and has plenty of shouted choruses. Might be "finger in the air" live, but there's an undercurrent of intelligence here that I don't always see. (TM)
(PO Box 3, Manomet, MA 02345)

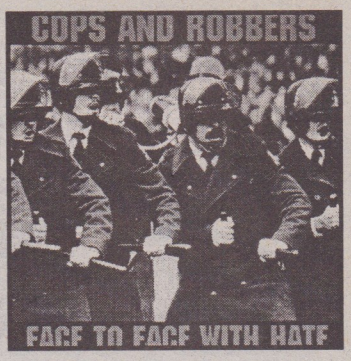
COLERA - "Ataque Frontal" LP

OK, I'm not exactly sure where the material on this LP came from....and I'm not sure if this is a bootleg or not. I'm really at a loss, actually. I found some of the songs on the *Tente Mudar o Amanha* LP, but couldn't find an exact sequence to match it up. The back has "1982-1988," maybe letting us know the era from which the songs were derived. The songs are fast-paced Brazilian punk that COLERA did so damn well. I just wish I was more of an enthusiast so I could tell you more about this release. (MW)
(Order and Progress, no address)

THE CONTROLLERS - LP

Hugely influential LA punk band, spun the WEIRDOS, KAOS and others, pre-hardcore of course, they had the neutron bomb! "Killer Queers" is hilarious. They reformed in the late '90s and a couple tracks are featured, but it misses the urge of the early days. (EC)
(Bacchus, PO Box 1975, Burbank, CA 91507)

COPS AND ROBBERS - "Face to Face With Hate" EP



A ten-song EP is a good sign, and this one does not disappoint. Ultra-fast hardcore that sounds old, played by people who are not. Imagine FEAR or SOCIAL DISTORTION playing really fast, but still keeping their hooks. Basic pissed off lyrics delivered by a vocalist with style—which is rare these days. The anti-straight edge song, "Lost Cause," makes me laugh just like all those silly straight edge songs do. (WN)
(ADD, 270 Central St, Hingham, MA 02043)

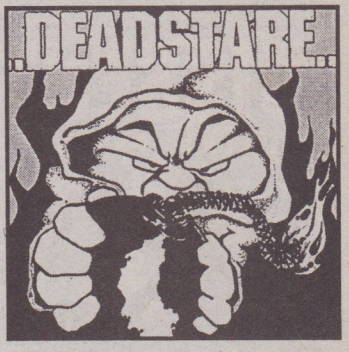
COUNT ME OUT - "It's For the First Time" CD

Huge production - really amazing how much that initial searing guitar leaves a favorable impression - the sheer impact of that first ten seconds really peaked my interest. This is midpaced hardcore of the drug free variety - but damn, they have the awesome production. A song like "Another Year", carry ten times the impact, just because it hits so much harder. Excellent stuff in this genre. I'm not the quickest to warm up to a lot of straightedge (never really have been), but the exceptional releases definitely get my attention. This is one of the few - the exceptional. Worth tracking down. (TM)
(Indecision, PO Box 5781, Huntington Beach, CA 92651)

COUNT ME OUT - "110" LP

When a picture consists entirely of Jon from TURMOIL bi-level haircuts—band and audience alike, there is a problem with originality in the hardcore scene, but you already knew that. It doesn't matter anyway, the kids know what they like and if they are youth enough it's still exciting. All I need to say is that COUNT ME OUT is from a suburb of Washington DC, and you can hear it. Aggressive, but not too aggressive, early '90s sXe hardcore that has an abundance of ringing "E"s and pick slides. Indecision has a lot of great stuff coming out and this isn't a black hole in their catalog by all means, but it's not top of my list. (TJ)
(Indecision, PO Box 5781, Huntington Beach, CA 92651, indecisionrecords.com)

CREEP DIVISION - "Failure" CD

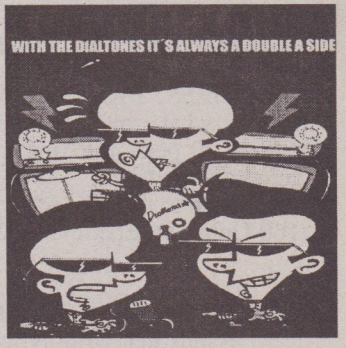


Musically, this is pretty basic early '80s punk like the CIRCLE JERKS, BLACK FLAG, etc. Now that I think about it, there's not much *lyrical* progression over the last twenty years, either. (PA)
(Indecision, PO Box 5781, Huntington Beach, CA 92615, indecisionrecords.com)

CRIME - "Johnny Come Home/Generation Gap"

Cool yer jets, not *that* CRIME, these guys are UK circa 1980 or so and this is a boot of their mega-$$ 7". The booter spent the money on the vinyl for sure, the sleeve is a *really* bad copy job. The story: A-side is great chunky UK punk shouter, flip is so-so and lacks energy. Limited to 200 I'm told. (RW)
(Booty, no address)

CRUCIAL SECTION - "Language Isn't the Only Way of Communication" LP



Those of you not lucky (or dedicated enough) to snag either the CRUCIAL SECTION EP or split flexi with L.I.E. now have access to these Japanese punks, courtesy the international thrash fat cats at 625. Allegiance to the spirit of the mid '80s is pledged with the anthems "Flannel Express" and "Bandanna Connected Us" and breakdowns that demand big, struttin' kickouts in the circle pit. The sound is raw enough to be mistaken for an early RIPCORD practice tape, but with an upbeat feel that I don't recall them as always having. Hardcore punk that is all about a great fuckin' time. As with previous CRUCIAL SECTION releases, this LP has the hilarious "Where's Waldo" graphics of Anny Crucial. Look out thrashin' punks, it's Casper the Friendly Ghost! (TH)
(625, PO Box 423413, San Francisco, CA 94142-3413)

CURL UP AND DIE - "The Only Good Bug is a Dead Bug" CD

I used to really get into technical guitar riffs—crazy start-stop/time changes—but after math-metal blew up...it hasn't really gotten my attention. This band is pro at what they do—strained vocals laid over quirky, metallic, guitar riffs with crazy time changes—but it doesn't do it for me. Major points for releasing it themselves and for hailing from Las Vegas. (MW)
(Curl Up And Die, 10121 Jacob Pl. #204, Las Vegas, NV 89144)

CURTAINRAIL/JOHN BROWN'S ARMY - split EP

Apparently the CURTAINRAIL stuff is over a year old. You wouldn't think so, since it sounds fresh as a daisy. Chaotic hardcore with trippy guitar parts and bizarre whines and gronks that only the Japanese seem capable of. Is this the first release from JOHN BROWN'S ARMY? It's the first time I've heard this new band featuring Upstate NY scene stalwarts. It's pretty much what you'd expect—fast, powerful, straight-ahead hardcore, played with passion and sincerity. Punks, there's a new name to scrawl on your jackets. (AM)
(Gloom, PO Box 14253, Albany, NY 12212)

DARLINGTON - "Texas Punk Rock Sweethearts" 45

DARLINGTON broke up...sweet! It's not that I hate this band or anything, I just never really understood them. They dress up like JOHNNY THUNDERS rejects and what have you... then play generic QUEERS type stuff and brag about how they hang out with guys like Joe, Ben and Dave Parasite... Alright, whatever floats your boat and gets you free drinks, I guess, but c'mon, this band did a split with the HUNTINGTONS! Push aside that the HUNTINGTONS are Christians...they still suck! DARLINGTON is an overly inflated copycat who likes to name drop even more often than I do. Limited pressing of 500...everyone go out and by your copy now! (BM)
(She's Gone, no address)

DAVID B. - "Party Time!"

Mildly spastic (in a good way), slow grinding punk with a post-punk feel, reminding me of NJ's DISTURBED circa '84 or a slightly more competent VOM (if you rememba). Cryptic packaging (no contact info, mysterious photos) and red wax give it extra appeal. *KBD*-fodder for the next generation. (HY)
(Lion Share, no address)

DEAD EMPTY - "Blame Luck Blame Fate" CD

Eeehh. This is pretty plain and boring new street punk style sound with a rockin' edge to it. It's not really that bad, but there's nothing really that sets them apart from the rest. In a way, that makes this album pretty bland and lackluster. (SR)
(Cyclone, 24 Pheasant Run, Merrimack, NH 03054)

THE DEAD KINGS - "Murder City or Bust" CD

Well, still ridin' the LIMECELL high of last month, I can't get a boner for this, my latest redneck-core release. I've no doubt they get down enough brown liquor, produce just as much B.O., and eat as much possum as necessary to call themselves true scumfuck punks. And while this is obviously my cup of brine, I just ain't gonna eat a bug over it. I'll chase 'er around the tractor a few more times and let ya know. (RY)
(Scat Boy, PO Box 9680 Charlotte, NC 28299-9680)

DEADSTARE - "The Sting" EP

Beefy, fast, rough hardcore. Reminds me of a mix of VOORHEES, BREAKDOWN (old) and DIE HARD. I can't imagine what a pit would be like at their show....probably just a fucking 30 person boxing match. I mean, hell...they got a song called "start the pit".....you can't lose. I know Clint/Shortfuse just moved to the UK, so write the band at.... (MW)
(160 Union St, Erskinville, 2043 NSW, AUSTRALIA)

DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY - "Academy 45" CD

Bands that write lyrics this bad do not deserve a six-page glossy booklet with said lyrics, arty photos of the band members looking earnest, and a full color cover, unless their trust fund is looking for a tax shelter. I have trouble finding the worst couplet, so here's a randomly chosen one: "Cats and dogs both agree that all I am is wrong, so lonely and dejected cause I've waited around for love too long." The music is a good companion for the lyrics because it sucks too. I can't waste anymore 'zine space. (HY)
(Molusk, 3145 E. Mulberry, Phoenix, AZ, 85018)

THE DIALTONES - "Back In the City Tonight/Take Me Back"

Most of the Swedish punk 'n' roll bands have gone way too far into the world of classic rock for my liking, but on this 45, the DIALTONES are keeping it real with two mid-tempo numbers that take their cue from some of the slower REAL KIDS tracks. Good, but not essential. ST)
(Now, 1615 6th St. NE #2, Minneapolis, MN 55413)

DICK SPIKIE/THUG HOSTAGE split-EP

Two bands from Japan, the DICK SPIKIE and THUG HOSTAGE, with each doing two songs. One of the DICK SPIKE's tunes is a mid-tempo oi number very reminiscent of CONDEMNED 84's early stuff. Their other song is done in the early 80's U.K. hardcore style. Think the EXPLOITED, or more recently, the CASUALTIES. Not bad. THUG HOSTAGE, love the name by the way, turn in one speedy G.B.H. sounding song and another more pogo punk tune that calls to mind the EJECTED. Again, not bad. (RM)
(Dynamite, 24-15-203 1-Chome, Otsu- City, Shiga, JAPAN)

DISCARGA - "Nelson Rubens" EP

Whoa. Had to check this to make sure I was at the correct speed—fuck. Some quick stuff—I'd love to see this live, as it must just tear your head off. Thousand miles an hour, this drummer is nuts! Political hardcore from Brazil—this is really outstanding. You (I do anyway!) hear so much that's just run of the mill, but this is miles better. Quick, solid breaks and tighter than a gnat's ass. The lyrics are political while maintaining a twist I could relate to: topics like poverty, friendships and the like. I wish I were more surprised, but Max has a knack at pulling out amazing releases.... well done by all involved. (TM)
(625, PO Box 423413, San Francisco, CA 94142)

DISORDER - "Air Raid/Law and Disorder"

A reissue/bootleg of their first single from 1980. The vinyl is nice, so the songs sounds really great, but the cover looks like it was xeroxed from a xerox of a xerox, etc. Someone made this at work when the boss wasn't looking. But looks don't really matter when you are dealing with "classic" punk rock. (CK)
(Punk Rock 101, no address)

DISSENT - "Behind the Lies" EP

I mean, they fucking open the record with an instrumental full of chugga chugga and open E, and the line "knives in our backs" appears in the second song. Do you need any more? Nice thick sound...fast parts...slow parts...fancy vinyl. This is excellent modern hardcore, more balls than the '88 revival stuff and more sing-a-longs than the metal-core stuff. Looks good... sounds good...get it. (WN)
(Badman/Martin Cesky, Nebrehovice 7, 386 01 Strakonice, CZECH REPUBLIC)

DISSIDENTS - "Conformity is Deformity" LP

Some Cleveland punk history here for you: a 1981 band that previously existed only on a demo tape and played out briefly in the early '80s scene. I wish I could say this was awesome, as I am a big fan of most Ohio rock in general, but the muddy sound on this defeats most of my enthusiasm, even when I turned it up really loud to compensate. There are a several good droney songs on the first side, especially "Christmas Card". (RW)
(Smog Veil, PMB 454, 774 Mays #10, Las Vegas, NV, 89451)

DIVOT - "Tension" CD

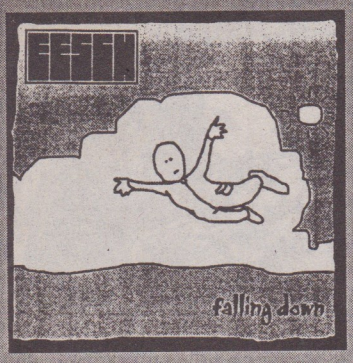
I think I reviewed a CD by these guys a few months ago. Boy, did it suck! Not technically. They do this big rock sounding stuff very precisely and with a scientist's attention to pop radio detail, there is just a noticeable lack of soul to it all (on this release as well, unfortunately). They've got sheen you wouldn't believe to their music, but a gaping sterile hole where a bloody beating heart should be. This one is a cut above their last; still, I can't stand all the syrupy sentiments and Guitar World sound. This is blond android music. Bad hair metal ballads sped up, minus the solos. Don't even waste any more time reading this review, much less think about owning such pap. This is the motherfucking enemy! (BG)
(Coldfront, PO Box 8345, Berkeley, CA 94707)

DOLLICIOUS - "Cold Cinder/Sevens"

"Just like 7 and 7 is 77" goes one of the lyrics on the flip, this cool slab recalls the rich wall of sound punk of early punk bands like the KILLJOYS, tinged with edge of glam/trash — an arresting combination. The wailin' vocals are the icing on the cake. Both mid-tempo tracks here are catchy, rockin', and re-playable; check it out. Definitely above average. (SS)
(Get Hip, Columbus and Breble Aves, Pittsburgh, PA 15233)

DOMO ARIGATO - "Japanese Punk" EP

Weird—on the flier that accompanies this, it says that they are a Swedish/Swiss/Ivory Coast (?) project singing in Japanese and English. Now maybe they're just pulling our collective legs, but that's a tad strange, don't you think? The music is simply structured, DISCHARGE style punk. Short, heavy songs. Four tracks, all on an anarchist tip. I think I'll mention DISCHARGE again. (AD)
(Strongly Opposed, Flurweg 29, 2504 Biel, SWITZERLAND)



DROPKICK MURPHYS/THE BUSINESS - split LP

This LP features the BUSINESS and the DROPKICK MURPHYS in collaboration. Some of these marriages work, and some do not. This one does not. Anyone who has seen the BUSINESS live in the last couple of years knows they are having some horrific problems and should probably have retired right after their triumphant return on *The Truth The Whole Truth*... The sound on this LP is not right. It is very muddy, with the vocals mixed way down. Even the one-two punch of Al Barr and Ken Casey do not ring clear and true on "Boys on the Dock." The DROPKICK MURPHYS' attempt a respectful version of the WHO's "The Kids Are Alright," but the crappy production on this LP dooms the song from the onset. Curtis may have enjoyed making this record (see liner notes) but the fans will not enjoy the sound he has delivered. Avoid this one. (BR)
(Taang, 706 Pismo Ct, San Diego, CA 92109)

DS-13 - "Thrash and Burn" EP

My god, these Scandinavian madmen have committed the musical equivalent of a nightmare to six inches of marbled grey vinyl... that's right, a 6"! The packaging itself is brilliant enough—a stamped heavy cardboard foldout (a la the SPITBOY/LOS CRUDOS split LP) chock full of stickers, info, and goodies, but the music gets me every time. Straight out, raw early '80s HC with nods to ANTI-CIMEX, MOB 47 and S.O.D., with lyrics that deal with the perils of work, disunity in the scene, and Victory Records (who haven't been attacked so brilliantly since the CHARLES BRONSON 7"). And while the translation can be a bit patchy in spots ("Tony Brummel Suck!"), it only seems to add to the urgency and earnest of the message, hearkening back to songs like "Thrash, Thrash, Thrash" by GAUZE. Do yourself a favor and write for this post haste, before you have to pay $50 on eBay. And for the collector nerds, limited edition through mailorder. (RD)
($7 ppd: Enslaved, PO Box 169 Forster Ct, Bradford, West Yorks, BD1 2UJ, UK)

EESCH - "Candy Store" CD

You know, when I first put this on I liked it well enough. By track 16 I was ready to book a flight to the UK to find where these guys lived, and personally cripple each one of them, so I'd never have to review one of their damn records again. Sound extreme? You try listening to it all the way through. This English pop punk band are actually a cut above the usual shit in this genre, but a cut above shit still really stinks. Fast beats, juvenile humor, and generic distorted melodic punk riffs make this instantly forgettable. The other white meat. (BG)
(Boss Tuneage, PO Box 19550, London, SW11 1FG, UK)

EESCH – "Falling Down/TV Theme"

A limited one sided 45 here. UK stuff from a newer happening label with a strongly produced DOUGHBOYS sound. Part of a new crop of bands keeping the UK's pop punk sound—of MEGA CITY FOUR and like bands circa 1990—alive. Yeah. (RL)
(Boss Tuneage, PO Box 19550, London SW1 1FG, UK, bosst.freeserve.co.uk)

ELEVENTH SYMPHONY/KENDALL BRUNS - split EP

What's this supposed to be? ELEVENTH SYMPHONY are about 80% pretension and 20% inspiration. "Ooh, we're so avant garde. You have no idea how we feel and you can't possibly understand what we're trying to accomplish. We're deep. Did you hear me? DEEP!" Now, I'm all for improvisation and the shock of the new and blah, blah, blah. But not when it's used to cover up the fact that there was never really a clue in the first place. I mean, shit, isn't one generation of "emo" fucking horrible enough? KENDALL BRUNS smoked some pot and fussed around with the four track and keyboards that his parents bought him for Christmas and decided in his intoxicated state that it was worthy of being committed to vinyl. Now that I've listened to this entire record, I'm really hoping that it's all a big joke. (LH)
(Cobalt Room, 5884 Juvene Wy, Cincinnati, OH 45233)

THE EMBROOKS - "Our New Day" LP

THE EMBROOKS take their '60s fixation seriously, pulling together a set of mostly originals that fall directly in the crosshairs of the DAVE CLARK 5. They sing mostly in English, occasionally in Dutch, but they've got the sound right either way: monaural with clipped treble and lots of cymbal. "No Matter What You Say" would be even better without the lead breaks, but "You've Been Unfair" does real justice to their style. A fun release. (SS)
(Voxx, Box 7112, Burbank, CA 91510)

THE END - "Natural Paths to Extinction" EP

Fast crustcore that is more punk than metal. Songs about WWIII, dope, and the State, with enough studs and spikes to back up their shit. (MW)
($3ppd: Pat Welch, 903 Copperkettle Rd, Webster, NY 14580)

EUCLID - "The Wind Blew All the Fires Out" CD

Chaotic yet catchy emo. At some times it's a wall of guitar noise over pounding drums. At others, it's hollow high notes over a distorted bass, but it rocks at almost all times. Vocals are mostly yelling but at times singing in a non-singing voice. (PA)
(Second Nature, PO Box 11543, Kansas City, MO 64138, secondnaturerecords.com)

EVERY DAY SINNERS - "William Tell Burroughs" EP

"William Tell Burroughs" is probably the only "pop" tune I've heard inspired by the death of Joan Vollmer at the hands of her common-law husband "Uncle" Bill Burroughs; their story is set to a jaunty, upbeat raver that features Kentucky-fried vocals and...maracas? Apparently. The b-side tracks are fun and rowdy in that driving-55 mph-over-speedbumps kinda way. "Treat Me Wrong" lists what these boys are looking for in the way of female accompaniment ("I want a girl who'll put up a fight"). The EVERY DAY SINNERS might not be contenders yet, but they've got the proper (mean) spirit to take out at least some of the competition. (JH)
(Corn-Daddy/Wantage, PO Box 8681, Missoula, MT 59807-8681)

EVIL CONDUCT - "Sorry...No!" LP

This is actually alright. Twelve mid-tempo, melodic oi tunes. Sort of like a B-grade COCKSPARRER with much gruffer vocals. This has a couple of really strong tunes and now that I think about it this is as good as COCKSPARRER's last LP "Two Monkey's". (RM)
(Knock Out, Postfach 100716, 46527 Dislanken, GERMANY)

EXCELSIOR - 12"

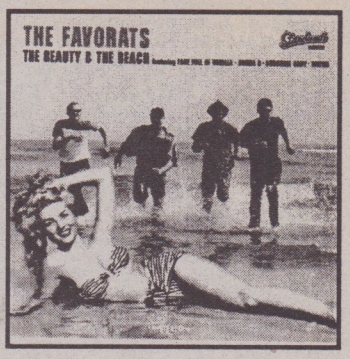
When did Gainesville become Rock Central? While there is the overwhelming aroma of LAS MORDIDAS or CIRCUS LUPUS, there's a weird scent of LED ZEPPELIN here and there. Just in the weird little faux blues breaks and riffage. It's cool and it's gonna make every "emo"-style Nazi and fashion Aryan drool all over their homoerotic '60s kitsch. Hey, it's a new generation of '70s rock punk. It's Stadium Emo. It's fashion grunge. It's rock and roll, maaaaan. Who fucking cares? (LH)
(Belladonna, PO Box 13873, Gainesville, FL 32604)

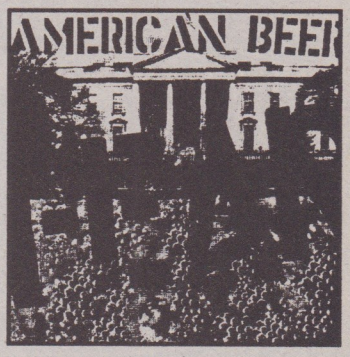
FBOMB - CD**

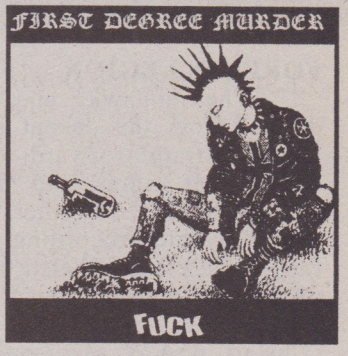
What's with the asterisks? I'm not sure what they were trying to do here. But this record is kinda cool, if only for the really weird production. Totally panned guitars and one of the oddest drum mixes I've ever heard. The music is almost sort of like MUDHONEY in their more straight rock mode. The vocals are often yelled and kinda tuneless at times. But it's kind of cool in its weirdness. Again, I don't know. Maybe they were trying to record *Nevermind* and wound up with *Reckoning*. I don't know. But it's really cool. Shit, "Go" is a really good song. (LH)
(Ground Swell, chadpainter@hotmail.com)

THE FAVORATS - "The Beauty & the Beach" EP

When I first took a glance, I have to admit, I was more than just a little worried—another German band trying to pull off the whole beach thing; songs titled "Donna R" and "Face Full of Vanilla." I thought there was a good chance this could be a little too pop for even me. When I put the 7" record on the turntable and found that it was a 33 rpm and not a 45 rpm, my worry turned to annoyance. This is the part where I tell you what a fucking idiot I was (am?). This is pop punk at its best, what pop punk is supposed to be: faster paced, incredibly catchy without a trace of wimpiness. The whole package—good songs that are well played with distinctive vocals. While this might not be the best thing to say these days, comparisons to the QUEERS would be obvious—early QUEERS. Go out and find this. (KK)
(Stardum, PO Box 21145, 3001 AC Rotterdam, NETHERLANDS)







FEAR – "American Beer" CD

I've always liked FEAR. They're debut LP is a classic. Live, they have always been on the chaotic side as their crowd isn't mistaken for Ivy Leaguers a whole hell of a lot. Much of this LP sounds right off the first LP with the second LP's lyrical affection for beer. I don't know, this rocks in that weird FEAR way which is enough for me from a twenty-year-old band. (RL)
(Hall Of Records, PO Box 69281, West Hollywood, CA 90069)

FELIX - "We Got Issues" EP

Sounding like a cross between average early '80s Los Angeles punk and MURPHY'S LAW, FELIX are a straight-up punk band. Unfortunately, why the potential is there, the band never really nails it. This record would be a decent pick up if you found it used. (JF)
(New Hit, 7095 Hollywood Blvd #458, Los Angeles, CA 90028)

FESTERMEN - "Full Treatment" CD

Full wankage is more like it. This record takes the repeat-that-riff formula that Amphetamine Reptile bands ran into the ground and updates it with a little MOTORHEAD/'70s metal guitar. The songs have no variation as they plow madly along, just a snarly dude snarling his snarl on top of a very competent sound. If the Amrep/NASHVILLE PUSSY sound ever caught on at the corporate-event level, these guys would be set for life... (RW)
(Bad Afro, Poste Restante, Frederiksberg Alle 6, 1820 Fredereicksberg C, DENMARK, vow.dk/badafro)

FIREBALLS OF FREEDOM/LOPEZ - split EP

Them LOPEZ folks have been talkin' about this split for years, and it's well worth the wait. A fine FIREBALLS bluesy rockin' number, "I Got a Line on You," blesses this rockin' disc. LOPEZ blasts off with a high speed "Stoopit" song, and then delivers one of their finest, "1-800-666-FUKK." If you like rock-n-fuckin-roll, do yourself a favor and check out this split and check these bands out live. (HM)
(Dirtnap, PO Box 21249, Seattle, WA 98111)

FIRST DEGREE MURDER - "Fuck" EP

Now there's a title for ya.....Ripping Swedish dis-core with enough chaos in the mix that it stills retains the intensity of the original Scando-dis bands. While others have been watered down, their are still new bands that keep to the original sound. Nothing original, but that's the point. (MW)
(Lars Bergfelt, Hummelgatan 22, 784 42, Borlange, SWEDEN)

FOREIGN LEGION - "The Years Gone By" EP

The mohawks and leather jackets on the sleeve detract from the decent upbeat melodic punk on here. Honest, straightforward rock 'n' roll, with hints of the CLASH at times and more modern UK punk, like LEATHERFACE, at others. Nothing outstanding, but solid and enjoyable. According to the note that came with this, they are a classic Welsh band, although I've never heard of them before (not that I'm an authority on the subject). (AM)
(Upstart, 65A W. Madison Ave #254, Dumont, NJ 07628)

FORGOTTEN – "Keep The Corpses Quiet" CD

Powerful up-tempo street/punk rock from these locals. Straight outta early RANCID and GBH land. A strong second full length with anthems, throaty vocals, loud production, and pictures of all their punk friends on the artwork. Can you be from the Bay Area and be a Cockney too? (RL)
(TKO, 4104 24th St. #103, San Francisco, CA 94114, tkorecords.com)

FORGOTTEN - "Keep the Corpses Quiet" LP

Spiky and mohawked, the singer has a real knack for sounding like Louis Armstrong (or Tom Waits) when he's plumbing the depths of his register, which adds an unusual touch to the band's rough-and-tumble brand of street-rock-punk. *Keep the Corpses Quiet* is a solid follow-up to their debut LP of a few years back, staying close to the loud 'n' tough formula that sounds and pounds all right. Not exactly my kettle o' fish these days, but fans of the genre will probably pummel each other over the head for it. (JH)
(TKO, 4104 24th St. #103, San Francisco, CA 94114)

FORTUNE AND MALTESE & THE PHABULOUS PALLBEARERS - " Girl Go Run Away" EP

This will have the Beatle-boot boys creaming their pants. They are vintagely correct—the right suits, haircuts, and instruments. It's like the last 35 years never happened and there is no *MRR* and I'm not really reviewing this. I'm all for exploring our musical roots, but this reliving the '60s shit is so tired. (DP)
(Dionysus, PO Box 1975, Burbank, CA 91507)

FREI BIER IDEOLOGEN - "Widerstand Zwecklos" CD

Is this CD great or is it totally fucked? Frantic, nerdy punk with a loud and kind of amazing keyboard. Authentic post-punk that is probably totally incomprehensible to most punks (seeing as it doesn't sound like every other record in their collection). But it's an intriguing mix of almost street rock type punk with weird tunes and a keyboard that kinda makes a lot of it sound like ATHLETICO SPIZZ 80... or JOE KING CARASCO & the CROWNS... It's almost entirely in German, so the only lyrics I can say that I truly understand are, "Skins & Punks! Oi, oi, oi!" I have a feeling it doesn't get too much more sophisticated than that. (LH)
(Knock Out, Postfach 100716, 46527 Dinslaken, GERMANY, mosh@knock-out.de

FRUMPIES - "Frumpies Forever" EP

Indie-pop with a garage feel. Surf sound there too. Ex-members of BIKINI KILL. Very cute, very chic, very hip. Does it rock? Not really. (AD)
(Kill Rock Stars, 120 NE State #418, Olympia, WA 98501

FUNERAL DRESS - "Party Political Bullshit" LP

I seriously love this pogo punk band from Belgium. Leather, safety pins, boots and braces—it's all here. Sixteen new songs, including a brilliant cover of "Leaving On a Jet Plane." (You know! that song your mom used to listen to on the car radio). Although this album is good, I still greatly prefer "I'm in Love With Oi!" (SR)
(Punk Core, PO Box 916, Middle Island, NY 11953)

THE FUSES – "Are Lies" CD

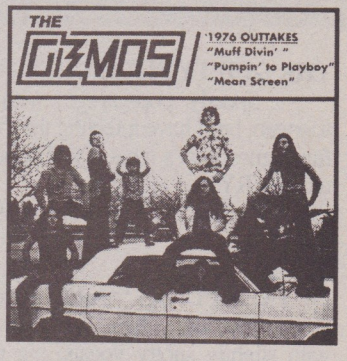
Decent energetic punk with a post punk feel at times a la GANG OF FOUR or THE FALL, or maybe even art punk like BLACK RANDY or NATION OF ULYSSES. Definitely punk though, with jagged guitar and spastic vocals. Even though I think a little slower pace would really make this stand out, this is still a nice change. (RL)
(Reptilian, 403 S. Broadway, Baltimore, MD 21231)

FUTURES - "Broken Roll for Junk Boys and Scum Girls" EP

Fast and furious hardcore punk from Japan—I love it. Scoring a wire to wire victory, the FUTURES fuckin' smoke. Think CIRCLE JERKS with even more manic high-pitched vocals and some crazy song structuring. I must say, the last year and a half has sure seen some great hardcore records come out. So to keep the good ones flowing to your mailbox, write... (JF)
(Jerk Off c/o Testsuya Ikeda, 2025 Mezon-Noe, 2-10-8noe, Jyoto-kue, Osaka 536-0006, JAPAN)

FYP - "Come Home Smelly" 10"

FYP has prolonged its death throes: the title track was also on their last LP, *Toys That Kill*, but the other seven tracks are unreleased. Might as well get them out of your system, I suppose, instead of doing dorky post-mortem stuff a couple of years down the road. I was puzzled by "Come Home Smelly" on the LP: to whom, or what was singer Todd entreating "Come home Smelly/You dumb little loser?" Now I know, it's about a girl, not a cat! This record is so catchy, as usual, that you can't fucking get it out of your head, but the joke's always on you if you're caught singing about chia pets in Safeway. Fear not, these songs aren't throwaway crappy ones—they're as funny, sensible, and self-deprecating as sicko-clown nursery rhymes can be. Brilliant POISON IDEA cover, too. (AC)
(Theologian, PO Box 1070, Hermosa Beach, CA 90254)

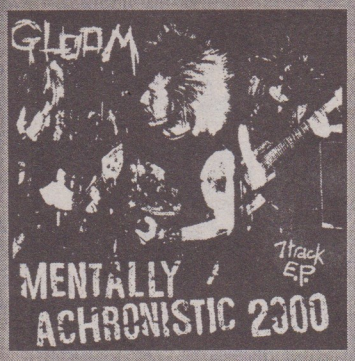


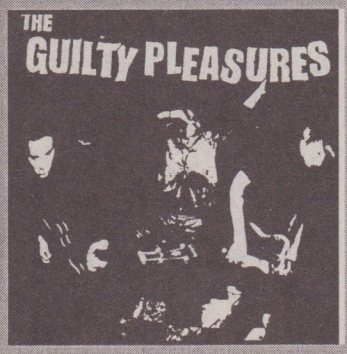
THE GIZMOS - "1976 Outtakes" EP

The GIZMOS are the punk voice of hormonal teenage boys everywhere with these three songs reissued from way, way back in late seventies Indiana. These ugly midwestern fuckers do something musically similar to the REAL KIDS, but take it over the perverse edge with raunchy lyrics galore. These are boy songs about eatin' pussy and masturbation, a real American punk life cumming of age story you won't want to miss. As the GIZMOS say, "Spread your legs and open your mouth." (DL)
(Hate, Circ.NE Gianicolense 112, 00152 Roma, ITALY)

GLOOM - "Mentally Achronistic 2000" EP

Another single from a Japanese hardcore band I remember most for their debut release, and how it became an instant classic (and collector's item). Totally distorted, raw and unpolished - this is the roll in glass, bloody and uncompromising hardcore that just doesn't happen as often as it used





to. The band is loose, but in a way that doesn't detract - it'd sound weird to have a band this distorted stopping on a dime anyway. Ever wondered where the spirit of DISCHARGE went? This might have some of the answers.... (TM)
(MCR, 157 Kamiagu Maizuru, Kyoto 624-0913, JAPAN)

GOB - "The Kill Yourself Commandment" LP

First things first: this is the Reno, Nevada'a GOB, as opposed to the sissy-ass Canadian GOB, who are apparently still kicking around. So I watched *American Psycho* last night, and I can't help but think about what a perfect addition these guys would've been to the soundtrack. It's been years since I've heard such a pathological record, and the creepy intro and outro samples add a very unsettling touch to the whole package. Anyway, the music itself is more of the same—sludgy and dangerous grindcore that makes your blood race, with the occasional high-speed breakdown thrown in. Not entirely my forte, but they've honed their craft down to a science. The best, though, is the morbid acid-casualty artwork on the cover and the insert. (RD)
(Satan's Pimp, PO Box 13141, Reno, NV 89507)

THE GOLDEN TICKET - "D Equals/Hot Cross Buns"

Another aural puzzle this month, and evidently it's up to me to make some kind of sense of it. "D Equals" combines a rumbling bass line, disembodied female vocals and lyrics about being chased by monsters. The terribly-titled "Hot Cross Buns" is a spare, tense li'l' ditty with choppy guitar and the same insistent, urgent vocals. Reminds me of any number of pre-riot grrrl female bands I heard in the early-'90s and before...anyway, it's better than the title and Dungeons & Dragons-inspired cover would suggest. Now, for my next assignment.... (JH)
(Sound Suicide, PO Box 55783, Valencia, CA 91383)

THE GORY DETAILS "I Love You to Death" EP

Chilling death rock—great songs from this duo that plays all the instruments. Definitely part of the new wave of death rock—there, I came up with another genre. (EC)
(Reanimator, PO Box 1582, Ann Arbor, MI 48106)

THE GRANDPRIXX - "Seeing Stars" CDEP

Kind of a little bit AUTOMATICS, kind of a little bit CLETUS—all high pitched, squeaky vocals and high, walking bass lines. Not bad—this is a lot better than previous releases. Keep it up and you may get a letter of recommendation to become a part of the Geek Rock movement (it's the new SxE). Mutant Pop type stuff. (BM)
($7 ppd: Dirty Work, 61 Weston St, Wilbraham, MA 01095)

THE GUILTY PLEASURES - "Trash Bag/Cruel and Unusual"

Speedy pop-garage, with production so shoddy they sound fourteen, but I have a feeling they're not. Cranky and anxious but not un-fun, I guess that's what it's all about, hey—guilty pleasures, I get it. Cool record. (RY)
(Sack O' Shit, PO Box 308 Kanakee, IL 60901)

GUTTER PUNX - "Gutter Punx" CD

Five songs here. Not really gutter punk, more like melodic punk with slightly snotty vocals, big production and wooh, wooh backing vocals. Sort of reminds me of TOXIC REASONS if you've ever heard that band, but not as good, and of course RANCID. A bit too predictable and polished I suppose. (RM)
(Gutter Punx, PO Box 31-1468, Detroit, MI 48231-1468)

HARMONY AS ONE - "Stranger in Your Own Land" EP

Posthumous release from this old English band. Growly, dirgey, dark hardcore. Like a lot of the New York stuff that came out in '90/'91—y'know "Hate-core"—CITIZEN'S ARREST, LIFE'S BLOOD, YUPPIECIDE, etc. The singer sounds like the dude from SLAPSHOT. Nicely packaged and limited to 500. This will perk the interests of collectors and completists, but doesn't do a whole lot to shake this particular booty. (AD)
(HOrchard House, Breeds Rd, Great Waltham, Chelmsford, Essex, CM3 1EE, UK, shortfuserecords@hotmail.com)

HASSAN I SABBAH - "Watching the Eyes of Someone Lying" EP

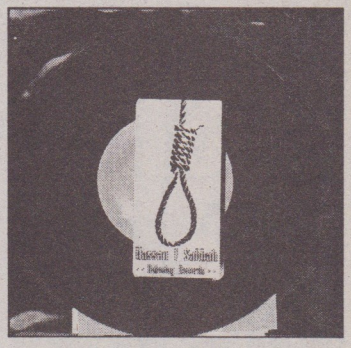
I guess they like to call this stuff screamo nowadays. Emo, hardcore, and grind, all kind of thrown together a little bit like MOHINDER did it, but the songs are longer. The a-side consists of three rockin' songs with really full, somewhat dark guitar sound and drums that are going everywhere but not sounding pretentious (you know, like RUSH). They then do a great job of not making the "vocals too high in the mix" mistake. The b-side contains one song with one of those—everything gets really quiet, while the guitar does this repetitive picking thing and the vocalist is panting because he's so out of breath while he's whispering—breakdowns. But I guess that's one of those essential things that makes a band emo. But really it's a good record. (PA)
(Robodog, 12001 Aintree Ln, Reston, VA 20191, hassanisabbah@gurlmail.com)

THEE HEADCOATS - "Elementary Headcoats" 3xLP

Well, all those people who told you they gave up on collecting all the millions of various THEE HEADCOATS singles get to laugh again as this swanky triple-LP set slaps most (not all) of 'em together for easy digestion. Billy Childish has said THEE HEADCOATS are done, and indeed there is already a new band (and label) with a single out so all you lazy fucks can sigh in relief and pick this up. All the various sounds the band explored are here; the rough blues stuff, the straight-up 60's garage ranting and the hilarious CLASH-fuckery. THEE HEADCOATS are dead, long live rock. (RW)
(Damaged Goods, PO Box 671, London, E17 6NF, UK, damagedgoods.co.uk)

IDYLS - "I Can't Stand The Idyls" LP

These wacky Swedes keep on churning out them lo-fi trashy garage tunes. These ditties are full of energy and have a real live feel with muffled vocals and loud, tinny guitars. An excellent garage record by a crazy-assed band. (HM)
($10 ppd: Ken Rock, Fabriksg. 39b, Se 412 51 Göteborg, SWEDEN)



THE IMPOSSIBLES - "Shut Up and Play" CD

No, not the lame-ass ska band the IMPOSSIBLES—the real deal. The Geek Rock Patrons, the pop punk puritans... the IMPOSSIBLES. Very YOUNG HASSELHOFFS (meaning a little MTX, a little QUEERS and a little WEASEL). Sounds a lot better than their first album (bad production killed that one). Shut up and play. Words of wisdom to all pop punk bands. No one wants to hear the actual story behind the songs. We just want to hear the song. The only real compliant is the tune "Riff Randell." I think the album could have done with out that song it's a bit too...I don't know, easy. Too many bands do songs about girls from movies, it's a becoming a cliche. Still another solid record here. (BM)
(Birthmark, PO Box 3701, Livermore, CA 94551)

IN THE SHIT - "A Cancerous Society" LP

Somewhere between DISCHARGE and MOTLEY CREW, we have IN THE SHIT. These gents can play their instruments, and don't mind showing off a guitar lick or two, but don't let that scare ya. Still political, still angry, just ahh, competent. (ST)
(Problem Child, PO Box 1452, Strafford, ST16 3GG, UK)

THE INSOMNIACS - "Get Something Going" LP

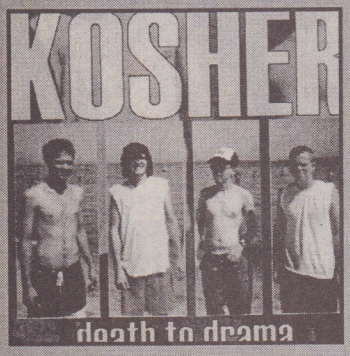
This record is one strange bird. I mean, despite the overly vague hip title (get what going? where?), it's an uneasy, yet not completely-unsuccessful mix of early WHO, MC5 and '70s power pop. When they strut too far into '70s boogie rock territory they definitely lose me, but they can kick out some credible '60s garage style fuzz pop when they feel like it. I could probably hand pick enough songs off here for a killer EP, but as it stands, it's too much of a mixed bag for me. The production is a plus, with lots of crisp, slightly fuzzed guitars, and nice maraca and organ flourishes. Worth taping off a friend. (BG)
(Estrus, PO Box 2125, Bellingham, WA 98227)

J CHURCH - "One Mississippi" LP

Twenty-six songs... J CHURCH's *Sandinista*? This must be like Christmas for their fans. I'm sure most people don't need any introduction to this band—over the past nine years or so they've ("they have" meaning "he has") released about a thousand records on a hundred different labels. (I gave up trying to keep on top of it—due to the exorbitant prices of records in England more than anything else—back in '94.) More of Lance's smart, funny, thoughtful lyrics sung in his trademark crooning voice. More hooks, melodies, and generally good songwriting. A little quieter and introspective than usual, maybe, and a little more diverse in sound: this even has a little country influence detectable here and there, (maybe *that's* why Lance moved to Texas). OK, I don't know—go and buy it, it's really good. (I have to say that. I work on the same construction crew as the bass player, if I don't give this a good review I fear I may end up on the wrong end of an industrial "accident"...) No, but it *is* good, really. (AD)
(Honest Don's, PO Box 192027, San Francisco, CA 94119-2027, honeybearrecords@hotmail.com)

JOSH REYNOLDS - "Speaks" EP

JOSH REYNOLDS is not a band. JOSH REYNOLDS is a drunk guy who stayed at my house and woke me up at four in the morning cause he was, well, drunk. This is his spoken word record about a doomed trip from Sacramento to San Diego almost to Portland and back to Sacramento, that is so pathetic and hilarious that it functions as an archetype for all the stupid and hilarious trips that punks all over the world make for no



good reason. This is pretty good, if you don't mind the fact that there's no guitar and no drums and that's it's just this guy, talking. (ST)
(Moo La La, 1114 21st St, Sacramento, CA 95814)

KILL YOUR IDOLS - "No Gimmicks Needed" CD

Hardcore in the vein of NEGATIVE APPROACH, but with added melodic sounds in many areas. Oh wait, the third song is called "Stop Comparing Us to Negative Approach!" Whoops. No really, this band is excellent at what they do and this new one is great. (SR)
(Blackout, PO Box 1575, New York, NY 10009)

KILL THE MAN WHO QUESTIONS - "Pigeon English" EP

Don't be scared away by the silly emo cover (there's no piano on this record!). This is another great record from these fine purveyors of modern political hardcore. Dual vocals shouting out insightful lyrics about everything from Christians in hardcore to "humanitarian intervention" in Bosnia, accompanied by thrashing, over-the-fucking-top hardcore. Perhaps not as engrossing as their *Sugar Industry* LP, but still better than most of the crap you listen to. (ST)
(PO Box 890, Havertown, PA 19083)

KING LOUIE ONE MAN BAND - "Steppin' in the Fire/ Walkin' With the Light"

Hurray for the one-man band! The less band members, the better! Everyone start a one-man band. You'll never have to break up. King Louie of the PERSUADERS and ROYAL PENDLETONS knows this. Sometimes it's nicer to play by yourself. Side A sounds like a tribute to LIGHTNIN' BEAT-MAN, very trashy with distorted vocals, and side B is a slower countryish number. The music is basic, but you get the wonderful sound of King Louie's voice. Funny that a one-man band sounds better than any of the other releases this month. (CK)
(Therapeutic, UNO Box 534, New Orleans, LA 70148-9998)

KOSHER – "Death To Drama" CD

Great punk rock with oomph and melody. Sounds like something that would have made a *Rodney On The ROQ* comp circa 1984. Strong tunes a la CHANNEL THREE or early SWINGIN' UTTERS or dare I say, DILLINGER FOUR without the fashion statement. Unfortunately there's only four tunes, but what can you do. (RL)
($5 ppd: 311 Ming St, Warrensburg, MO 64093, surf.to/kosher)

LANDOS 45 - "The End" CD

Up-tempo punk from ex-BOLLWEEVILS vocalist. I hate to do this, but it really explains why this sounds a lot like the last couple of BOLLWEEVILS records. Another Chicago band, heavily influenced by their area heroes, like NAKED RAYGUN and the EFFIGIES. (PA)
(Harmless, 1437 West Hood, Chicago, IL 60660, harmlessrecords.com)

LIPCREAM - "Kill the IBM" EP

A limited bootleg of LIPCREAM's first EP. What can I say that will do this band (or the original release) justice? Their debut had all the makings of greatness, and after their countless releases, I think it's safe to say one of the best hardcore punk bands of all time. Get this. Hell, get anything from LIPCREAM. (MW)
(Devil's Whorehouse, no address)

LOIKAEMIE - "Ihr Fur Uns Und Wir Fur Euch" LP

Goddamn foreigners! What the hell are they saying? Just kidding. Fifteen more tracks from this long-time German skinhead band. Not too different from their previous releases, 4 SKINS sounding at times, and other times they play more contemporary sounding European oi with a lot of guitar muting, chops and kind of a complex song structure. Stick to the 4 SKINS sounding stuff, guys! Man, I never noticed how much this singer sounds like the guy from CRIKEY CREW. Anyhow, a solid record overall. (NF)
(Knockout, Postfach 100716, 46527 Dinslaken , GERMANY)

THE MAKESHIFT CONSPIRACY/THE SARCASTIC BITCH - split LP

The MAKESHIFT CONSPIRACY: post-BIKINI KILL, to the extreme, nourished on heaping portions of Kill Rock Stars. They swing from extremely pissed to heartbroken in about two minutes. A somewhat muddy recording unfortunately dilutes the impact of the changes. In the end, this is very homegrown stuff (read: amateurish; or read: DIY). The SARCASTIC BITCH are more energetic students of the same school. They also have recording problems; this time with an unwelcome resonance on the vocals. They make some interesting deliberate use of distortion along the way, as well. Still, there's too many hearts and stars on this whole record for my taste. (AC)
(Killcupid, PO Box 3992, Mission Viejo, CA 92620)

THE MANGES - "Mandy" 45

Man....this is the best fucking band out of Italy. I've been really digging on these Italian RAMONES loving bands, but the MANGES are just a pleasure to listen to. Hooks, harmonies, and adorable Italian accents. This band just writes really good songs. That's all there is to it. I even heard rumors of Ben Weasel wanting to cover on of their tunes... I'm not sure if that's a good thing or not, but I do know this Ben couldn't touch this record. These boys need to tour California. Jesus fuck this is fantastic.... (BM)
(608 Kisses, PO Box 3127 La Corsse, WI 54602, manges@libero.it)

THE MASHERS! - "Baby, I'm Your Man!!" LP

In case you didn't know, the MASHERS are drunk and stoopid!! I could have guessed by looking at their picture on the back cover, but there it is in black and white, so as to alleviate any doubts. I appreciate the consideration. They also seem to like to use exclamation marks!!! I guess that relates to being drunk and stoopid. I'm figuring the MASHERS get drunk and stoopid, then make a bunch of noise—and pretty good noise for being in that state. A bit of a tamer CANDY SNATCHERS. A steady rock and roll behind a pretty distinctive singer. Personally, I like to hear more guitar than anything else, but this guitar is buried way down below the bass and vocals. Turn that guitar up and you got a great record. This album is a re-release of the *Gimme The Poison* CD and *Paul's Balls* 7" (for those in the know). (CK)
(Sack O' Shit, PO Box 308, Kankakee, IL 60901)

MASKED ANIMALS - "Are You Up Shit Creek Without A Paddle?" CD

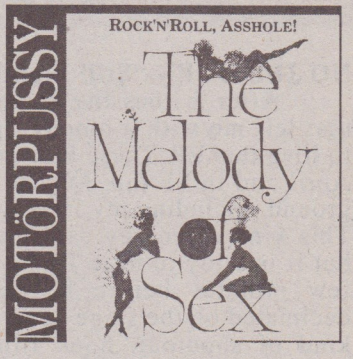
What's a fellow to do? I don't want to say that this sounds like generic Fat Wreck crap...but it does. It's far better than LAGWAGON, and the songs are better than STRUNG OUT, and it blows TEN FOOT POLE out of the water. Song #4 is really good. The backing "aahhhhh-ahhhhh"s are nice and in tune, and virtually every song is fast. So I guess if excessive harmony vocals and guitar leads in every song are your thing, then you know where to look. This is better than most of this stuff, I guess. (WN)
(Floppy Cow, PO Box 79, 3054 Schuepfen, SWITZERLAND)

ME FIRST - "Sorry Hangover" LP

"Chase My Tail", which starts off this LP, encapsulates everything that's good about ME FIRST: anthemic songwriting, subtle melodies, chunky double-tracked guitars; and "Two of Everything," which is more concisely written, may even be better. But there's an annoying element here that's hard to pin down: maybe the lyrics, which aren't quite convincing; or maybe the songs themselves, which are marginally too long for their content. Below average. (SS)
(Sympathy, sympathyrecords.com)

MIDIRON BLAST SHAFT - "Starts Fires in Your Pants" CD

Ten songs of aggressive emo hardcore. The basic song structure and sound is in the vein of BORN AGAINST, but much of the guitar work is more intricate and discordant, bringing to mind the work of JEHU. For the most part the songs are mid to up tempo, rockin' numbers, but the couple of slower songs do the record well. (PA)
(Reptilian, 403 S. Broadway, Baltimore, MD 21231, reptilianrecords.com)



MISTER LITTLE JEANS - "La Dulce Vida" CD

A little JAWBREAKER, a little J CHURCH, a little Fat Wreck... I don't get the phone conversation of a girl and guy arguing—it's disturbing in a Jerry Springer kind of way. I'm going to pass on this. Too mid-tempo and boring. (BM)
(Voodoo, PMB 152 4221-125 Pleasant Valley Rd, Virginia Beach, VA 23464)

THE MODERN LOVERS - LP

.....Italian re-issue of the first, classic, and best MODERN LOVERS record.....yes, I do too like the other ones, but there's something "hot" about this one....no one even dares to write love songs this good anymore.....all you dumb kids out there, take notice.....Boston was waving quite a proud flag at one time with tons of wonderful bands like the MODERN LOVERS.....these are the bricks that punk was built upon.....ever heard of the SEX PISTOLS??????!!!!!!....well, at one time... Mr. Lydon himself wanted to suck off Mr. Jonathan Richman.....but Jonathan is "straight," so worry not my little children.....!!!!!!.....this isn't the first time this record has been reissued.....about ten years ago Norton.....or was it Rhino?????!!!....fuck, I

don't remember....well anyways, it has been reissued before with bonus cuts and a better cover....this Italian job is true to the original.....!!! "Thick" vinyl and gate-fold.....it's "hot".....put a little Jonathan in your collection kids.....all your girlfrens will think you're a "sensitive guy".....(SW)
(Get Back, Via Aretina, 25 -50069 Sieci (Firenze) ITALY, abraexp@tin.it)

MOTÖRPUSSY - "Rock 'n' Roll, Asshole" EP

This is a cross between HELLACOPTERS and GLUECIFER, a sound that has been quite popular lately. This is good, but it doesn't stand out from all the rest. (DP)
(Incognito, Senefelderstr. 37A, 70176 Stuttgart, GERMANY, motorpussy.de)

MUD CITY MANGLERS - "Heart Full of Hate" LP

Wow. High energy punk rock that right off the bat brings to mind comparisons to the NEW BOMB TURKS, the HOOKERS and whole shitload of early Aussie classic bands. Great snarling vocals backed by traditional, no frills punk rock delivered with incredible intensity. One of the top LPs of the year and a must have for anyone who even pretends to be into punk rock. "Look out motherfucker, here I come." (KK)
(Stolen, PO Box 41, Prahran 3181, AUSTRALIA)

NCA - "The Final Punksound" LP

What is "the final punksound"? Mid/late '80s crossover to the extreme, in the form of five Euro metal guys in leather pants, feathered bangs and bullet belts, hanging out on the cover of this LP. Daring, daring. NCA trusts their fans to know they're not the leather-pants type! Or maybe it's this: like a lot of European bands, this French band (I believe: half the songs are in French) approached this record much more playfully than many American bands—who, however poorly established, feel they must make a record for posterity. They're not as concerned with image, perhaps. Enough philosophy—NCA is rolling, mid-tempo punk with chanted choruses, firmly on the rock side (no glam intended), but grazing topics from fascism in Austria to violence and disillusionment at home. Good stuff on this four-label split release. (AC)
(Mass Productions, BP 287, 35005 Rennes Cedex, FRANCE)

NO CHILDREN - "Katherine J Cocks" CD

Why do so many Latin American melodic punk and pop bands worship at the sick altar of Epitaph and Fat Wreck Chords? A rhetorical question we may never be able to answer. This is pretty faceless crap here, with not-so-subtle sexist overtones to boot. This wastes precious minutes of our life, all this charactorless shouting, fast repetitive music and so on. Blah, blah, blah. The lame thing is that you probably can't even trade shit like this in at the local record store. (BG)
(Runaway, no address)

NO JUSTICE - "Still Fighting" EP

After witnessing three NO JUSTICE shows—one that left me with a bloody lip—the only option for me is to love this EP. These kids destroyed at Chicago Fest last April and in SF this August they continued to break new ground, including my face, with their spastic stage antics! This kind of energy can't be captured entirely on vinyl, but it is a joy to hear Timmy's vocals for longer than the few minutes before he destroys the mic, leaving it decimated on the stage as he ascends onto the crowd. This kind of shoutout, hook filled, youth crewing hardcore somehow keeps its freshness here. Their low production, that some have complained about, just adds to the whole DIY package. Kids still caring enough to risk their bodies and souls for hardcore. (TJ)
(Underestimated, PO Box 13274, Chicago, IL 60613)

OIZONE - "An Indifferent Beat" LP

Why are the fake oi bands so much better than the real ones? Next to HARD SKIN, this might be the greatest oi record of all time. I'm not just being a dick (for once in my life). I really love bands like the BUSINESS, BLITZ and COCKNEY REJECTS. But this is a non-stop over the top attack of amazing covers Oi-iffied. The new wave of the close shave seems to be the only contemporary oi movement to come up with really flawless albums. This record collects all of OIZONE's recordings and is number two in the charts of all time great sing-a-long street rock and punk. Hey, it's having a laugh and having a say. *Buy this record right now!* (LH)
(Damaged Goods, PO Box 671, London E17 6NF, UK)

PANOPTICON - "New Land Of Reason" EP

On the A side, PANOPTICON do a spot-on impersonation of the BAD BRAINS, right down to HR's patented irie warbling. It's spooky. On the flip, it all falls to pieces as they shift the reggae of the first side into overdrive, coming up with something that sounds like helium-fueled hardcore ska. Not nice. Still, something about this is fun, and it might just be that they sent the funniest "please review this" letter I've seen yet. (AM)
(10 Garvey Dr, Monroe Twp, NJ 08831)

PANTY RAID - "The Secret's Out" EP

Hmmm. One girl, two cute young boys, songs about underwear...hey, I wanna be in this band! This is so lo-fi, I had to turn the volume up to eight, just to hear it. Fans of the FOUR EYES, the NARDS, and other Secret Center bands, take note. Fans of "quality" music, fuck off. (DP)
(Raw Sugar, PO Box 4047, Berkeley, CA 94704)

THE PEEPS - "Talk of the Neighborhood/I Like It"

The PEEPS' bratty, teen-rebellious punk brings to mind the satiric bite of '79ish bands like the BLOWDRIERS, with simple power chords and tunes mostly revolving around bad-girl themes. No new ground covered here. The A-side from this all-girl trio appears on their latest album, but the flip, "I Like It," (no, it's not the song you're thinking of; this one's an original) has a more sustained power from start to finish. (SS)
(Sympathy, sympathyrecords.com)

PINKO AND THE ACTION BOYS - "Pinko Moxie Army" EP

Stop reading the review *now*! Go to the end and look at the address...It's a fucking rural route in fucking Maine for fuck's sake! All the thumbs up in the world for that...but I haven't listened to the record yet; I hope they don't let me down. (...five minutes later...) They didn't let me down! Nine songs of fast energetic punk with a sense of humor that is actually good. The songs are catchy, and let it be known that I want them to go on tour. Please write to these kids, there probably ain't an awful lot going on in Bridgton and they would probably like to hear from you. (WN)
(Waste Management, RR2 Box 657A, Fosterville Road, Bridgton, ME 04009)

POSITIVELY NEGATIVE - "New American Hardcore" CD

At times these guys sound quite a bit like LIMECELL, which is great! At other times, they unfortunately tread a thin line to sounding like PANTERA. Not a bad disc though. (NF)
(Mad Skull, PO Box 57159, 1040 BB Amsterdam, NETHERLANDS)

THE PROTEENS/PEABODYS - split CD

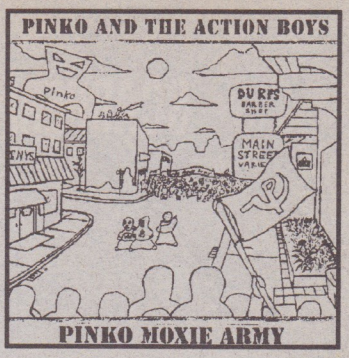
Mutant Pop Short Run Series vets here. Very Geek Rock. Songs about girls and being a wuss and only four chords are used. Four songs by each. The PROTEENS lean a bit towards the BEATNIK TERMITES. The PEABODYS maybe a little to LILLINGTONS. Pretty good stuff and lots of cleavage shots (Oh boy! A male: this interests me! Woh... boobies! Gets my attention! Boobies are only cool if they are attached to Tom Hopkins {bring back the flab!}). (BM)
(Imperfekt, PO Box 2846 Cloumbia, MD 21045)

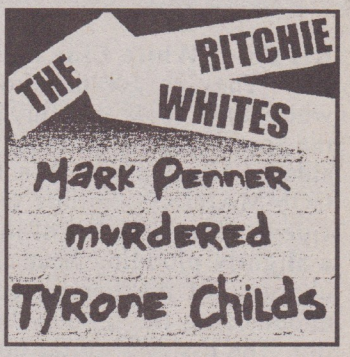
PROTEST - "The Connection" EP

DIY crusty sounds from Switzerland anarchists, recorded in '93. Between the sounds of heavy bass and extremely distorted guitar noise, you'll hear a few words about the connections between animal slaughter and soldier slaughter, mass destruction created by what the middle class concludes to be "fun," and boycotting—hence the name PROTEST. The most interesting song, "Let's Go," has a side note about not actually going to bars to drink beer but to just "smash it up." Who would ever want to slug down one of those refreshing and satisfying pints of capitalist beer with their friends at a bar anyway? (SR)
($5: Strongly Opposed, Flurweg 29, 2504 Biel, SWITZERLAND)

THE RAGIN' HORMONES - "Oh So Sick'nin'..." 45

This reminds me of the B-SIDES embracing the QUEERS. This band is out of the Netherlands... some how not as cute as the Italians do it. I don't know—this is very hit or miss. Snarl vocals and snare ridding got a bit thin but the intensity is there. These boys want to play these eight songs and then get the fuck out there before you can say they got on your nerves. Not bad, but not Italian. (BM)
(Stadumb, PO Box 21145, 3001 AC Rotterdamn, NETHERLANDS)





RATOS DE PARÃO - "Cada Dia Mais Sujo Eagessivo" LP

I love reissues of records I missed out on the first time around. This LP by Brazil's RATOS DE PARÃO is more crossover than their earlier and later stuff, but it still pretty much kicks ass. Brutal, political, passionate stuff. RATOS DE PARÃO is one of the bands that makes listening to music one of my passions. (JF)
(Tralla, Ap. Co: 37119, 08080 Barcelona, SPAIN)

LOS REACTORS - "Dead in the Suburbs" LP

The latest in the Rave Up reissues of vintage punk (legal, too!), this rec is self-described as "organ punk", but I'd swear it is actually just energetic new wave. Originally on the Cynykyl label (the EMBARRASSMENT were label mates), both 45's are collected along with a side of decent live tracks from '80/81, but again, new wave. Only the SCREAMERS could really pull off organ punk. (HY)
(Rave Up, Via Montecuccoli 13 00176, Roma, ITALY tiscalinet.it/raveup)

REDS - LP

Band from Texas on Rip Off Records. Needless to say, it sounds like sped up SAINTS filtered through the Texas tradition. A record that will get Bruce Roehrs and you doing the funky chicken. Clunky and fast, cheapo recording, bad attitude, snotty distorted vocals, yep.. its got all the goods for all you disgruntled old-schoolers (or *Hit List* readers). Dead on in creating that frothing punk rock grit that gets you doing the head-twirl every time. Sounds to me like a drunker HUMPERS and a winner to file next to your RED ROCKERS LP. Also a URINALS cover is done for good measure. (JY)
(Rip Off, 581 Maple Ave, San Bruno, CA 94066)

RIFF RAFF 500 - "Watch Your Back" CD

So fuck thanking your sponsors. Why advertise the fact that you are a fucking sellout before anyone has even heard of your band? I could give a fuck whether you play through a Marshall or a Gorilla, you still can't write an original song to save your life. At first I thought this was a generic BAD RELIGION clone, but apparently they started the CD off with the good song. Next time take your sunglasses off before the promo shot, it just makes you look even more like an idiot. (WN)
(Half Pint, 706f Capitola Ave, Capitola, CA 95010, rifrafsc@pacbell.net)

RIFFS - "White Line Kids/Kick Time Suicide"

They've got the look down, that's for sure. But while they look a helluva lot like the CASUALTIES, the sound leans a bit more to the rough, simple late '70s side of US punk, with a liberal dash of the SUICIDE COMMANDOS (minus the energy) thrown in. The a-side is the real kicker of the two (no pun intended), with a slightly plodding beat and an undeniably toe-tapping chorus, but the bored vocals dispassionately groaning about being the middle children of history gets a little old. The b-side's guitar noodling dominates most of the song, and it only confirms that this mono 45 has great potential as a coaster. (RD)
(Tombstone, PO Box 1463, Clackamas, OR 97015)

RISE - "Jack" CD

What the fuck is this hippie crap!?! Why am I reviewing this?!? "You're the Emerald Isle Of Stone..." Gawd, this is really sort of rough on the ears. Slick sounding rock that sounds like pop punk band trying to expand their musical horizons (which is often a bad idea) and therefore sounding like the GOO GOO DOLLS. Yawn. (LH)
(Rough Trade)

THE RITCHIE WHITES - "Mark Penner Murdered Tyrone Childs" EP

Mid-tempo melodic punk with really depressing lyrics. You get one song about some unjust murder in Arizona (am I supposed to know about this?). Two more songs about suicide. Dude! I hope your music makes you feel better, 'cause it makes me feel like shit. Goddamn, I'm reachin' for the first beer I can find when I get outta here! And gimme some good timey rock and roll ta boot. (RY)
(Pelado, 521 West Wilson C-103 Costa Mesa, CA 92627)

RUINACRE - "Ruinacre" LP

Treading into territories of the human metamorphosis to brain washed automaton, RUINACRE tries to re-circuit the listener with screamy complex blasts of hardcore. There is one very disheartening thing about this record, the recording is too clean and the guitar are completely lost. And, I thought Polymorph could do no wrong. Yep, it's not a cheap, bad

recording, either. I'd love to hear these songs recorded with that huge Polymorph guitar sound...where did it go? (TJ)
(Satan's Pimp, PO Box 13141, Reno, NV 89507)

SCALPLOCK - "On Whose Terms" LP

Steady on chaps! These blokes sound a bit pissed off on this full length attack on the new world order. I have to admit I didn't read the entire liner notes, but I think I get the general idea: Capitalism = bad. Fair enough. Musically, there's a definite tinge of an era of hardcore that was less complicated, less tainted with metal bullshit and rock star attitudes. If I had to pin it down to a sound, I'd go for EXTREME NOISE TERROR or NAPALM DEATH, (before the inevitable decline, obviously). While 200 mph scream-fests about imperialism rarely get the hairs on the back of my neck standing up like they used to, this is a solid release, with definite mosh appeal for the kids. (AM)
(Sound Pollution, PO Box 17742, Covington, KY 41017)

SCARPER! – "Every Turn" CD

This is a great CD! I loved their EP and this kills too. UK pop punk meets indie stuff in the vein of SNUFF and MEGA CITY FOUR. Loose but energetic with a mixture of horns, girl back up vocals, piano, and chunky guitar. One of those releases that clicks the way the NEWTOWN NEUROTICS clicked at their peak. File next to NEDS, SENSELESS THINGS, and the rest. TAAA! (RL)
(Boss Tuneage, PO Box 19550, London, SW11 1FG, UK, bosst.freeserve.co.uk)

THE SECRETS - "Who's Walkin' Who/Outta My Way"

High quality, traditional, melodic punk rock that has the energy much "punk rock" is missing these days (yeah, whatever). The combination of half punk rock and half rock and roll has always worked for me and this one works that combo perfectly. Straightforward, guitar, bass, drums, vocals, two minutes, and let's get the fuck out of here. Reminds me of the LAZY COWGIRLS without sounding like them—is that really possible? Highest recommendation. (KK)
(Sympathy for the Record Industry)

SERVO – "Now We Are Six" EP

The mighty Crackle is at it again. Another great SERVO release without much change, soundwise, from prior releases. Basically DISCOUNT like music and vocals like Amelia's, from HEAVENLY. UK pop stuff with energy and spunk. A definite feel good release. Mopers please exit. (RL)
(Crackle, PO Box 7, Otley, LS21 1YB, UK, crackle@freeuk.com)

SEWERGROOVES - "7th Floor" 45

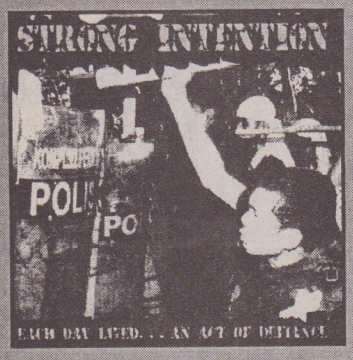
Whoa, another rock 'n' roll band from Sweden. Yes, like the BACKYARD BABIES and HELLACOPTERS, SEWERGROOVES play '70s style rock 'n' roll with a little Detroit punk influences thrown in. The unfortunate thing for the SEWERGROOVES is that they have too much rock and not enough punk in their mix. The end result is one boring rock record. I'm really starting to hate this idolizing classic rock shit. (JF)
(Estrus, PO Box 2125, Bellingham, WA 98227)

LES SEXAREENOS - "Finger Party" EP

Alright, despite the decidedly strange sense of humor, these folks from Canada do a great impression of BILLY CHILDISH fronting the SONICS. It's definitely an anti-fi recording—sounds like a boom box at best—but anything more would take away some of the charm and urgency. Gotta admit, they won me over with their sweat, noise and sloppy libidos. These are four raw rock songs, no filler. I'd very much recommend it to the unafraid (especially their theme song takeoff of "Hang On Sloopy.") (BG)
(Sack O Shit, PO Box 308, Kankakee, IL 60901)

LES SEXAREENOS - "Live! In The Bed" LP

Word is long since out among neo-garage fans that this Canadian band is one of the current leaders of the pack, and this LP indeed delivers in a sufficiently crazed but intelligible form that it won't disappoint any of the fans made on their US tour of earlier this year. The title might sound



like something that didn't translate too well from Canadese (or French at any rate), but the music translates just fine even from those exotic Northern climes. (DD)
(Sympathy For the Record Industry)

SHUTDOWN '66 - "Shutdown '66/BBC Heaven"

Bluesy gay-rrage music from Down Under. The theme song is a pretty down and dirty blues-rocker along the lines of a CHOCOLATE WATCHBAND tune with some pretty tasteful clean guitar pickin'. The flip side is more of a fast farfisa-organ type rocker. Two respectable '60s type tunes. As good as the CHESTERFIELD KINGS, or the MIRACLE WORKERS in their prime. Boss! (JY)
(Corduroy, 41 Fellows St, Kew Vic 3101, AUSTRALIA)

SHUTDOWN '66 - "Welcome to Dumpsville" LP

The band's named after a well-know '60s punk compilation, the record's title is a blatant *Simpsons* reference ("dear baby, welcome to Dumpsville...population, you"), and the cover is a ragged, slap-dog eyesore that offers little in the way of background information as to who, what, where and when. All that aside, SHUTDOWN '66 are a pretty fun-sounding PRETTY THINGS tribute, right down to imitation Phil May vocals, bouncy r&b rhythms, and tortured lyrical content. Dude sounds like he's blown his larynx, and I'm only just at the beginning of side two... Sounds all right, though your odds of actually finding it in a store are probably less than gossamer-slim. (JH)
(Corduroy, 41 Fellows St, Kew Vic 3101, AUSTRALIA)

SHUTDOWN '66/FABULOUS ITCHIES - split 45

So confused here...it took me about eight minutes to figure out this was a split. It's two bands doing songs with the other band's title in it!! C'mon! Tell me you wouldn't be confused too!! Alright... let's get to it baby, just bring it... this is motherfucking trash rock with a very OBLIVIANS and HARD FEELINGS feel. Both bands. Distorted and chunky bass, treble turned all the way up. Limited to 50 copies, so good luck finding this little gem around... I think this has something to do with the Las Vegas Grind, but I'm not sure.... back to being confused (BM)
(Corduroy, 41 Fellows St, Kew Vic 3101, AUSTRALIA)

SMUTS - "Shock Therapy/Teenage Fuck-Up"

What a great punk rock 45! Let's keep it up team, it's been a great last twelve months for 45s and here's another one to slap on the barbie. The flip, all four seconds of it, is a total *KBD*-punk-without-trying-to-be classic, beats yer brains in with a great echo-echo-echo effect on the vox and dirt-crusted guitars galore. I am a fan, guess I'm gonna write a letter... (RW)
(Sack 'O Shit, PO Box 308, Kanakee, IL, 60901)

SOCIETY'S FAILURE - "War on Society" EP

These New Jersey boys really do love their echo sound effects. They sound like a sped up version of DEFIANCE with the same vocal styles. It's pretty catchy. (SR)
(Never Surrender, PO Box 47, Saratoga Springs, NY 12866)

SOUND LIKE SHIT - "Once Upon the Metal" EP

Twelve shredders on one EP. Similar to a perfect set (bands please take note), here's an intense blur of power that is musically interesting and once it is over, the listener dreams of more. Any Japanese thrash band that gives the DRI logo a cute bunny tail and puffy ears and doesn't let me down musically, I have to love! (TJ)
(Six Weeks, 225 Lincoln Ave, Cotati, CA 94931)

STRONG INTENTIONS - "Each Day Lived...An Act Of Defiance" EP

Some where between West Coast power violence and East Coast tough guy hardcore lies STRONG INTENTIONS, waiting to beat your ass. Blast beats, sure, but plenty of singalong bits so you don't forget the words to these politically charged numbers. Competent, but it left me wanting something more. (ST)
(Six Weeks, 225 Lincoln Ave, Cotati, CA 94931)

SUPERFLY TNT'S/MORTICIA'S LOVERS - "Is Elvis Dead? Yes!!!" split EP

SUPERFLY starts off this EP with a slow pop punk number that sounds like early GROOVIE GHOULIES. Their second tune picks up the pace and again sounds just like the GHOULIES. MORTICIA'S LOVERS, Italy's self proclaimed worst r 'n' r band, rip through a decent bluesy riffed tune. The LOVERS wind up this split with a fine cover of the BUZZCOCKS' "Boredom." (HM)
(Perdurbo, Via Zanoia 4, 28887 Omegna (VB) ITALY, loverz@tin.it)

SWITCH TROUT - "Under the Wire" EP

Though I'm not as into the surf/garage instrumental sound as I once was, I have to say that SWITCH TROUT fuckin' rocks! This is the perfect musical background for shoplifting, switchblade fights, gang initiations and terrorizing old ladies. It

captures that '60s juvenile delinquent energy without regurgitating the same old shit. (DP)
(Estrus, PO Box 2125, Bellingham, WA 98227)

THE TEMPLARS - "Milites Templi" EP

What can I say, this band has been writing great songs for almost ten years now and this release is no exception. Two solid oi anthems, one quick and speedy, the other a mid-tempo, some what melodic, singalong tune. Thumbs up. (RM)
(TKO, 4104 24th St. #103, San Francisco, CA 94114)

THE TEMPLARS - "Biaus Seignors Feres" CD

This is basically a bunch of tracks recorded in '94 and '95 at the TEMPLARS basement recording studio Acre Studios. There's four bands listed, the EAST SIDE BOYS, IVANO & TEMPLARS, the SONS OF ACRE and the TEMPLARS. The first two bands are basically the TEMPLARS with other people on vocals and the third is basically the TEMPLARS with some other dude playing rhythm guitar. All nine tunes are the same type of catchy oi numbers that have made the TEMPLARS so popular. A good release. (RM)
(TKO, 4104 24th St. #103, San Francisco, CA 94114)

TEMPLARS - "Milites Templi" EP

Violence! Violence! This music on this fucking excellent new TEMPLARS EP is soaked with adrenalin and beer. The lead track, "Violence," is one of the best new TEMPLARS songs since "I Don't Need You" on the split New Blood Record's 45 with GUNDOG. The B side of *Milites Templi* is slow melodic Oi. At first the power of the ballad "Carry On" is not readily apparent. Give the song several listens, and you will be completely charmed by the passion in Mr. Fritscher's voice and the plaintive jangle of his guitar. This is a great record! (BR)
(TKO, 4104 24th St. #103, San Francisco, CA 94114)

TERRORAIN - "1988 Demo" EP

The insert places this as a UK thrashcore band from the late eighties. I don't remember them, but I'm old and senile anyway. It's certainly thrash—quick, spastic, double time drumming brought a smile to my face. The cover folds out and contains band info: lyrics, their history and so forth. It's quick and direct political hardcore—simplistic lyrics, but who wouldn't sing along with choruses like "Nazi Die!, Nazi Die! Nazi Die!"? Ferocious stuff without a doubt—some of the breaks and intros really brought me back—yeah, sonny, they don't make it like this anymore. Back when I was young.... (TM)
(Sound Idea, PO Box 3204, Brandon, FL 33509-3204)

THE THANES - "Double Dutch" EP

Doing the '60 lo-fi thing. The a-side sounds much like a cleaner version of the NE'ER DO WELLS with a decent amount of organ thrown in. The b-side brings out a mid-period BEATLES sound with a surf style guitar solo in the bridge. I think that I still review punk records. (PA)
(Corduroy, 41 Fellows St, Kew, Victoria, AUSTRALIA)

35 SPLAT - "You are a Target Market" CD

Ironic to me that a band who'd title their CD something like that, and have the first song be called "Blindly Follow" would also start the CD with a *Simpsons* sample. Only when it suits ya, eh? Rough hardcore, alternately political (see "Meathead") and ridiculous (see "I'm in Love with Mariah Carey"). It's funny most of the time, but they're obviously not overly concerned about it. Saying that the jocks are "gonna pay" and "get theirs". Whoa. I haven't even thought about "jocks" in a while - guess I'm getting old. Includes a MINOR THREAT cover, which is also pretty amusing, in part because it sounds soooo bad (live recording). (TM)
(Chris Wagner, 4700 Roland Rd, Allison Park, PA 15101)

THROWDOWN - "Drive Me Dead" CD

This is what metalcore should sound like. This record is pissed, and I can see the sea of kids flying all over the place in a finger pointing windmilling frenzy. The lyrics are great, and are accompanied by explanations—if you've got something to say then make sure we understand it. It's more metal than hardcore, but no solos (unfortunately). The only down side is that these southern Californians only offer up five songs. I really hope they aren't dickheads, because this record is awesome. (WN)
(Indecision, PO Box 5781, Huntington Beach, CA 92615; throwdownxxx@aol.com)

TOTALITÄR - "Ni Maste Bort!" LP

Swedish hardcore for human rights! Ken Sanderson and his Prank Records from San Francisco have unleashed another brutal hardcore banshee on the world at large. These Swedish punks have been eviscerating the politicians for more than twelve years. After at least six EPs and several LPs, TOTALITÄR are still railing about the greedy capitalists, the shallow morals of the plastic fashion industry, the inherent evils of organized sports, and the brainwashing of a culture by the multi-media complex. All these truths we held self-evident in 1986, and they have been compounded by global overpopulation and exhaustion of natural resources. Hardcore with a big "H" for HARD. (BR)
(Prank, PO Box 410892, San Francisco, CA 94141)

TRASH CAN DARLINGS - "Gore Gore Boys and Splatter Pussies" LP

Apparently this band formed in Oslo, Norway in 1995. I guess since then they've been applying their makeup for the cover of this 10". I'm surprised they finished in time! It is on beautiful blue vinyl, and you can be sure of one thing: glam rock puts the puff in their pouches. OK, so I like the record, I can get with the HANOI ROCKS thing totally. But if you could just see this guy with his orange teddy bear and black lipstick... I'm pissing my pants! (RY)
(East Side, PF 12 46, 02943 Weisswasser, GERMANY)

THE TURPENTINES - "By Popular Demand" LP

More of that Scandahoovian type (maybe they not bahn Swedes, by yimminy, since their previous release was entitled *American Music for American People* {although I'm assuming that was either a joke or a marketing ploy}, but it is indeed that type of the soon to be writ large genre) punkish cock rock so well beloved these days. As with their brethren (HELLACOPTERS, GLUECIFER) bands, I can't say that I'm moved to climb on this bandwagon, though I'm sure many of you are. My personal taste aside, my criticism is that I don't understand why the "woo woo" guitar leads would be mixed so low; if you're going to have them, you shouldn't seem embarrassed of them. To paraphrase RUDY RAY MOORE, "Be the best of what you are; aim for the moon, and if you miss it, hang on to a goddamn star." (So all the stars, including our own beloved sun, are much more distant than the moon, so what? It's a metaphor based on their comparative brilliance from a terrestrial vantage point.) (DD)
(White Jazz, s-171 48, Solna, SWEDEN)

THE TURPENTINES - "Showstopper/Too Much Too Soon"

The title track on this record just plain rips! The PROBLEMATICS was the first thing that popped in my head when I heard it, and you know that's a good thing. What a killer guitar sound too! The flip side I believe is a cover, but don't quote me on that—it is quite forgettable. Way too glammy and fruity for my taste, but I'm sure plenty of you fans of old New York glam will eat it up. Hole smokes! They even use a goddamn tambourine! Anyhow, the TURPENTINES are definitely one to keep your eye on. (NF)
(Bad Afro, Poste Restante, Frederiksberg Alle 6, DK-1820 Fredriksberg, DENMARK)

ULTIMO RESORTE - "Post Mortem" LP

Forming back in 1979, I believe, ULTIMO RESORTE was the first punk band from the Barcelona, Spain area. This is the second reissue of these 1981 recordings. Included is a gorgeous black and white booklet containing lots of old pictures, lyrics, and a statement by Silvia, the band's female vocalist. (Sorry, its all in Spanish). This record is awesome and definitely worth your time.(SR)
(Tralla, Ap. Co:37.119, 08080, Barcelona, SPAIN)

THE UNKNOWN – "Pop Art" CD

Another solid power pop punk release from this Cleveland combo. Very similar to the heavy pop sound of DESCENDENTS and ALL, especially guitar-wise. There are a lot of bands in this genre but these guys are really good at it based on strong hooks. I think I remember them being a little more straight pop at times, but hey punky is good too. (RL)
(Boss Tuneage, PO Box 19550, London, SW11 1FG, UK, bosst.freeserve.co.uk)

UNX - "Indifferent Times" CD

Hopeless or Nitro or somebody please take note: your next million seller is ready and waiting. They are a touch more metal than your average peppy-kids-love-'em band, but don't worry, you can still take them home to mom. This truly is the frat jerk music of today; the jocks can pound their heads out of time sloshing beer all over each other, the way they did listening to STEVE MILLER before beating my ass. Oh yeah, they like to say "bitch." Cool. (WN)
(bakerml@email.uc.edu)

THE VICE PRINCIPALS - "After School With..." LP

Pretty straightforward rock 'n' roll here with a slight punk edge to it. And for the most part, they pull it off really well. Fans of old Detroit punk will definitely enjoy this. There's really crafty guitar work throughout the whole record too. My main gripe is the production and the packaging is a little too over the top 'n' slick, but that's being picky. (NF)
(Sympathy)

VICTIMS - "Harder Than it Was Meant to Be" EP

Good Swedish Dis-core that has some catchier stuff thrown in...plus their hooks and guitar sounds give this an added boost. If you love the 1-2-1 DISCHARGE beat, than you'll love this. Them Swedes know how to do this damn well. (MW)
(Yellow Dog, PO Box 550208, 10372 Berlin, GERMANY)

VOID - live EP

This is a board tape from the 9:30 Club in 1983 that fully captures the fury of this band that I am ashamed to admit I just discovered a couple of years ago. "I'm so fuckin' filled with hate/I just need to decapitate," that says it all. The sound quality is good enough and the performance is raw as fuck. Sometimes you don't even get half of the words, just like if you had been there. This record has a green photocopied cover, and I highly recommend getting it if you can track it down. Eight songs from one of the most influential hardcore bands of the eighties. (WN)
(no address)

VOODOO BOOTS - "Bulb Japan Rock Series #1" EP

This is actually a standard two song 45 RPM 7" hunk of vinyl, but there's nothing to indicate the songs other than the lyrics. That said, the refrains seem to be "Iago Jones" (could be, as that side has more than a little HOUNDDOG TAYLOR influence) and "Waaaaagozxduiogfn" (that on the screaming rocker side). These guys are, like many post-GUITAR WOLF Japanese bands, dedicated to the proposition that rock and roll should remain a bunch of fucking r&b noise by any means necessary (even additional noise from extra shallow grooves—I'm certain it's all part of the plan). and more power to them for it! Furthermore, I'll eat a bug if these guys aren't dynamite live. (DD)
(Bulb, 323 Somerville Ave, Somerville, MA 02143, bulb@netway.com)

WHAT HAPPENS NEXT? - "Stand Fast Armageddon Justice Fighter" LP

Gotta give props to Tom for the artwork - having graced innumerable Japanese hardcore records, it's still some of my favorite record artwork. A huge catch, for sure. You're probably aware of the bandana crew at work here - it's quick, punchy and stripped down hardcore in the vein of the days of yore. Wasting no time, making no apologies, and avoiding the pitfalls of so many current bands. Twenty songs, and I'd guess them to average about a minute a piece. Definitely working quality over quantity. Lyrics cover too many topics to adequately describe—everything from the current state of punk and hardcore, politics within the "scene" and CIA involvement in Laos. Awesome stuff—they've done no wrong so far, which continues to impress. (TM)
(Sound Pollution, PO Box 17742, Covington, KY 41017)

THE WHITTINGTONS - "What's Up Baby/Moonboy"

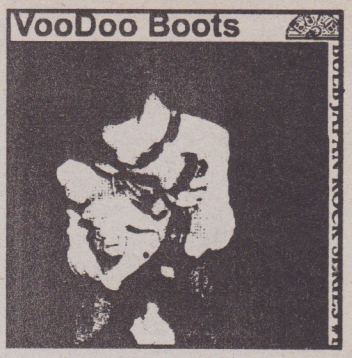
The WHITTINGTONS are fuckin' kooks. Okay the first song is so mind numbingly rudimentary there really isn't anything to comment on. It's kinda like the bleed you hear from other bands walking through the hall at you practice studio. Yes, it's that interesting. Okay by the time Moonboy is on I realize that these guys must meet David Nudelman, because this song could be a THREE
STONED MEN song for sure. (DL)
(Sack O' Shit, PO Box 308, Kankakee, IL 60901)

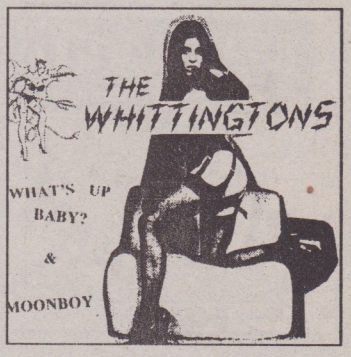
WINSTON - "Ohne Utopien Bleibt Die Welt Ein Dreckshaufen" EP

Contemporary rhythmic German post-hardcore, with bursts of REFUSED-style quirk, but definitely more punk sounding, less fashion-conscious. The hardcore parts are fairly brutal, and the tech sections seriously stray into STRETCHHEADS territory (though I'd bet 10 DM that they will be unfamiliar with that particular comparison, although you never know). Great if you're into this scene. (AM)
(Nova, Gladbachstr. 44, 50672 Köln, GERMANY)

YAGE/ENGRAVE - split EP

Two German bands that really bring out the rock. Definitely not one of those throwaway split records. YAGE, while still heavy, takes the more tuneful approach to hardcore, with one mid-tempo song that starts out on a heavy note and brings to mind something like UOA..Extra raspy vocal, full guitar and snare heavy drumming that brakes into this really catchy part and then into a very JAWBREAKER style breakdown, which works much better than any classic hardcore breakdown. They then finish the song on a similar note to the beginning. ENGRAVE plays a much more chaotic style of hardcore, with grindcore style drumming, messy guitars, and screamy vocals that altogether would have fit well in the early Ebullition catalog. (PA)
(Defiance, Ritterstrasse 52, 50668 Köln, GERMANY, defiancerecords@aol.com)





RECORDS

V/A - "Memories Of Tomorrow" LP

In this era of CD promo compilations, I thought the good, no great, comp had gone the way of the cassette-only release. I was wrong. This comp has got all the posi, thrashy, inspiring hardcore you could want. WHN?, NO JUSTICE, NO REPLY, HOLDING ON, LIFES HALT, VITAMIN X—the list goes on and on. This LP is your one stop shopping for some of the most vibrant music calling itself hardcore today. (ST)
(Youngblood, 217 W Main St, Ephrata, PA 17522)

V/A - "H'artcore" LP

Reissue of a German hardcore LP from 1981. Originally on the 'H'art' label, this contains tracks from the likes of UPRIGHT CITIZENS, IDIOTS, CORNY VARIOUS, SUFF, HECKTOR, BLUTTAT and several others. Not a bad comp, but not something so exceptional it would explain a reissue. The liner notes are still pretty lacking - the original didn't have anything either, so perhaps it was just too difficult to put together 19 years later. As you might guess, the UPRIGHT CITIZEN's song ("Fuck the Army") was the real standout for me... some decent stuff, but with the number of releases now, you'd have to already be a fan to get real excited about it. (TM)
(Teenage Rebel, Wallstr. 21, 40213 Dusseldorf, GERMANY)

V/A - "The Isle of Spight" CD

Live recording from the "Isle of Spight Festival" somewhere in Alberta. This seems like it was some kind of underground Woodstock that was supposed to be about social change, but ended up being a bunch of drunk people littering, starting fires, and giving birth. STAGMUMMER, NEW 1-2, EARTHQUAKE PILLS, MISTREATERS, PURITANS. (DP)
(Catch and Release, 8419 7th Street SW, Calgary, AB, T2V 1G8 CANADA)

V/A - "Jumpin' Jukebox" - LP

Here's a veritable lunch box of Japan's finest primitive and poppy punk n' rollers. Lots of way out '60s & '70s teenage fun-styled garage punk done in that perfected Japanese way. JET BOYS, DIXIED, the EMONS, LULU'S MARBLE, PEBBLES, GO DEVILS, FABULOUS MACH KUNG-FU, JACKIE & the CEDRICS, and GUITAR WOLF are but to name a few of the bands you'll be swinging and shaking your sweet stuff too! Guaranteed light-hearted fun, fun, fun. (DL)
(Dionysus, PO Box 1975, Burbank, CA 91507)

V/A - "Magic Teeth #1" EP

This 7" comes with *Magic Teeth* #36. Four bands; in order—THE PIXIESTIX SIX SIX sound like a one-off joke project, with guitar, xylophone and silly vocals—Kill Rock Stars will probably release their full length any day now. SUGARBUZZ are equally as fun/bad. SUITE SIXTEEN are actually okay, like late '80s alternative rock/indie punk, y'know—when BUFFALO TOM and DINOSAUR JR. ruled the earth. ASTROZOMBIES have a mildly amusing B-movie sound-bite which preludes a cover of "We Are 138" recorded in someone's garage. C'mon—none of these are really real bands, are they? (AD)
(Magic Teeth Comix, c/o Legends, 633 Johnson St, Victoria, BC, CANADA)

V/A - "Magic Teeth #2" EP

Are comic books not fanzines? This is kind of a neat idea. A comic book that comes with its own soundtrack. Shit, these days, even the littlest innovation is deserving of celebration. A really demented version of CUB's "My Chinchilla" by PINGU and a really un-demented version of the MISFITS' "Where Eagles Dare" by the NOVAKS (who also contribute three originals... I think... I mean, it's good... It's punk). This record also features BUM, who are always pretty good, but on a comp like this, you really can appreciate their talent for melodic power pop and punk. (LH)
(Magic Teeth Comix, c/o Legends, 633 Johnson St, Victoria, BC, CANADA)

V/A - "Shielded by Death #2000 LP

A comp of bands from Connecticut and Western Mass, circa the *KBD* years, alla whom shared the distinction of having played the Lit Club (Hartford's equiv of Austin's Hot Club back in the day). However, it ain't all punk like it sez. While you students of early punk woulda hearda somma these bands, like JACK TRAGIC, CHRONIC DISORDER, REDUCERS and FOREIGN OBJECTS, there's also pure pop (the NOT SO QUITE), new wave (PAJAMA SLAVE DANCERS), garage (MALARIANS), and surf (CHRONIC DISORDER). But some cool junior varsity KBD punk like THE STERICS, DA STUPIDS and BROKEN HEARTS (who sound like the VKTMS) make it worthwhile for your closet. (HY)
(Incognito, Senefelderstr.37A, 70176 Stuttgart, GERMANY, incongitorecords.de)

V/A - "Stockholm Mangel" 2xLP

A great "family-tree" of sorts, following the connection between the Stockholm thrash scene. Bands included are DISCARD, AGONI, CRUDITY, ROJERS and my two favorites, PROTES BENGT and MOB 47. Its about time PROTES BENGT got their just deserts. Great comp....great concept. (MW)
(Swedish Punk Classics, Box 6294, 400 60 Gothenburg, SWEDEN)

WHAT HAPPENS NEXT?

"Stand Fast Armageddon Justice fighter" LP/CD

20 tracks of high energy HC thrash the way it was meant to be.
CD includes a live show video.

SCALPLOCK

"On Whose Terms?" LP/CD

Ferocious political thrash from England.
Punishing speed, devestating heaviness.

ALSO AVAILABLE:
KRIGSHOT "Och Hotet Kvarstar" 7" EP
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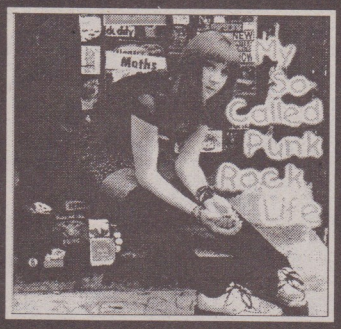

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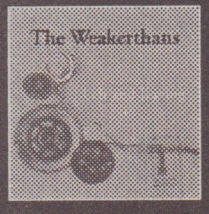

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ZINES

Reviews by: (AC) Arwen Curry, (AR) Aragorn, (KC) Karoline Collins, (MD) Mikel Delgado, (RD) Raphael DiDonato, (GF) Gardner Fusuhara, (HH) Harald Hartmann, (MJ) Mary Jane, (KC) Karoline Collins, (JM) Jeff Mason, (JL) Jennifer L. Mushnick, (NN) Nellie Nelson, (MN) Mimi Nguyen, (CR) Casey Ress, (DS) Denise Scilingo, (SS) Sean Sullivan.

Please send your zine in for review. Write down any information you want included in the review; method of printing, number of pages, issue number and post paid price. If you want us to include a foreign post paid price, tell us. If you accept trades, tell us. The only information we will include is what you provide us.

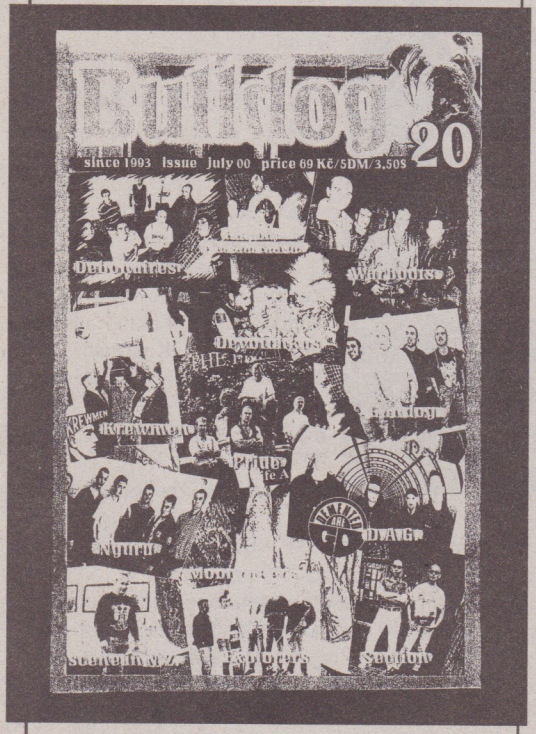
ADMISSIBLE DECAY #9 / $1
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 4 pgs
This is a very small local product with reviews, a bit of local gossip, and an interesting editorial telling the biography of some friends and their experience in Chechnya. The moral of the story was that punk kids make big problems out of small things. Go figure. (AR)
J-P Muikku / Apajakuja 1 D 14 / 80140 Joensuu Finland

ANARCHISTS ARE GOING TO EAT YOUR CHILDREN / stamp
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 24 pgs
This is a question and answer kind of zine that works through all the basic questions about anarchy. Many of the questions refer to the local (Eugene) response to criticism of "reclaim the streets," which is welcome localization. The questions are fairly general ("isn't anarchism just doing what you want?"), but the answers are fairly detailed and in depth. (AR)
PO Box 5841 / Eugene OR 97405

BLACK CLAD MESSENGER #12 / $1
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 20 pgs
Black Clad Messenger is keeping the faith, month after month, in Eugene, home to the now often imprisoned "Eugene anarchists." Tons of jail support, more silly industrial collapse business, and surprisingly almost no mention of the DNC demos. Maybe next month? Your one-stop guide to all things anti-civilization. (SS)
BCM / PO Box 11331 / Eugene, OR 97440

BULLDOG #20 / $3.50
8 x 12 - copied - 82 pgs - Czech/English
This hefty zine plays fair to the international oi/"street punk" scene. Some garage, surf, and psychobilly (a Demented Are Go interview is included) hitch along for the ride. The interviews (with the Devotchkas, Gundog, the Section, from Malaysia, and others) are printed in both Czech and English, for greater accessibility not only to me, but to kids in most other countries. You can appreciate the work that must have gone into that. Though they focus on genres that traditionally deem themselves "apolitical," *Bulldog* is distinguished by its attitude of inclusiveness. (AC)
PO Box 48 / 199 21 / Praha 9 / Czech Republic

BULL SHEET #3 / $1 or trade
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied – 24 pgs
This is actually pretty damn amusing – there's an extensive section devoted to mullets, which



unfortunately has some pictures ganked from the mulletsgalore.com site (yes, I notice these things). There is a good deal of general wiseassery that goes on here, which includes, but is not limited to, the interviews with Squad Five-0, The Status, and Fun 100. Pretty entertaining, and definitely not a bad way to spend one of the many rainy days coming up soon. (RD)
2846 Evergreen St. / Abbotsford, BC V2T 2S1 / Canada

CONSTANT SUBLIMINAL BRAIN IMMERSION #3 / $1 or trade
8 1/2 x 11 - copied – 48 pgs
This is a pretty heavy-handed political fanzine, chock full of reprints about Che Guevara, the WTO and animal testing. It is thoroughly enjoyable and informative, if you can look past the trivial shit like a minute amount of poetry, and Nine Inch Nails and Hole worship in the beginning. However, it occasionally is a little overbearing and dry, but on the whole, it is a compassionate and thoroughly researched condemnation of the government. (RD)
6827 Fairmont Crescent / Prince George, BC V2N 2P6 / Canada

CRACKS IN THE WALL #4 / $1 or 3 stamps
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 24 pgs
I'm sorry, I'm not opposed to hand-done layouts, but this was just plain hard to read. This kinda crusty-punk-political zine has music reviews, and writing about how work sucks and how fucked up our society is. Good effort, it's just making my eyes tired...(MD)
2 Tinkhan Glenn / Wilbraham MA 01095

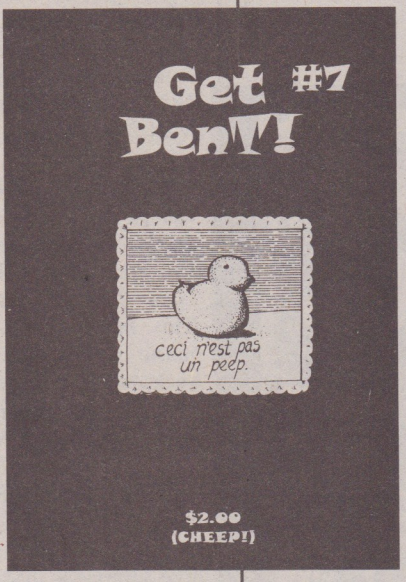
DESTROYED BY YOU #1 / $2
8 1/2 x 11 – offset – 48 pgs
Surprise, surprise – a pop-punk fanzine! The true surprise is that it's got heart, and a good layout to boot. The kids who put the whole shebang together are pretty intelligent, and this is a promising first effort, with interviews with Mike from MxPx, The Ataris, and Q & A sessions with various and sundry bands that lean to the poppier side of things. There is also a section devoted to the memory of Brian Deneke, which is an important thing not to forget. Watch out for these guys (and gals) in the future. (RD)
705 Woodland Ave. / Westfield, NJ 07090

DIMINUTIVE RAGE #5 / $1
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 20 pgs
A lot of ranting of the editor's personal political philosophies - mainly of the anarcho, anti-capitalist bent. She makes a good point about record collecting nerds - how people will pay the most outrageous amounts on say...ebay....for records, but get pissed off at bands if they want to make *any* money off their music. There's lots more rambling about the scene, people, reading. It actually ended up being interesting to read - I recommend it for those looking to bend

their brains a little. (MD)
Saira / PO Box 80338 / Minneapolis, MN 55408

EAST VILLAGE INKY #8 / $2
5 1/2 x 4 1/2 - offset - 40 pgs
Always a pleasure to review one of my favorite zines. In this issue we hear more about how Ayun's pregnancy is going, Inky meeting Conan O'Brien (lucky girl), and the family trip to Chicago and L.A. Now I have no kids, nor do I want any, but there is something more to this zine then just cute stories about the editor's kids. She makes everything so darn interesting. Congrats on the birth of Milo post-zine! (DS)
Ayun Halliday / 122 Dean St / Brooklyn, NY 11201

FILTERLANES #2 / $2 or trade
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 44 pgs
Wow, this zine is emo with a capital E! It is written by a sensitive young man with worldly concerns. Includes interviews with the Promise Ring, Hot Water Music, Rainer Maria and others. Had records reviews and personal stories. Not really my cup of tea, but I did enjoy hearing about his school and life in Singapore. (DS)
Low Zu Boon / Robinson Road Post Office / P.O. Box 343 / Singapore 900643 Singapore



FLIPSIDE #122 / $3
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 180 pgs
I have always enjoyed *Flipside,* some issues more than others. But how could I not love this issue that includes an interview with Danzig by Nardwuar! Also has an interesting story about a guy going on a cheesy dating game show which I hadn't heard of before but I must see. On the music side this issue has interviews with What Happens Next?, The Make-Up, Coyote Men, Rev. Norb and others. (DS)
P.O. Box 60790 / Pasadena, CA 91116

FRACTURE #13 / $3
8 1/2 x 11 - newsprint - 80 pgs
This zine has always been solid and a pleasure to read. It's sort of like a British mini-MRR, with top 10s, columns, interviews and reviews. But why can't we get Sean Forbes to write a column for us? Nice variety of columns, girls & boys, personal, music, political. This issue features interviews with Submission Hold, Starmarket, and DS-13. There is also a part two of a lengthy article on Kosovo (I wish I had part one...) and loads of music reviews. Thoroughly enjoyable! (MD)
Deep Elm Direct / PO Box 36939 / Charlotte, NC 28236
fracture@deepelm.com

FUCK YOU BEARDEN #1 / $1 (?)
5 1/2 x 8 - copied - 32 pgs
Robert Thaxton threw a rock and hit a policeman during a riot in Eugene two years ago. Now he's serving seven years in jail for it. This is his zine full of observations of prison life, zine reviews, and political ramblings. Rob's writings on daily prison life and how becoming a world famous anarchist prisoner has changed his life make for engrossing reading. His political writing is a bit simplistic, and well, Eugenian for my taste, but still this one is well worth reading, if only for his writing on how prison and anarchism have helped him to deal with some of his personal demons. Note; the address below is not Rob's prison address, but it is the address to receive the zine. (ST)
PO Box 11331 / Eugene, OR 97440

FULL FORCE ATTACK # 2 / $1
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 42 pgs
A pretty quick read dedicated to street punk and oi! music. Interviews with Iron Cross, The Dropkick Murphys, Vicious Rumors, Darkbuster, Chris Nutter/founder of Skinheads.net and Lloyd Kaufman of TROMA studios. A basic fanzine... (KC)
PO Box 1427 / Concord, MA 01742
CadenceFromTheSt@aol.com

GANYANG #4 / $1 + IRC
8 x 5 1/2 - copied – 40 pgs
This is a treasure. Well-done and thoughtful interviews with The Full Throttles (Malaysia), NOPOGS (as is, "No Our Parents Don't Own Grocery Stories" from Hong Kong), and Dave Grenier (*Retrogression*) make for compulsive reading as the interviewees address local/global politics, language, audience reception, "community" and more. These are complemented by scene reports from Malaysia, the Philippines, South Africa and Puerto Rico covering not just bands, zines, and local shows, but politics and on-going struggles, and reviews of tapes, records, and zines that never see stateside (i.e., the US). The letters section actually serves as a forum for engaging in dialogue and networking and there are a range of columns to round out GANYANG. An exceptional zine that seeks to cover at least part of the much-neglected international scene, and one that poses important questions about how

"punk" travels and is received and remade outside the United States. Important and essential. (MN)
Ibrahim Ngah Ahmad / 43 Kg Dusan Hulu / 32800 Parit / Perak / Malaysia / asianpunk@excite.com

GET BENT! #7/UNSHAVEN CHI #3 $2
5 x 8 - printed - 32 pgs
Get Bent! is one episode, "A Void Dance," in a series of comics. Not being obsessed with obscure Marvel characters and sub-plots, here's the gist: a plutocratic pumpkin, from a planet of vegetables, seizes power, only to be foiled...Look, just because I have a Bay Area Tolkien-dork name does not make me a comic-book geek (eyebrows raise in skepticism). Well, it's true, you assholes. This zine editor, however, is the archetype of a comic book geek. He's 37, delivers pizza, lives with his parents, and writes about it in the "personal" side of this zine, *Unshaven Chi.* Though I am no less than hipsville in the face of his mighty geekiness, I was still amused by his Magritte parodies: "Ceci N'est Pas Une Poop," etc. Get it? (AC)
PO Box 7273 / York, PA 17404

GIRL PROBLEMS #1 / 33¢
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 16 pgs
A short personal zine about college, heartbreak, road trip to the Old Barn Fest and some reviews. Not bad. But gave me flashbacks to my first 2 horrible years in college. (DS)
Matt Smith / 950 Main-Box 1881/ Worcester, MA 01610-1477

GOODER THAN A APPLE #1 / $1
8 1/2 x 7 - copied - 28 pgs
Gooder Than a Apple, formerly *Megabeef*, is very silly. Most of the humor in this zine revolves around fecal matter, genitals, and masturbation. The top of each page features a logical or sometimes illogical quote and record reviews can be found on the bottom of several of the pages like fake footnotes. The author

"Will", talks about the rampant stupidity at his school, his wacky antics at his summer "job", and his trip to the emergency room after he drunkenly injured himself. The author talks with The Promise Ring and reviews all of the Nintendo games that he owns. This zine is pretty obnoxious, but sort of fun to read. (JL)
Gooder Than a Apple / PO Box 16281 / Alexandria, VA 22302

HER HEROES AREN'T GONE #1 / $1
8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 12 pgs
I was looking forward to reading this zine because I really enjoy Kylie's other zine, Personality Liberation Front. This issue is a letter to Kathleen Hanna and reads sort of like a dialogue that the author is having with Hanna. The author explores various issues and contradictions involved in sustaining feminist identities, media representations of riot grrl, and Kathleen Hanna's role in creating the consciousness of riot grrl. While this is certainly an interesting, insightful, perceptive project that I really wanted to like, for reasons that I can't put my finger on, this zine rubbed me the wrong way. (JL)
Kylie / PO Box 3023 / South Brisbane / BC QLD 4101 / Australia

HOLD YOUR OWN FUCKING JACKET #2 / $1
8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 44 pgs
This zine is very critical and thoughtful, pointing out problematic issues inherent to certain kinds of activism and political social movements, current versions of "feminism", the author's experiences with Take Back the Night, and "macho" aspects of punk shows. While I appreciated several aspects of this zine, I thought that it was too prescriptive, made too many assumptions about people's lives, and felt like the author was criticizing the narcissism and self-righteousness of certain activists while at the same time dictating how women should negotiate and respond to cultural pressures and oppressions. The author also conducts a pretty extensive interview with Mike Blur and reviews some books. If you want to order this zine, address your request to M. Tacke, not the title of the zine, because the people at the post office will get mad if the work "fuck" is on the envelope. (JL)
M. Tacke / PO Box 8431 / Albany, NY 12208

I DON'T CARE #21 / $3
6 x 8 - copied - 32 pgs - Italian

Stefano, the editor of this wee but long-standing zine, focuses less on music these days (because there's always less to be enthusiastic about) and more about complaining. This issue is dedicated to "integrity and compromise." In this era in which grandmothers have dyed hair, punk has become a part of common public consciousness and is no longer threatening, Stefano decides, but in Servotron, the Italian hot rob sub-scene, and designers Matt Owens and Art Chantry, he finds solace. Auguri. (AC)
Corso Sempione 100 / 20154 Milano / Italy / stefano_calori@rcm.inet.it

IMPACT #28 / $2
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 56 pgs
Not the most dynamic zine I've ever run across. There's something about this zine that reminds me of a high school or college newspaper, but I can't quite place my finger on it. I think it's the way every article comes to a neat conclusion at the end. Covered in it's pages are articles on misogyny in hip hop, a guide to third parties, the mistreatment of racing greyhounds, a critical article on the American Cancer Society, and record reviews. There's a wide variety of subjects, but lacking somewhat in depth. (CR)
PMB 361 / 10151 University Blvd / Orlando, FL 32817

INFECTION #1 / $1 US, $2 elsewhere
5 x 7 1/2 - copied - 40 pgs
A list of the interviews here should clue you in to the content of this zine; Max Ward, Deadbodieseverywhere, Sloth, Wadge, Sound Pollution. Hardest of the hard, Max Ward's smile alone is harder than any of that crap Bizkit/Incubus stuff on the radio. Serious hardcore. (GF)
634 Millwood Rd / Toronto, ON / M4S 1K8 Canada

JUNKPHOOD #1 / $5
7 x 8 1/2 - color cover / copied - 24 pgs
The letter that came with this states that "this is a magazine for drug users by drug users"...which pretty much sums it up, except you don't have to be a drug user to get something out of it. Short interviews with users involved in the Santa Cruz needle exchange, the difference between china white and tar heroin, tips on taking care of yourself, a paramedics thoughts on Narcan (OD resuscitator) and some arty photos can be found in here. The price is a bit hefty, but I'm guessing that the money gets put back into the SC needle exchange. Short and interesting. (KC)
PO Box 661 / Santa Cruz, CA 95061

MEDIA WHORE #1 / ?
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 20 pgs
I really liked this. One person's thoughts about the media and how it affects us. Great kinda sloppy cut and paste layout (hello early nineties!) that is totally readable, framing a stream of writing on money, celebrities, culture (or lack thereof), sex, war, patriarchy, the system and desire...just to name a few. I always enjoy getting a slice of someone's brain to look at, and this certainly fits that bill. No address or price listed, so e-mail Dave for more info. (KC)
anarchisticnosepick@edmail.com

MIRACLE #4 / $1 (or trade, world), free in Holland and for prisoners
4 1/4 x 5 1/2 - copied - 32 pgs
This zine is small and meek, so at first glance I thought it was emo and figured I would hate it. I was mistaken, though—it's a depressing perzine, but not pretentious or self absorbed. Just some meandering, though not hard to read, ramblings and introspections. The writing is actually decent, and the layout is simple—almost elegant. Aside from reviews of several Scandinavian zines, you don't get much of an impression of punk in the Netherlands in general. So don't get it if you're just looking for a scene report, but otherwise it's definitely worth writing a nice letter to get a free copy. (NN)
Johan / van Douverenstraat 56 / 5961 JJ Horst / the Netherlands / wendellelliot@hotmail.com

MONOZINE #7 / $3
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 65 pgs
This issue is all contributions sent in, stories about cysts and puss and shit and piss and all that kind of stuff. Really. I didn't like it nearly as much as other issues of this zine I've read. In fact, I couldn't read all of it. Absolutely disgusting. (GF)
PO Box 598 / Reisterstown, MD 21136

MUTANT RENEGADE #14 / $3
8 1/2 x 11 -newsprint - 80 pgs
This is a quirky zine with a sense of humor which is always nice. Has an interview with Joan Jett, music reviews and talks to a local Saturday afternoon TV horror host. I like that if you buy the staff a drink, they will mention you in the zine. It's free in Dayton, Cincinnati and Columbus. (DS)
PO Box 3445 / Dayton, OH 45401

MYLXINE #14 – $3
8 1/2 x 7 - copied – 60 pgs
This is a thick compilation of past articles and essays, a kind of "best of..." ranging far and wide, and well worth the three dollars. There are "true stories" to horrify (a boss who gay-bashes, a black friend threatened in a bar), a run-down on police brutality, the origins of dada, the politics of the Confederate flag, and

the stigmatization of welfare. There are some great personal essays as well: the sudden death of a friend, depression, car problems, family, and a sweet tribute to his grandmother, a substitute school nurse who'd bail him out of class. Scott also reprints essays (written by others) about masturbation, Pansy Division, classism and racism, and the judicial system. This well-written zine is a great mix of the personal and the political, pick it up now. (MN)
Mylxine / 309 N. 6th Ave / Pensacola, FL 32501

NEAR MISS #9 / $1
9 x 12 - newsprint – 32 pgs
It doesn't help *Near Miss* that the layout is deadly dull, but great design wouldn't have improved this personal zine without personality (and what little there might be is borrowed and derivative). Travel diaries that read like itineraries (*we went here, then we went there*) and space filler (photographs of a car parked by a curb, a cat by a toilet) that hardly pretends to be anything but. I've said it before and I'll no doubt say it again—good writing involves thoughtful reflection, questioning and analysis, something to hook a reader. This applies to any and every possible topic, personal or political. Why write if you have nothing to say? (MN)
W1509 Highway NN / Neosho, WI 53059 / nearmiss@farts.com

NEWSKASTER #10 / stamps (Philippines), 2 IRCs or $1 (world)
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 8 pgs
This is much more interesting than the last issue was. Interviews with OS 101, Grey Area, and River City Rebels, columns, zine and record reviews, all kind of happy and energetic. The best items were a review of a local show and a bunch of show pictures (even though they copied badly). Worth checking out! (NN)
PO Box 51640 / Meycauayan / Bulacan / Philippines

A NEW TOMORROW #3 / ?
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied – 16 pgs
A very Billy Joe-looking kid from a small town starts up a bare bones pop punk fanzine, rife with spelling errors and self-deprecation. I really don't know what other incentive to offer you unless you like hearing people bitch about their jobs and hype NoFX. Oh yeah, there are record reviews, too. (RD)
1870 Crestwood Ln. / Muskegon, MI 49441

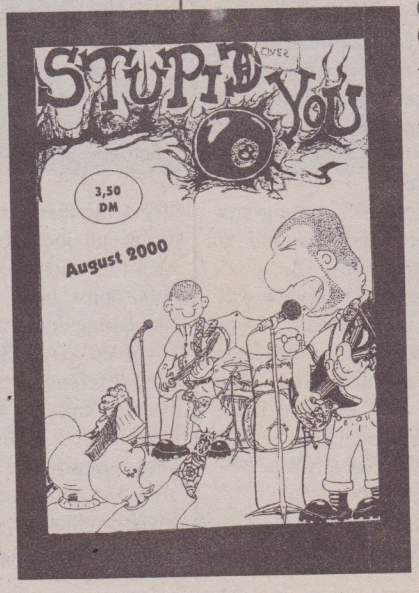
THE NIGHTTIME GARDENER'S GUIDE / stamp
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 20 pgs
This is a great resource for the aspiring destroyer of genetically engineered crops. It doesn't really go into the why of the issue, which I appreciate. It just serves as a set of instructions and information as to how to approach an issue that could be applied in several contexts. Appreciated. (AR)
PO Box 11331 / Eugene OR 97440

OH LORD! #2 / $1 or trade
8 1/2 x 11 - copied- 16 pgs
Take a Christian book for children, add some inappropriate captions that give new meaning to the pictures, include a red and yellow crayon, announce a contest for the best colored picture, and you've got a *Oh Lord*. To help me get started, they colored in the baby Jesus on the first page, brown. The caption beneath says, "Joseph, are you sure he's your's?" Fucking hysterical. It's nice to see some people out there are still having fun. (CR)
1515 Morton Dr. / East Moline, IL 61244

OPEN UP AND BLEED #8 / $5
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 40 pgs
Mostly live show reviews in here (SLF, ATV, GBH, Wire, Thee Headcoats, Menace, Armitage Shanks). Interviews with Mark Perry (of Sniffin' Glue fame) and Nina Antonia on Johnny Thunders as well as a short piece on women in punk (with a '77 flavor). I liked the intro the best (you'll just have to send away for it to see what I'm talking about). Some music and zine reviews as well. (KC)
9A Priory Villas / Colney Hatch Lane / London N11 3DB / UK

PARANOIA! #94 / 2,50 DM
6 x 8 - printed - 62 pgs - German
Number 94? Jesus. These punks are workhorses, I tell you. They never quit. At first glance, this looks more sophisticated than the usual dense pack of Central European punk info, but it turns out to be just that, a little more cleanly, with a little more white space. Interviews with Tilt, Bambix, the Kafkas, Cameran and German/Austrian centered zine and records reviews round this out. (AC)
Postfach 70 / 1013 Wien / Austria

PLEXIFORM #6 / $2
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 32 pgs
I really enjoyed this zine. Clare writes about her personal life in a very open way, with a really descriptive writing style. It's mostly stories about her life, her relationships, battling drug addiction, her mother's suicide, and non-monogamy. It's very straight forward, without making the reader feel like they're getting too much information. I personally could never be that open with strangers, but I applaud her for doing it in a way that works. There's also writing about your rights when dealing with cops and on body image, as well as book reviews. (MD)
RR#1 / Pembroke / Ontario, Canada K8A 6W2



PROFANE EXISTENCE #38 / $1
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 38 pgs
This says "free where available": I assume that means in Minneapolis and various cool record stores. Lots of updates on various direct actions, writing about protests, etc., plus an interview with Aus Rotten, columns, and letters. PE is back, stepping in to add a little more depth to the current anarchist wave. It's much more appealing to me than some of the other direct action stuff because of its history and intellectual might. It's nice to see a column by Adrienne Droogas and some other long-timers. These people are serious and dedicated to raising the tone. There will always be room for a voice this strong. (GF)
PO Box 8722 / Minneapolis, MN 55408 / profaneexistence.com

PROMENADE #3 / 15 kr
6 x 8 - copied - 64 pgs - Swedish
This little fanzine was a pleasure to puzzle through—the layout is a fine compromise between cut 'n' paste and design, erring toward the X-Acto. I understood enough of the interviews with G. Piciotto, DS-13, and others to appreciate the editor's particular taste and light attitude. If you're rabid about the Swedish scene, this is a nice find. Send Fredrik a couple of dollars, why doncha? No US price listed. (AC)
Österlånggatan 65 / 3 tr / S-50337 Borås / Sweden

PSYCHO #1 FAN #1 / $2
8 1/2 x 11 - offset – 24 pgs
No bones about it: this is a zine for insiders and those who have starry-eyed fantasies about the inner circle, pacing the perimeter. Seth Bogart of *Puberty Strike* puts out this zine about obsession and starts out with the "Five Trashiest Girls in the USA!," a list which includes Tina (Bobbyteens), Janelle (*Tales of Blaarg/Desperate Times*), Marmalade Jackson/Kristy Chan, Lisa Carver (*Rollerderby*), and Anita, um, "resident of New Mexico!" Why Kristy isn't credited for her zines *Wild Honey Pie* and *Tennis & Violins* is beyond me, but maybe it has something to do with the trashed-out, kitschy '77-style celebration of all things drunk and disorderly, and thinking critically about race and sexuality

would seem out of place. Included is a "zit-o-matic" chapter from a book Seth is writing about high school in a diary format, which is not all that interesting but probably reflects what a lot of teen diaries are: rote, non-meditative recitals of "what I did," "how ugly I am," "science class sucks," "I have a crush," etc.. Reviews of '70s boy crooners (including Michael Jackson and Donny Osmond), a multiple-choice quiz, and a timeline of "homo trash" fill out the rest of the zine. You are in it, want to be, or don't care; the first two will buy this and the rest won't. (MN)
PO Box 143 / Tucson, AZ 85702

THE RHEUMATIC FEVER ZINE #1 / $1
5 1/4 x 8 1/2 - copied- 60 pgs
The best reason to do a zine is probably a life threatening illness. I mean, if you're bedridden for months at a time, TV becomes a bit of a bore, so why not write a zine? Jesse has a pretty terrible heart condition that may or may not be Rheumatic Fever. He details, with some pretty heart wrenching photographs, his illness, hospitalization, and on-going treatments. Most of the zine though is not about his illness, but rather focuses on the Southern California hardcore scene. For a bedridden guy, he sure manages to get a lot of interviews done. This issue has good, in-depth interviews with Carry On, In Control, and Over My Dead Body. He also includes information on the Gap and it's unfair labor practices, an article on Nader, and information about an independent TV station. This is the best first issue of a zine I've seen in a long time. I guess I kind of hope it's the last though, this guy is only 18 and I'd rather see him healthy, then working on a zine. (CR)
PO Box 1115 / Crestline, CA 92325

RIDE ON #4 / $1
8 1/2 x 5 1/4 - copied - 44 pgs
A collection of travel stories all around the US. It's the classic, or maybe cliched, travel around, following your heart, following a love, stories that are typical of these zines. The best parts were actually the writing about being still. The Children's Garden in Philadelphia, and the 48 hours on a porch were more interesting then the stories of passing through cities and states. If you like travel zines, there's no reason you shouldn't send away for this. (CR)
502 S 49 th St / Philadelphia, PA 19104

RIOT 77 #1 / $4
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 48 pgs
This is a review of the current state of the Oi! and classic punk scene. There are interviews with the Business, the Swinging Utters, H20, The Dropkick Murphy's, the list goes on. Most of the interviews are very rock and roll centric and just not very interesting. There is also a Boston scene report (written by a visiting Brit) and a portion of reviews: video, music, zine. (AR)
31 St. Patricks Pk / Clondalkin / Dublin 22 / Ireland

ROADSIDE #5 / $2
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 24 pgs
Wow, it has lots of kitties in it and it's from Maine (like me)! This is a cute little comic zine with some weird art and funny stories. The tribute to her kitty who recently died (Stripe) brought tears to my eyes (I just lost my feline friend of 13 years myself), it was so sweet. Decent, but a little pricey for what you get. (MD)
Roadside Comics / PO Box 4789 / Portland, ME 04112
roadsidecomix@yahoo.com

ROCK 'N' ROLL PURGATORY #2 / ?
8 1/2 x 7 - copied - 44 pgs
I don't know much about rockabilly, or psychobilly, but these kids sure do. Interviews with Johnny Rebel, the GC% (smartest boys in street punk I'd say!), Hellbillys and more. (SS)
PO Box 3055 / Kent, OH 44240

RUMPSHAKER #5 / $5
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 188 pgs

Phew!! This thing is huge and recently helped my entire band while away many hours in the recording studio. There are lots of long band interviews (Kid Dynamite, Los Crudos, Ire; and Ian McKaye, Ray Cappo and Caitlin Demarrais with their moms) which we all agreed could have used some "extreme" editing. There are also non-band interviews with a bunch of punk photographers and the very rad Farm Sanctuary folks. Add to this many pages of music reviews and you've got...one huge zine. Like I said, it could use a lot of editing, as the interviews get kind of tiresome. It also had a very personal and informative article on obsessive compulsive disorder. Okay, that said, I must make a complaint. The editor goes on and on throughout the zine about how his girlfriend just dumped him, and keeps bringing up how hard it is to meet women at hardcore shows, because there aren't enough girls in the punk scene. Hmmm, your main concern about women in the hardcore scene is having a large enough dating pool, and then you wonder why more women don't want to be involved in that scene? Maybe it's attitudes like yours driving them away? How about seeing women in the scene as equals and not just as dating potential? (MD)
Eric Weiss / 72-38 65 Place / Glendale, NY 11385
rshaker5@aol.com

SHOOT THE MESSENGER #1 / $2
8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 36 pages
I really liked this zine that is very locally oriented to the Las Vegas hardcore scene. It doesn't exactly have the ingredients of zines that I usually like, but it was very unassuming, unpretentious, and straightforward in its approach. Articles include a critique of the pressure to make "New Year's resolutions", various stuff about building and sustaining a "scene" in Las Vegas, Free Radio Las Vegas, and an interview with Lance from Faded Grey. Lots of pictures too. (JL)
Shoot the Messenger / PO Box 34688 / Las Vegas, NV 89133

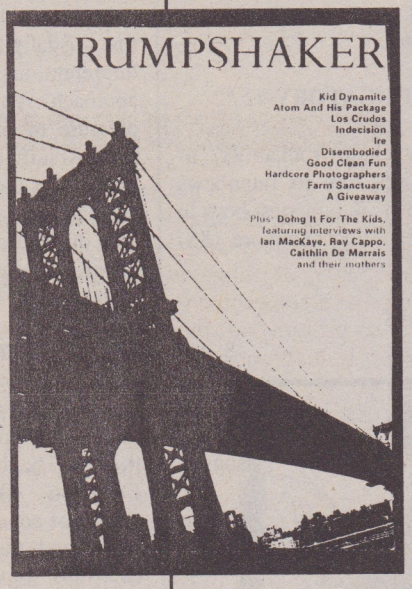
STITCH IN TIME #2 / $1
4 1/4 x 5 1/4 - copied - 56 pgs
I really liked the woodcuts in this little zine, filled with short stories about Dalia's life and friends. The better writing is in a personal, *Cometbus* style, the not as great writing is stream-of-conciousness-self-doubting-angst. I understand the need to get those troubling emotions out and down on paper, but sometimes it comes off a little pretentious. Emotions run rampant in this collection of stories. (CR)
502 S. 49 th St / Philadelphia, PA 19104

STUPID OVER YOU #8 / 3, 50 DM
6 x 8 - copied - 88 pgs - German
Part of a steady German network, from what I gather, *Stupid Over You* is so packed with dense and muddy text and paltry, dark graphics that it's difficult to look at. However, aid in the form of a table of contents is provided, and faithfully leads to reviews of all stripes, Golden Boys and Sonic Dolls interviews, and more. (AC)
Ponyweg 5 / 17034 Neubrandenburg / Germany / rockstar.crew@gmx.de

STUPID STUFF #4 / free
5 1/2 x 8 - copied - 44 pgs
Oh, I get it, you address this to "maximumsucknblow" and list our address as "gay town, CA" because a lot of queers live here in San Francisco. That's very funny. This zine sucks. Interviews with Shelter, Boris The Sprinkler, and Earth Crisis, all of which are terrible. You have Porcell on the phone, and you ask him nothing of interest. What a waste of time. Hints: Don't lay out text over text, it's hard to read. Come up with interesting questions to ask bands before you get on the phone, and don't send your zine in to us unless you want a honest review. (SS)

106 S. Park Blvd / Streamwood, IL 60107

TEARING DOWN THE WALLS #4 / $1 or trade
5 1/4 x 8 1/2 - copied - 44 pgs
It's a strange thing to see a riot grrl zine in the year 2000. I'm happy to see that people haven't forgotten the issues that riot grrl helped bring to the world of punk, yet at the same time, it's frustrating to see the same rants. It means that very little has changed for a lot of women involved in punk. I enjoyed reading *Tearing Down The Walls*, despite some pretty bad and unreadable layout, (most copy machines will put one inch margin on a page, if your text runs all the way to the edge of the page it gets cut off) and a little too much stream of consciousness poetry. There are many of the articles one would expect in this type of zine: sexism in the scene, unrealistic images of women, a couple of Mumia related pieces, and a load of zine and book reviews. It would be easy to dismiss this zine as sloppy and cliched, but I think the woman doing this has a great deal of passion and dedication to what she's doing. While this issue might not be the greatest, I expect that future issues will be really amazing. Especially if a little more time is put into the layout and editing. (CR)
23060 Halsted #123 / Farmington Hills, MI 48335



TERROR POP #8 / $4
8 x 12 - printed - 52 pgs - Swedish
Terrorpop, slick and well-crafted, has been on the Swedish scene since 1991, and that's only in its current incarnation. Henrik maintains a consistent approach while covering many of the faces of punk, from Food Not Bombs to TV Smith (this last including an amazing poem about being an old punker). I was especially impressed by their "Retro" section, with Crass, Terror, and Vacum. (AC)
Torggatan 2 / 640 25 Julita / Sweden / terrorpop@hotmail.com

TIGHT PANTS #7 / 3 stamps
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 68 pgs
Hey, this is far and away the best perzine I have ever seen. And if you love sugary cereals, don't even bother with the rest of this review—send for it immediately! I read this while in a public place, and probably made something of a spectacle of myself for laughing out loud almost continuously. The best parts are all of it. Travel stories, grade school stories, stories of subversion, all accompanied by delightful stick figure cartoon drawings and often couched in mock revolutionary rhetoric. I want the editor to flee with me to Vermont so that we may marry. Have I made myself clear? You need a copy right now! (NN)
Box 23 / PO Box 5001 / Amherst, MA / 01002-5001

THE TROUBLE WITH NORMAL #47 / $1 + stamps
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 56 pgs
This long running zine has maintained the same basic format throughout the issues: interviews, live show reviews, and good coverage of girl and indie-ish bands. This issue has interviews with Buck, the Groovie Ghoulies, the Jackie Papers, plus articles on the Southern Girls Convention and the FBI's e-mail tracking program. Trades okay. (MD)
PO Box 329 / Columbia, MO 65205-0329 / ttwn@hotmail.com

TWIN CITIES HARDCORE JOURNAL #3 / $1
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 16 pgs
Every scene needs a *TCHJ*. Great interviews with XLimp WristX, Pansy Division and D4, plus gossip, reviews and all around scene support. Even if you don't live anywhere near St. Paul, *TCHJ* covers some great fucking hardcore. (SS)
803 Thomas Ave. / St. Paul, MN 55104

URBAN GUERRILLA #9 / $1.50
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 36 pgs
Lots of local flavor here. Interviews with Social Infestation, The Neighbors, and Ted Falconi from Flipper. Lots of pictures and some local punk stories. Jay likes to keep it real and his zine reflects that. (GF)
1442A Walnut St / Berkeley, CA 94709

VISION ON #18 / $2 or 3 IRCs
8 1/2 x 11 - printed - 48 pgs
Interviews with Shelter (Ray says "I'm not such a strict Krishna anymore," and no follow up questions to what the fuck that means), Leatherface, the Get Up Kids and the Dwarves. Plus tons of reviews, and a huge amount of "my first show" anecdotes from punk personalities. (SS)
27 Springbank Croft / Holmfirth West York / HD7 1LW / UK

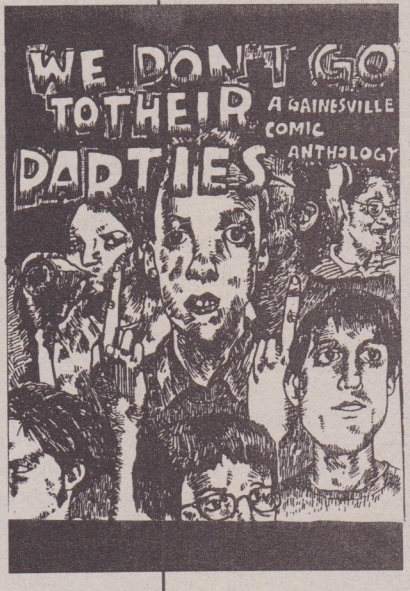
WERFUKT/EAT SHIT #2/#14 / $1 or 3 stamps
8 1/2 x 11 - copied
Punk as fuck! Great cut n paste, crusty DIY type stuff; very spirited. Interviews with Wolfpack, Axiom, Ciril, The Aborted, and Broken Down; scene reports, columns, reviews, good rants, and recipes for homemade hard cider. Yum! The only drawback for me was an abundance of typos—this is sometimes hard to get through—but overall, a great little read!! (NN)
3313 Jahon Ct. / Rosamond, CA / 93560

COTTON-FIST #11 / $1 + IRC
Some punk poetry/lyrics, along with zine, beer and oi! reviews and some crusty punk rants.
Eric / 32 D Greygates / Stillorgan Road / Stillorgan / Co. Dublin / Ireland

LISTINGS

GET OFF MY LAWN! #11 / ?
The one-year anniversary issue, with interviews with Earth Crisis and River City Rebels, as well as why you should vote for Ralph Nader.
PMB 141 7107 S. Yale Ave. / Tulsa, OK 74136

GIRL #1 / $2 and two stamps
Imagine if you wrote down everything that everyone said, and put it in a zine. Or imagine that you just made up dialogues between people that never happened. One of the two things is going on here, the question that it begs though, is who would want to read either?
Supercat HQ / 114 Canter Blvd / Nepean Nancy / Ontario / K2G 2M7 / Canada



INNER MUSCLE #8 / $1 ppd
Includes Disgruntled Nation 7".Semi-interesting zine about serving in the Peace Corps in Latvia, traveling in Eastern Europe, an article on the "Geography of Punk" that defined punk in terms that I thought wtoo narrow, and lots of reviews.
Inner Muscle / PO Box 8681 / Missoula MT 59807

how to stage a coup

zine of the month interview

HeartAttaCk *columnist and activist Helen Luu recently edited a compilation zine called* How To Stage A Coup, *aimed at creating a dialogue among people of color involved in subcultural pursuits (including punk rock) around race, racism and politics. Contributors like Lauren Martin (*You Might As Well Live, Quantify*), Lynn Hou (*Cyanide*), Celia Prez (*I Dreamed I Was Assertive*), Elizabeth Martinez (*Colorlines*) and Vincent Chung address a wide variety of issues from organizing and identity politics, to activist dynamics and punk rock betrayals. What does it mean to look at the photographs of Third World suffering on the covers of grindcore records? What does it mean to talk about "pride"? Where was the "color" in Seattle/WTO? What comes first - "being brown or being famous"? The contributors to this compilation ask important questions that need asking, again and again, and Helen Luu brings it all together. Interview by Mimi Nguyen.*

So tell me, Helen, who the hell are you, and what do you do?

I'm a 23-year-old Vietnamese/Chinese Canadian, once-upon-a-time refugee, recent university graduate, who is on the margins of punk rock (like many other people of color who began to realize that punk is not a safe haven for them...a lot of us are either on the margins or we remove ourselves entirely). A lot of stuff in our world pisses me off and makes me sad (police brutality, the injustice system, corporate globalization, poverty, sweatshops, etc.), and so I try and do something about it by getting involved with political activism in whatever form I see fit. I think that a lot of this stuff falls under the banner of capitalism or is connected to it in some way, and so I guess I can say that a lot of the work that I do is in challenging capitalism.

You're involved in both social justice organizing and critique. (And by critique I mean obviously the intellectual work of thinking and writing critically about politics.) What motivates you? What discourages you? Why do you feel it's necessary to do both?

What motivates me is the fact that there are alternatives to the fucked up system that we are living in. Lately, I have been meeting (in person, on the Internet, through letters, etc.) a lot of amazing people whom I find incredibly inspiring and this helps to empower and motivate me to keep going. There are people out there doing amazing work and I just feel a lot of hope these days that we can really change things, but it takes work, and it takes continuous critiquing and questioning and challenging, including looking at ourselves and other progressive activists. I guess that's something that discourages me - encountering not-so-progressive things among supposedly progressive people/groups (and yes, that would include punk!) like racism, sexism, homophobia, classism, etc.. But hey, I'm not gonna let that get me down. I find that it can sometimes be easy to feel burnt out though, so finding ways to stay inspired and empowered is really important. I was sitting in one of my favorite classes in my final year of school and it suddenly dawned on me that I was really sick of that class and what it represented. I was a sociology major so a lot of the time, and we sat around and criticized society and whined about how messed up it is and that sort of thing. But that day, I looked around and thought about how I never see any of these people (including my "lefty" professor) doing anything except sit on their academic high-horses and theorize. And I thought about how far removed this all was from real people and real lives. I couldn't wait to graduate and get the hell out of there. I'm very critical now of anyone who fails to marry theory and critique with practice. I think that critique without practice is, more often than not, just a lot of mental masturbation.

How did HTSAC come together, conceptually and practically?

I've been doing zines for a few years now and because of this, have also read a lot of zines and corresponded with lots of people. I started noticing that some zine kids have some really fucked-up notions about issues like racism and that zine culture, like punk rock, is mostly this sea of white - not only in terms of people but also in terms of ideas and ideology and perspectives and that sort of thing. At the same time though, I would sometimes come across amazing zines by kick-ass people of color with really great critical commentary on race. One day, into my lap fell *Evolution of a Race Riot*, which was this compilation zine put together over a number of years by you, and which was filled with writings and art by some amazing people of color. It was hands down the most inspiring and empowering zine I had ever read, because this was the first thing I had ever encountered that was about us, by us, and for us, on our own terms. And it was this collection of voices from all over North America who might not even have otherwise known about each other were it not for the zine. I am proud to say that *HTSAC* is in the spirit of *Evolution of a Race Riot* because our fire ain't gonna die down! To all our

misguided friends and enemies: be very very afraid. As people of color, we need to build on and continue positive projects like *Evolution of a Race Riot*. I felt that it was important that *HTSAC* be by, for, and about people of color because a lot of us want to engage in a different kind of discourse. A lot of us are really sick and tired of constantly having to play the role of "educator" to white people who just don't get it, and who instead accuse us of "reverse discrimination," of being "too angry," of being "ungrateful immigrants" because they feel that their positions of white privilege and power might be threatened. So anyway, I just started putting out the word about the zine, making the call for contributions, and when I finally decided to get my shit together and stop putting it off, I started nagging people more for submissions and they just started to pour in.

How hard was it to round up contributors, seeing as how scarce people of color are in the punk scene (where I assume you did the most "recruiting") added to the usual bumps and twists with contributor-based projects?

This is the second comp zine I've ever put together and from my past experiences, I already knew that it would be hard to get people to contribute stuff and that I would have to be more proactive in recruiting submissions. I found that a lot of people I approached were very positive about the zine, and I think part of the reason why is that people feel there is a need for this kind of thing, and feel a need to network and communicate with other people of color, to share experiences and find out that we share a lot of similar ones.

This is probably especially true of people involved with scenes like punk where we are few and far between. I was also lucky because in the past little while, I've been fortunate enough to network with and have connections to other punks of color, through zines, through internet communities, and that sort of thing so finding people involved with punk wasn't too hard. However, because I don't have the same kind of access to other scenes, I found it much more difficult to recruit people who participate in other subcultures, the result being that most of the stuff in the zine are from people involved with punk.

What's your take on how race and racism have, let's say, typically addressed within the so-called "punk community"? Do you have a standard response to the too-common assertion that punk is both "inclusive" and "outside" of dominant racial hegemony?

I am very critical of the way that race and racism are typically addressed within punk. The worst part is that punks are too often in denial of the fact that oppression is alive and well within the scene, arrogantly believing that somehow punks are morally superior to the rest of society. There is this ridiculous idea that punks, and punk as an institution, are somehow never guilty of racism (or any other ism). If punk is so damn inclusive, why the hell is it still so white-dominated? And why the hell do so many people of color I know drop out of it like flies? I think that a lot of punks also tend to mostly look at racism as an individual problem, and not as a systemic one that holds this society up the way it does. The belief is that the problem is with a few "bad apples" (which would be racist neo-nazi groups and individuals) and so there's this notion that by getting rid of and challenging these bad apples, things will be all right and well with the world! Hence, we end up having groups like the brave and mighty (and mostly white) ARA to save and defend the people of color from the big bad racist people. (Sarcasm rules.) Another way that racism is often addressed within punk is that whole "colorblind" bullshit: "We are all of one race, the human race." Basically, what this really means is "everything is okay as long as we all pretend that everyone is white." It ignores the fact that the history and experiences of a white person are NOT the same as mine (even if we are of the same class) as well as denying me the right to my history and experiences. It's a way of attempting to not really address racism, of not acknowledging that the problem is not gonna go away just because we should all forgive and forget and just be one big happy family. I think one of the biggest problems that spawn these kinds of non-solutions is the fact that too many people do not have an adequate power analysis - who has power in society and who doesn't, and how this plays out in society and in punk rock. Because of this, we also get people who espouse that whole "race traitor" rhetoric, that the world would be a happy place if white people would only reject and shed their whiteness. Sorry to say, but it's not that easy! Ideologically rejecting one's whiteness does not even tip the power scale in the real world! I find that a lot of the discourse within the punk scene on race and racism tends to be pretty superficial, good intentions aside. For example, tokenism is a favorite response of white punks trying to address racism. Oh yeah, and newsflash: sporting an ARA or crossed-out swastika patch doesn't mean you're somehow automatically not racist!

The way race sometimes gets dealt with in the punk scene is so superficial; for instance, the common assertion that having "blue hair" is equivalent to having black skin, that both invoke discrimination. The whole "race traitor" trend seems to follow along those lines, only with a lot more rhetoric. What's your take on what's missing from these approaches?

I think what is missing is a real, critical analysis of power in society and who has access to that kind of power. A white punk with blue hair still has power and privilege over a person of colour (with blue hair or not) on the basis of race. Punks with blue hair can wash the blue out of their hair or whatever and the "discrimination" will stop. People of colour cannot exactly wash out the colour of their skin (although there have been attempts by some due to internalized racism, like with bleaching creams that you sometimes see on the market in some countries)! It also goes much deeper than just skin colour as well because of historical and social context and the way that race is constructed, etc. It's the same with the faulty race traitor approach, ideologically proclaiming yourself "not white" is fine and dandy (and I think it's also a way for white people to relieve any feelings of guilt and feel better about themselves). Don't expect that doing so will suddenly relieve you of the white privilege and power that society grants you!

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What's been the response to your "race work" so far? Do you feel tokenized, ever?

The response has been mixed. I've received a lot of positive responses from other people, which has been great. With my columns in *HeartAttaCk*, I find that when I write about race stuff, I get a lot of positive responses from mostly people of color who just want to dialogue and say that they feel the same way. That's been an incredible experience. It's that whole recognition thing. However, I also get my share of reactionary and defensive responses from people too. For example, I had a white person (a friend, actually) tell me that what I felt about racism was wrong and that I was just being paranoid. He was basically telling me that I was being an "ungrateful immigrant" but in more subtle terms. I don't want to give off the impression that I think that all white people don't get it and all people of color do because that is totally not true. I've had my share of reactionary arguments from people of color so I harbor no illusions that we all know where it's at. But I think there is still a difference when dialoguing with people of color versus. with white people, because the type of discourse that is available is different and the way that things like power, and how it plays itself out, differs as well. And with tokenism, well, many times I've felt like I was used as the token person of color. Like I said before, tokenism is often a favorite response of white punks - and white activists too - when the issue of race and racism comes up. It's simplistic, superficial, and it's an attempted easy way out of having to adequately address racism. It also works to marginalize people of color. The thing is though that even while I've felt that I was being tokenized, I would often still get involved with whatever it was that I was recruited for if I believed in the aims of the project or the protest or whatever. Sometimes, you can use that position to do good things like making your voice heard, or changing things from the inside, subverting things and turning it around so that race and racism are genuinely addressed, whereas it might not have been if you didn't participate. So it's kind of a sticky, complicated thing. Put simply, I guess you can say that tokenism = bad, but tokenized people subverting things = good.

Of course, HTSAC isn't just about, say, representing people of color --since as we've recently experienced, just because you're brown doesn't mean you're down-- but about raising important questions about racism and hegemony, and not just within the scope of punk rock. Why was that important to you?

Representation alone is definitely not good enough. Oftentimes, mere representation does nothing to change or even challenge the status quo. It's important to me to raise these kinds of questions about racism and hegemony because that's a step towards toppling this thing. There needs to be real critiques and real discussions about race issues, not just superficial ones, which are what are predominantly out there. These days, there is this superficial race thing going on in North America, like how Canada prides itself for being "multicultural" and "diverse," and how all things ethnic (food, clothing, furniture, etc.) are held in high esteem. But if we look deeper, we see that multiculturalism in Canada means look ethnic and celebrate your culture, but don't you dare get political or criticize, and the same goes for the ethnic trend. It's all lip service. It's all just a big act to make us believe that racism is going away or doesn't exist anymore, and if it does, it's just a problem with those few bad people and not with the system (or punk!) itself. Fuck that!

This sort of sounds cheesy, but what do you get personally out of putting so much energy into projects like HTSAC?

I always wondered why I do zines because it takes up a lot of time, and can cost a fortune and you rarely - if ever - break even. But there is just something about finishing a zine that feels really good, you know, having put the whole thing together yourself and having this finished product in your hands. And then there's the communications aspect of writing letters, engaging in dialogue, and meeting people through zines. With *HTSAC*, I guess there is also the satisfaction that this zine is helping to link up people of color, and helping to connect us through stories and shared experiences. And I guess it's also like a big "fuck you, we're not gonna take it anymore!" shouted in the general direction of the punk scene (amongst others), and saying fuck you always feels good! Aw yeah!

What are your other zine-related projects, past, present and future?

I've been putting out zines for a number of years now (since high school) and like a lot of other zine kids who are embarrassed by older issues of their zine, I now like to pretend that most of my older zines no longer exist. But the ones I'll mention are *Paint Me a Revolution*, which was a comp zine about gender/feminism that I put together a few years ago which I'm no longer happy with anymore; and *Moving Parts*, which is my personal/political zine (although it takes me forever to put out an issue). As for the future, I still intend to put out issues of *Moving Parts*, and I also have some other plans in the works but nothing definite yet. I can't imagine not doing zines.

How To Stage A Coup *is available for $3 ppd. from Helen Luu, 22 Bridport Cres., Scarborough, Ontario, M1V 4N8, Canada. She'll be in England for the next year and will have her mail forwarded, so be ready to wait a bit for a response. You can also inquire at Pander Zine Distro, run by the fabulous Ericka Bailie, for this and other amazing personal/political zines. The address is POB 582142, Minneapolis, MN 55458-2142, http://www.panderzinedistro.com. For an e-mail response, write to Helen Luu at missruckus@hotmail.com*

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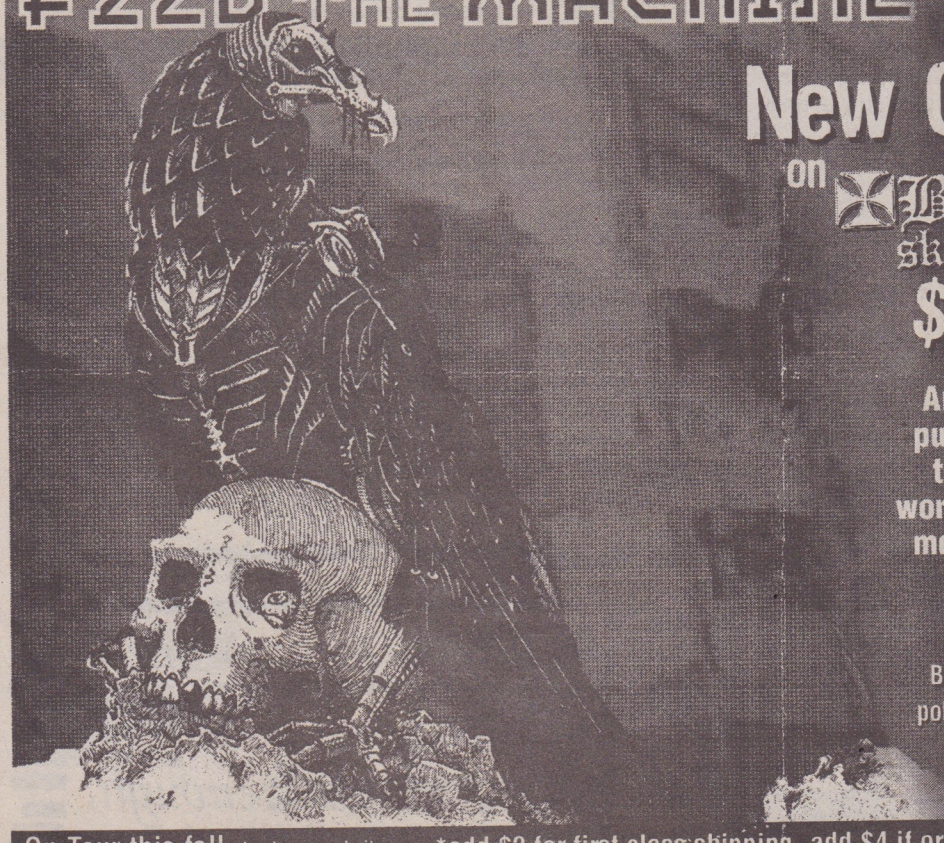

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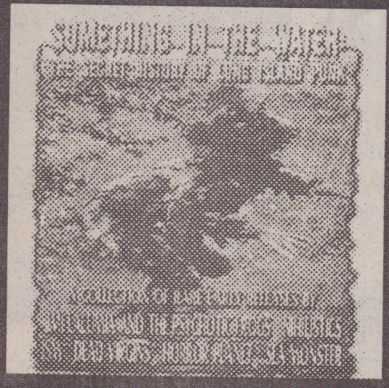

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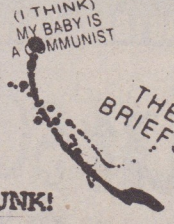

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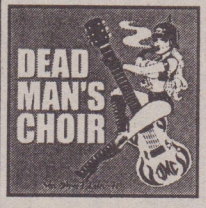

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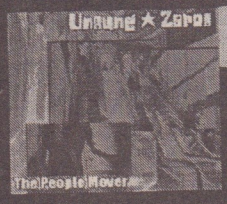

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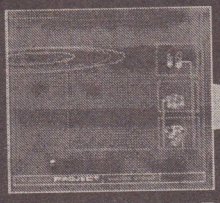

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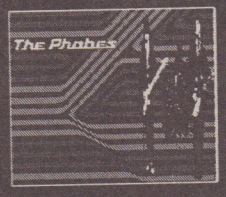

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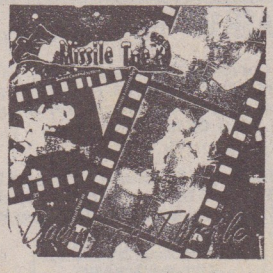

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74. LIZARDS "CHONGO" 7" $3
73. SCHLONG/ONE EYE OPEN SPLIT LP $5
71. SCHLONG "UNESSENTIAL" CD $7.50
68. BIG COMB 7" $3
66. LIE LACK CITY COMP CD $4
63. PINHEAD GUNPOWDER 10" $7
62. SONGS ABOUT DRINKING CD $9
60. SICK N TIRED CD $5
46. FOUR TWO PUDDING COMP CD $7

SEWER TROUT CD $5

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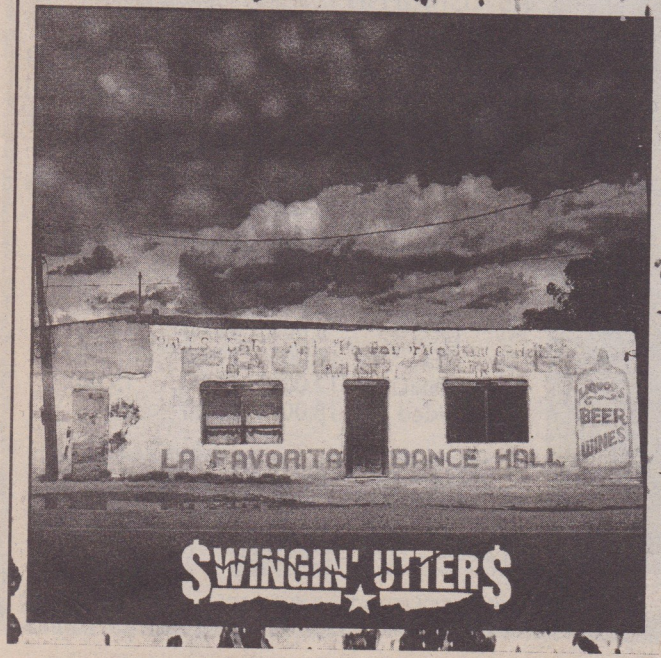

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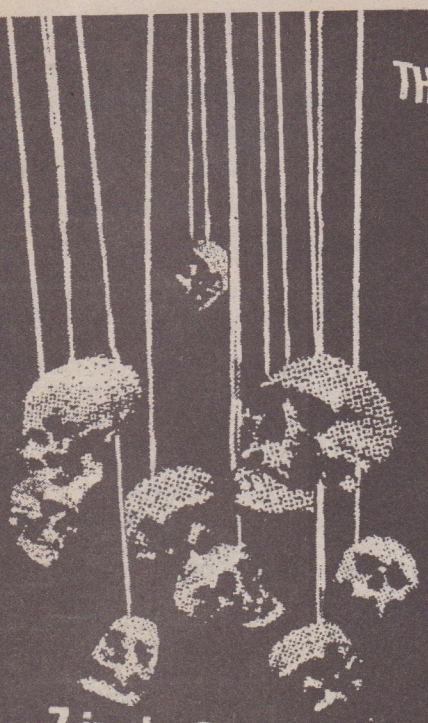

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GLOOM & youth AT TACK

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TRANS ATLANTIC TRASH TERROR
EUROPE TOUR

13.09-Wednesday - Gent (Belgium)
14.09-Thursday - Rotterdam (Holland)
15.09- Friday - Bremen (Germany)
16.09-Saturday - Copenhagen (Denmark)
17.09-Sunday - Oslo (Norway)
18.09- Monday - Linkoping (Sweden)
19.09-Tuesday - Stockholm (Sweden)
20.09-Wednesday-Vastervik (Sweden)
21.09-Thursday-Malmo (Sweden)
22.09-Friday-Hamburg (Germany)
23.09-Saturday - Arnhem (Holland)
24.09-Sunday Schweinfurt (Germany)
25.09-Monday- Berlin (Germany)
26.09-Tuesday -Prague (Czech Rep.)
27.09- DAY OFF
28.09-Thursday-Vienna (Austria)
29.09-Friday - Udine (Italy)
30.09-Saturday-Modena (Italy)
01.10-Sunday - Rome(Italy)
02.10- DAY OFF
03.10-Tuesday - Turino(Italy)
04.10-Wednesday-Barcelona (Spain)
05.10-Thursday- Madrid (Spain)
06.10-Friday-Bilbao (Spain)
07.10-Saturday-Xixon (Spain)
08-10-Sunday-Bordeaux (France)
09.10- Monday -Lyon (France)
10.10- Tuesday-Karlsruhe (Germany)
11.10-Wednesday-Dortmund(Germany)
12.10-Thursday-Regensburg (Germany)
13.10-Friday-Zurich (Switzerland)
14.10- Saturday-Kontich (Belgium)
15.10-Sunday-Leeuwarden (Holland)

Please check www.the-oath.com for updates as well for the tour schedules of the USA winter tour

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3 SONG 7"
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MEMBERS OF SEVEN FOOT SPLEEN

ASTRID OTO

4 SONG 7" LIMITED 500 ON RED VINYL
MEMBERS OF PINHEAD GUNPOWDER & THE RETARD BEATERS

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Hawg Jaw/Face First split 7"
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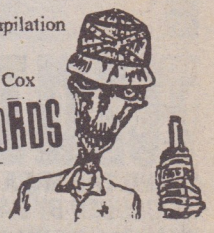

$3ppd Payable to Jonathan Cox

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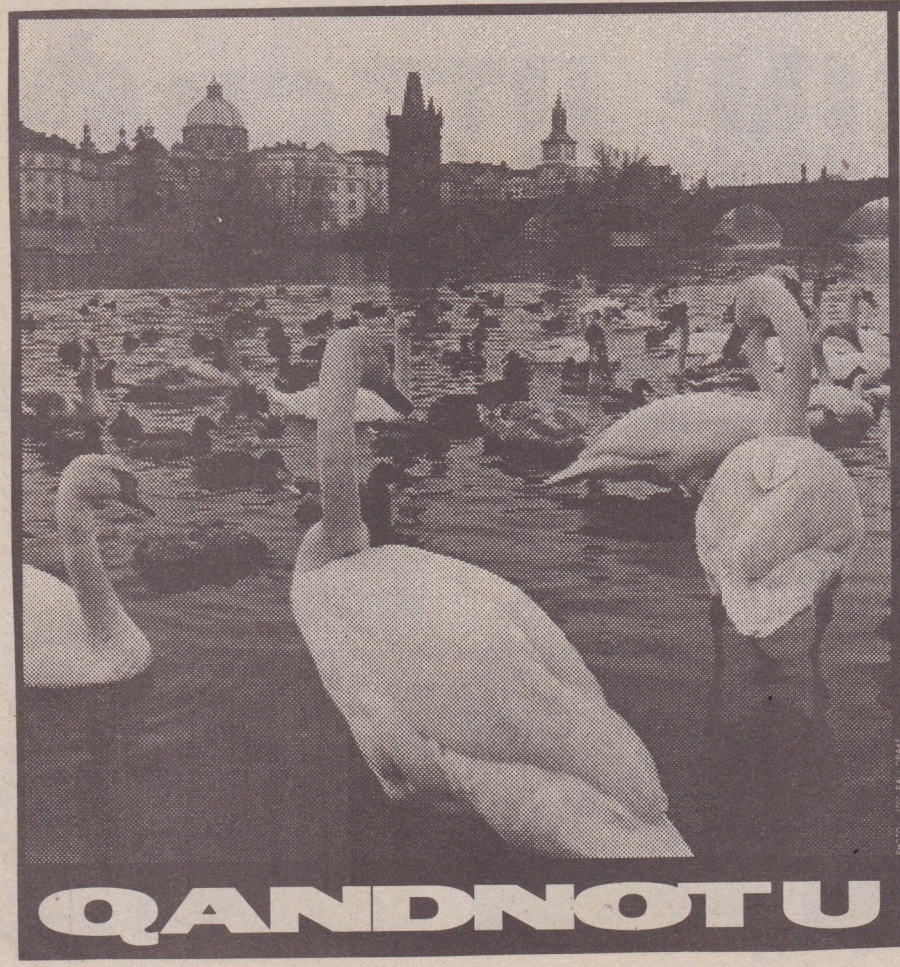
hickory n.c. 28603



QANDNOTU

Records & Stuff We Sell:

123.	**QANDNOTU**	**'No Kill No Beep Beep'** *	©
121.	**BLUETIP**	**'Polymer'** *	©
120.	FUGAZI	'Instrument' soundtrack - 18 songs †*	©
118.	ONE LAST WISH	12 songs from 1986, never released. CD ONLY	Ⓓ
117.	LUNGFISH	'The Unanimous Hour' *	©
80.	FUGAZI	'Instrument' - a film/video by Jem Cohen and Fugazi. 115 min. Available in VHS & PAL video	Ⓕ
116.	BLUETIP	'Join Us' *	©
115.	LUNGFISH	'Artificial Horizon' *	©
113.	MAKE-UP	'In Mass Mind' *	©
112.	SMART WENT CRAZY	'Con Art' *	©
110.	FUGAZI	'End Hits' †*	©
109.	HAPPY GO LICKY	21 live songs from '87-'88 CD ONLY	Ⓔ
40.	MINOR THREAT	CD has every song!	Ⓔ
14.	DISCHORD 1981	Teen Idles, Minor Threat SOA, GI's, Youth Brigade CD ONLY	Ⓓ

*regular CD, price Ⓓ / †Cassette, price ©

Price Guide, including postage, in U.S.$:

		U.S.A.	SURFACE & CANADA	Airmail
Ⓐ	7"	3.50	4.50	6.50
©	LP	9.00	11.00	14.00
Ⓓ	CD	10.00	11.00	13.00
Ⓔ	MaxiCD	12.00	13.00	15.00
Ⓕ	Video	18.00	20.00	23.00

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CLASSIFIEDS

Attention Classifieds Readers: When responding to these ads remember that the world of MRR readers is not a punk rock utopia where everyone is looking out for everyone else and we're all cool... Be careful what you tell people and be careful who you send money to. There are people out there in punkland who will try to rip you off, exploit you or manipulate you. Really, it's true.

CRUSTY RECORDS is currently accepting submissions for our next compilation. Only punk rawkers need apply. Crusty comp Vol. 1 & 2 still available. $7.00 each. Deadline September 15th, 2000. Crusty Records, PO Box 59, 895 Commercial Dr., Vancouver BC, V5N 4A6, Canada.

VIDEOS - PAL (UK etc) & NTSC (USA etc). Trade/sale. Thousands of shows/promos/tv clips. Stuff like Propagandhi, Business, GISM, Specials, Zounds, Exploited, Poison Idea, DK's, Blitz, Queers, Conflict, Rancid, GG, Dickies, Descendents, Operation Ivy, Disorder, Ruts, Misfits, Subhumans, Dwarves, Leatherface, Turbonegro. Stamped Addressed Envelope (UK), 2IRC's (overseas) or decent trades list : Dave, 50a Great King St., Edinburgh, Scotland. E-mail: gingoblin@easynet.co.uk

STAY ALL OVER THE WORLD FOR FREE. The World for Free was started by a touring band to help with accommodations in people's houses. Since then it's grown to over 250 members. You don't have to be in a band! If you like people more than hotels, find out about THE WORLD FOR FREE. For information write to: THE WORLD FOR FREE, PO Box 137-M, Prince Street Station, New York NY 10012, USA. Email: info@worldforfree.com or via the web: http:// www.worldforfree. com

ANY GERMANS with HiFi Stereo VCR willing to tape "Rockpalast" (WDR) for me: I'll pay you or trade my live punk, garage, ska video. Over 1200 items at www. fupunk.bizland.com. YaBenti, Box 67585, Spadina West, Toronto, Ontario, M5T 3B8, Canada.

FOR SALE / TRADE. Rare punk rock vinyl and more. Few hundred titles available. www.coldsweat.8k.com

MRR BACK ISSUES WANTED: #0-2, 4, 6, 8, 9, 12, 13, 15, 19, 26, 27, 29, 30, 42, 43, 45, 46, 49, 69, 71-73, 79, 127, 129, 137, 141, 151 Pt.1. If you have these, and are thinking of; selling, getting rid of, making some room, etc. please write me. State description of condition with quoting price, or I can offer you mine. Please write me at: Kristopher Jolly/ 3114 School St. / Des Moines, Iowa / 50311

RAPID FIRE MAGAZINE #20 contains: Interviews with US Bombs, Lunachicks, Vise Squad. 250 Live Band Reviews from Boston, Upstate New York, and Vermont. 40 pages, $2.00 cash. Wanted: Advertisers for Issue 21 out in 11/00. Full page = $50. 1/2 page = $25. Rapid Fire Magazine, 3497 Theo. Roos. HWY. Bolton, VT 05676. 802-434-5459 anytime! Bands/Zines: Trade your stuff with us!

HAIL ERIS! The Discordia and Chuy Poluke and The Bar Room Junkies split CD out now. Send $8.00 ppd. Chuy Poluka is also available to play at your party or event. 2103 W. La Palma, Anaheim, CA 92801.

CD-R TRADERS WANTED. Over 5,000 different titles available. Into everything except ska or reggae. Punk, HC, sXe, Oi!/RAC, Black Metal. KBD, BTF, Stalin, Lip Cream, Outo, Amebix, Asta Kask, Poison Idea, Dead Boys, Decibelios, Nabat, Kommintern Sect, Judge, Warzone, MouthPiece, Sledgehammer, Templars, etc., etc.. Write to: cjv_isabela@yahoo.com.

ALEX, WITH CABLE access show in Florida. What is your address?? I lost the envelope your order came in months ago and you've never written to tell me it never arrived. Also "Brian" same problem. Contact me at aaron@proberecords.com

HC VINYL COLLECTORS! Black Flag, Minor Threat, Misfits, and 100s more! Set sale. Send correct SA$E to: Ryan S. - 72 Thompson Street, Suite 6, NYC< NY 10012. Posters, LPs, 45's, 10 inches and demo tapes!

SICK OF SEATTLE, moved to Hollywood area. Long time HC vocalist is looking for people to grind and/or hang out. 29, like punk to death metal, beer, pot, girls, tattoos, etc. Write! Jeff D-OT, 1457 S. Holt Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90035.

MOST EARLY 80S US/UK, some other euro stuff, too, for sale. Over 600 records from Abrasive Wheels to Zounds including Uniform Choice, FU's, Boston Not LA and many other rare slabs. Send $1.00 or an email for full list to: Francois Bouthiaux/ 19 bis rue des Ecoussons/ 25300 Pontarlier/France Email: fr.bouth@ wanadoo.fr

A GOOD FRIEND of mine is in jail and it unfortunately seems he will be there for a long time. Needless to say anything that may distract him from the behind-the-bars routine is greatly appreciated, especially letters. So please write him. His name is Fred Jeannerod and his current address is: 22758/cellule 4/Maison d'arret/ 5 rue Pergaud/ 25301 Besancon Cedex/ France. Thanks!

VIDEOS FOR SALE! Bad Brains, Black Flag, Citizen Fish, DKs, Dwarves, GBH, G.G. Allin, Jawbreaker, Misfits, Neurosis, OP Ivy, Propagandhi, Rollins, 7 Seconds, Samhain, S. Weasel, Social D., Subhumans, Vandals, Youth Brigade, plus a hell of a lot more! Write to Mike Macdonald P.O. Box 68 Bishop, CA 93514 for a complete list.

PATCHES!: Masskontroll, Resist, Infest, Dystopia, Dropdead, and more. Send a stamp for a catalog. Patches are $ .75. Shattered Image Distro / 8013 Poulson St. / Citrus Heights, CA 95610 Thanx.

BLOODTHIRSTY BACKWOODS HATECORE! Brody's Militia "Severe Head Trauma" demo is twelve tracks of concussion-inducing hardcore punk rock including covers of Motorhead and Rupture. Fast thrashing goodness with solid sound quality, cover cover, lyric sheet and no remorse! Send $2 US or $4 world in well concealed US dollars to: Brody's Militia, P.O. Box 377, Mt. Orab, Ohio 45154

NO MAN IS A RIKER #2 zine is out now. Changing the world and having fun doing it. Articles about beer, ritos at the DNC, not voting , comics and more. Send $1 ppd to PO Box 1273, Cypress CA 90630.

FINNISH PUNK / HARDCORE goths...rarities : Appendix, Bastards, Briard, Eppu Normaali, Cadillac, Kaaos, Karanteeni, Kohu-63, Kollaa Kestaa, Lama, Maho, Neitsyt, Mana Mana, Neuroosi, 000, 0013, Pelle Miljoona, Problems?, Ratsia, Rattus, Riistetyt, TK, Unicef, Vaavi, Varaus, Ypo-Viis, Aparat, Hardcore '83, "Russia Bombs Finland" etc...Send 2 IRCs for list: J. Dahl, Tullivourent. 4DA 126, 00700, Helsinki, Finland.

CHICK MAGNETS first full length entitled "Low Budget Superheroes" available now. Only $10.00 ppd. Best described as if Buddy Holly sang for the Ramones, they'd be called the Chick Magnets. Crusty Records, PO Box 59, 1895 Commercial Drive, Vancouver BC, V5N 4A6, Canada.

THE STRAP-ONS "Drunken Fame" 5 song CD-R with songs like Virgin Sluts and Glad Baggy for only $4 postage paid. Send to Church of New Faith, PO Box 9152, VA Beach VA 23450. Listen to idle, kate, ms.-e, billy, and mike free at http://artisits. mp3s.com/artists/152/the_strap-ons.html. Remember Strap-Ons are now illegal in Virginia!

TATTOOS, PIERCINGS, AND PUNK ROCK!! 24 year old from the Bay area seeks correspondence with any and all of my fellow brothers and sisters. Been down since '97 and still have a few years to go. Looking to meet people from all over the place. Don't leave me hanging in here! Contact me at: Justin Gauntt #53683, Ely State Prison, P.O. Box 1989, Ely, Nevada 89301

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BOOK YOUROWNFUCKING LIFE!!!

DO-IT YOURSELF PUNK/HARDCORE RESOURCE MAGAZINE No. 9, 2001

For eight years MRR has joined forces with various collectives and put together a resource magazine which many of you have sent in listings for, and many of you have utilized in booking tours, putting together compilations, traveling around the world, or just using to keep in touch.

We will be compiling the resources geographically, trying to give as complete a listing of punk/hardcore DIY and related activities as possible. The thoroughness of this project will depend on the response we get from people involved with different projects. Listings in this magazine will be free of charge; all you have to do is get on the web or send in a note with the information requested below. Please, if you're sending in listings of many types, break them down by the categories listed below so the typists won't go crazy trying to sift through a mountain of info, and keep the statements or descriptions concise!! If at all possible, please use BYOFL's web page to submit your listing (remember some libraries and computer stores have net-connected computers).

In an effort not to include too many abandoned listings from the web site database in the print guide (we can't tell any better than you which listings are dead), all listings in the database dated previous to May 1, 2000 will not be included. If you have access to the web, please read the instructions on the BYOFL web site to insure that your listing is accurate and will be printed in issue #9. If you don't have access to the web, then submit your listing as you always have by snail mail.

LISTINGS

BANDS: Name/Address/Telephone No./Email Address/Web URL/Brief Description (40 words or less please!)
DISTRIBUTORS: Name/Address/Telephone No./Email Address/Web URL/Specialty (vinyl, cassettes, CDs, zines, etc.)/Area of Coverage (mailorder, wholesale, gigs, etc.)
LABELS: Name/Address/Telephone No./Email Address/Web URL/Brief Description (40 words or less please!)
PROMOTERS/VENUES: Name/(Mailing) Address/Telephone No./Email Address/Web URL/Hall Capacity/Lodging or Food Provided?/Working Terms (guarantee, percentage, etc.)
RADIO STATIONS: Station Name/Band Frequency/Address/Telephone No./Email Address/Web URL/Contact Person/Punk-HC Shows and Times
RECORD STORES/BOOKSTORES: Name/Address/Telephone No./Email Address/Web URL/Specialties
ZINES: Name/Address/Telephone No./Email Address/Web URL/Postage Paid Price/Frequency/Size/Description (40 words or less please!)
MISCELLANEOUS: We also ask people to send in tips on hangouts, cheap places to eat, free clinics, bulletin boards, crash pads, etc. These listings could be especially helpful for touring bands.

ADS

Display ads will be sold to help pay for this project (only for the print edition, not the web version). However, to make this resource issue as fair as possible there will be only one size. We are doing this to make ads just as accessible to the small 20 page fanzines as the big record conglomerates! The ad size available is 3 3/4" across by 2" down or 95mm x 51mm (basically, a slightly elongated business card size). The cost for ads is $25 which will help keep the cover price as low as possible. Please, only one ad per label, zine, promoter, etc.

DEADLINE: FEB 1, 2001 - DUE OUT: APRIL 1, 2001

SUBMIT!

Mail Submissions:
Amoeba Collective
438 Donohoe St. #3
East Palo Alto, CA 94303

Web Submissions:
http://www.byofl.org
(perferred method)

Send Ads to:
Maximum Rocknroll
PO Box 460760
San Francisco, CA
94176

TOP TEN TIPS FOR SENDING IN LISTINGS!!! <----- READ THIS

1) Use the web submission page if at all possible! This will decrease the chance of inaccuracies or your listing getting lost in the mail.
2) If you submitted a listing last year and have access to the web, check your listing for accuracy and that it,s dated later than May 1, 2000.
4) Be brief! We,re not editors. If you snail mail them, send them in nice and typed or neatly printed.
5) Submit them early. Like now! If you go over to the web site it,ll only take you a couple of minutes and you won,t have to hunt for a stamp.
6) Don,t use all uppercase (or all lowercase) letters. It makes it really hard to figure out what is part of a name and what is just a descriptive word (and if you submit it through the web site, we,ll have to retype it). And punctuation is good.
7) We don,t need the address and phone number of every member of your band. Pick one!
8) Don,t send in 18 listings for all the semi-existent bands you,re in-just for the ones that are really active!
9) Maybe take responsibility for getting your whole scene,s listings done, but....
10) Check with people before submitting their info for them. Hassle your friends to get their listings in too (the Internet is your friend).